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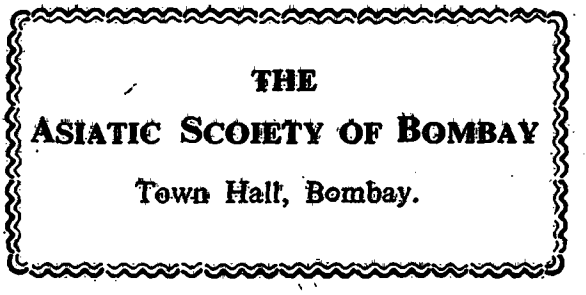

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A LIFE OF

THE GREAT

LORD FAIRFAX

COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE ARMY OF THE PARLIAMENT OF ENGLAND

BY

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'THE HISTORY OF THE ABYSSINIAN EXPEDITION'

WITH PORTRAIT, MAPS, PLANS, AND ILLUSTRATIONS

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PREFACE.

A LIFE of FAIRFAX has not previously been written, for the brief notices in the 'Biographia Britannica' and in Coleridge's 'Northern Worthies' only profess to be summaries, and were published before the Fairfax Correspondence and other indispensable materials were accessible. The present endeavour to supply this deficiency in some measure is made, not with any hope of doing adequate justice to the subject as a biography, but with a view to furnishing a connected narrative of those important events in the great general's life which have hitherto been either passed over or, as the present writer conceives, misunderstood and misrepresented. In the first class is the opening Yorkshire campaign, which led directly to the decisive action on Marston Moor. There are materials for a history of it in Fairfax's own 'Short Memorial,' in the Memoirs of Warwick, Slingsby, Hodgson, Lister, and the Duchess of Newcastle, in Rushworth, and in the pamphlets and newspapers of the time. But no detailed account has been written of the actions, marches, and sieges in Yorkshire which had a direct and important bearing on the result of the Civil War, while they were the school which formed one of our ablest generals. In the preparation of the present narrative of those events

all accessible authorities have been consulted, and the scene of every action, including Winceby in Lincolnshire, has been visited and carefully examined. It is hoped that the general map of the Yorkshire campaign, with the plans of Leeds and Bradford as they were in 1642, the plan of York, and that of the battle of Marston Moor, will sufficiently illustrate the text.

In histories of the organization of the New Model army, and of the campaign of 1645–6, Fairfax has never received his proper position; and Cromwell has always been coupled with him as an equal, or even spoken of as the real moving spirit of the war. This erroneous view, based on the untrustworthy authority of such writers as Clarendon and Holles, is easily accounted for by the natural tendency there always is to ante-date the greatness of a genius such as Cromwell. Because he was the foremost man in the country in 1650, and the greatest sovereign England ever had during the subsequent years, it does not follow that to him is also due the credit of the previous Parliamentary successes in the Civil War. It was Fairfax who organized the new army, without the smallest assistance from Cromwell. It was Fairfax whose genius won the fight at Naseby, and whose consummate generalship concluded the war and restored peace. Cromwell was his very efficient general of horse, but nothing more; and indeed he was usually employed on detached duties of secondary importance. In preparing this part of the work, pains have been taken to discover all extant authorities who write at first hand, and the ground at Naseby battle-field, the line of defences at Bristol, and the scenes of other actions have been examined. The

map showing the Somersetshire campaign, and the plans of Naseby fight and of the Bristol defences,[1] will serve to illustrate the text. The writer of this work, when standing on the very spot, a few hours after the action of Arogyé in Abyssinia in 1868, and asking questions from eye-witnesses who were undoubtedly good authorities, was much struck with the extraordinary discrepancies in their evidence. If absolute accuracy was unattainable then, there can be no hope of achieving it in narrating events which took place 200 years ago. The nearest possible approximation to the reality is all that can be hoped for; and care has been taken, in describing the events of each action, to trust only to the evidence of eye-witnesses, occasionally adding facts related by authors who received their information from persons actually present.

From the close of the first Civil War in 1646 to his resignation in 1650 Fairfax was necessarily mixed up in the political events of a very momentous period in our history, and it was impossible for him to confine himself exclusively to those military duties for which he was best suited. As a public man of strict honour and without personal ambition, his position was one of extreme difficulty; and it is no easy matter to give a clear and satisfactory account of the intrigues and negotiations of that troublous period, which includes the Royalist insurrection of 1648 and the trial of the King. The conduct

[1] When I prepared the plan of the Bristol defences I had not seen the plan accompanying the memoir on the military history of Bristol (printed in the *Archæologia* for 1803) by Edmund Turnor Esq., descendant of the Royalist treasurer of Bristol garrison. My plan agrees well with that of Mr. Turnor, the only difference being that he places the water fort inside Lime-kiln lane instead of close to the river.

of Lord Fairfax was ever guided by a patriotic single-minded devotion to the service of his country. He passed through such an ordeal as few public men have been subjected to, without a stain upon his honour, and without a suspicion of having ever been influenced by personal motives in his public conduct. This part of his life-history is very difficult to write, and has, it is felt, been very inadequately treated in the present work. The narrative of the siege of Colchester is illustrated by a plan showing all the positions mentioned in the text, which has been prepared after a detailed examination of the ground.

The events in Yorkshire which led to the Restoration are fully described in the 'Iter Boreale' of Brian Fairfax, the manuscript of which is preserved at Leeds Castle. We now know that the Restoration was due not so much to that worthless renegade Monk as to Lord Fairfax, without whose co-operation Monk could never have advanced from Scotland, and would probably have been crushed by Lambert. M. Guizot, alone among modern historians, has given due prominence to the straightforward patriotic action of Lord Fairfax at this period.

No ancient house in England was more careful than that of the Fairfaxes in preserving and handing down its archives; and for four generations there was always an eminent scholar and antiquary in the family. At last, however, the Fairfax papers at Leeds Castle were scattered. Fortunately, a large quantity of correspondence fell into the hands of Mr. Bentley, and was published in four volumes in 1848—two edited by Mr. George W. Johnson, and two by Mr. Robert Bell, author of a Life of Canning. The curious account, given in these volumes, of the way

the papers first came into the hands of Mr. Hughes, a banker at Maidstone, who sold them to Mr. Bentley, is not, it appears, strictly accurate. Most of the original letters were afterwards purchased by the British Museum.[1] It is from this source that our knowledge of the private and family life of Fairfax is mainly derived. The Family Bible and some Fairfax manuscripts are still preserved at Leeds Castle. The letters in the Tanner Collection, in the Bodleian Library, are nearly all on public matters; but there is a most interesting manuscript volume there, containing about 600 pages of poetry in the great general's own handwriting, specimens from which are given in an Appendix. In another Appendix an attempt has been made to give a complete notice of the portraits, engravings, seals, medals, &c. of Lord Fairfax; and a third contains his will.

The quotations from Clarendon, Whitelock, May, and Sprigge are from the Oxford editions; and those from Rushworth, Ludlow, and Mrs. Hutchinson are from the editions of 1721, 1771, and 1808 respectively.

The hero of this biography has been called the 'great Lord Fairfax' to distinguish him from others of his name, many of whom are also met with in history.[2] There is a difference between placing the epithet before or after the name. Alexander the Great implies that that con-

[1] See Additional MSS. 18—979. A portion of the Fairfax letters was bought at Sotheby's sale of April 14, 1851, but the greater part at another sale in June 1852. Some additional letters were bought from Messrs. Boone, Messrs. Waller, and Mr. Bell; and a few from a sale at Puttick & Co.'s in January 1859.

[2] There have been twenty-one Lord Fairfaxes (viscounts and barons), of whom eight were Thomas Lord Fairfax. There have been thirty Thomas Fairfaxes of this family, of whom six were knighted, and three were generals.

queror was pre-eminent among men, or at least among kings. But the great Lord Fairfax, or Lord Peterborough, or Lord Chatham merely denotes pre-eminence among the Lords of those names. With this limitation, our hero is undoubtedly entitled to the name of the great Lord. He was the greatest ornament of a most distinguished family—'an illustrious house—a house that for learning and valour has no peer among the families of Yorkshire.'[1]

[1] Canon Raine, in *Test. Ebor.* (Surtees Society for 1855), p. 124, *note*.

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LIFE

OF

THE GREAT LORD FAIRFAX.

CHAPTER I.

THE FAIRFAX FAMILY.

THE LIFE of a public man of genius and ambition, whose career, though grand as a whole, is stained by many doubtful acts and much self-seeking, is that which attracts most attention; for such a biography is generally as much the history of a stirring and momentous period as the story of a great man's life. But, after all, the true and honest public servant, who has been drawn into a prominent position by the force of circumstances, and who has simply followed whither his sense of honour and duty led him, with single-minded zeal, and without one thought for self-interest, is the man whose memory should be most cherished in England, and upon whose career Englishmen should most love to dwell.

THOMAS FAIRFAX, who commanded the army of the Parliament of England, was such a man. Honoured and respected by both sides alike, he takes rank among the very few public men who, on every occasion, have placed their duty and their honour before their interest. He was not a statesman, was devoid of political insight, and was too full of scruples ever to achieve great success anywhere but on the battle-field.

Yet his brilliant Yorkshire campaigns at the commencement of the civil war, his able conduct when in supreme command of the Parliament's army, his learned retirement, his prompt and patriotic action in the events which led to the Restoration, and the honoured close of his days, comprise a life story which deserves to be carefully studied. For it is very seldom that we meet in history with a man who, with such extraordinary temptations, has passed through a stormy life with unswerving uprightness, and faced the ordeal without a stain upon his honour.

The great historical name of Fairfax occurs wherever there was hard fighting, all through the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; and it is equally famous in the annals of literature and scholarship. It will be necessary, therefore, to glance briefly at the careers of those relations of our hero who had already made his name famous, before we attend in imagination at the nobly sponsored christening in Denton chapel.

In the Ainsty of York, the country between the old city and Tadcaster, bounded by the rivers Ouse and Wharfe and Nidd, there have been Fairfaxes from the earliest times of which there is any record. The name is Saxon, and means 'fair hair,' either bright in colour or comely from the plenty thereof, as old Fuller explains.[1] The original seat of the family was at Walton, near Thorparch, and overlooking the valley of the Wharfe, whence the scions of this grand old family went forth into the world to seek distinction in court and camp. Most famous for his prowess was that doughty Sir Nicholas Fairfax, the Knight of Rhodes, who fought his way through the besieging Turks and brought succour for his hard-pressed brethren from Candia.[2]

The senior branch of the family was for centuries of Walton; its representatives afterwards became Viscounts Fairfax of Gilling Castle, and it is now extinct. But during

[1] Fuller's *Worthies*, p. 200. *Whitaker's Thoresby's Ducatus Leodiensis*, p. 64. Camden says: 'That ancient and famous family, from their fair hair, have the name of Fairfax.' See also *Whitelock's Memorials*.

[2] Bosio; Taafe.

the wars of the Roses, a younger son, Sir Guy Fairfax, the Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench, founded the more famous junior branch. He fixed his seat at Steeton, in the parish of Bolton Percy, on the right of the road from Tadcaster to York, where he built a castle or embattled house, and the old chapel belonging to it, which is still standing, was consecrated by Archbishop Rotherham in 1473.[1] He married one of the Ryders of Ryder, on the opposite side of the Wharfe, and his son Sir William also distinguished himself as a lawyer and became a judge. This Sir William Fairfax married a sister of Lord Manners of Roos, and, with four daughters, had a son and heir, also named William, who was a very influential Yorkshire knight during the reign of Henry VIII., and was the chief founder of the greatness of his family.[2]

A noteworthy story attaches to the marriage of this second Sir William Fairfax. In the lowland, some four miles away from Steeton, near the junction of the rivers Ouse and Wharfe, stood the very small but very ancient Cistercian nunnery of Appleton, which was then presided over by the last abbess, the Lady Anna Langton. A young lady named Isabel Thwaites, who was an orphan and a great heiress, had been placed under the guardianship of the Nunappleton abbess. She had been allowed to hunt and to visit friends in the neighbourhood, and she and young William Fairfax loved each other. But the scheming abbess had other views for her young ward; she forbade the Fairfax lover to approach the nunnery, and confined fair Isabel within its walls. At last an order was obtained from higher authorities to release the girl, but even then it was necessary to make a forcible entry into the nunnery, and Isabel was carried off in triumph to be married to young Fairfax at Bolton Percy church in

[1] Foss's *Judges*. Lodge's *Peerage of Ireland*. The house was enlarged by a third Sir William Fairfax in 1595; who placed a coat of arms carved in stone over the door, bearing Fairfax and Thwaites quarterly, impaling Curwen. When the family removed to Newton Kyme, this stone was brought there also, and is now let into the wall over the hall door.

[2] *Fairfax Correspondence.*

1518.[1] This was a fortunate and most auspicious union; and from it descended all the statesmen and warriors, scholars and poets, who rendered famous the ancient house of Fairfax. Long afterwards, when the family was less prosperous, there was an old Yorkshire saying among the common people which referred to this marriage:—

> Fairfax shall regain
> The glory that has fled,
> When Steeton once again
> Nunappleton shall wed.

Isabel Thwaites brought to her husband the estates of Denton and Askwith in beautiful Wharfe-dale, and those of Bishop-hill and Davy Hall within the walls of York.

Sir William Fairfax of Steeton lived for many years with his beautiful Isabel, and was a very influential knight in Yorkshire. He joined the Pilgrimage of Grace, yet long afterwards Henry VIII. addressed him as his 'trusty and well-beloved knight.'[2] It was a remarkable retribution that Nunappleton, where fair Isabel had been so ill used by the abbess, should at the Reformation have been granted to the Fairfaxes. On December 5, 1542, the same hard unfeeling Anna Langton had to surrender her nunnery to Thomas and Guy, the young sons of Sir William and Isabel, who pulled down the religious buildings, and erected a house out of part of the materials. An old stone, with 'Guido Fairfax' carved upon it, now forms part of the bridge over the stream that flows into the Wharfe at Nunappleton.

Sir William made his will in March 1557, leaving Steeton and the manor of Bolton Percy to his younger son Gabriel Fairfax,[3] the ancestor of the present family of Steeton and Newton Kyme, whose head is now the only representative in England of the grand old house of Fairfax; while his eldest son Thomas inherited Denton, Nunappleton, and Bishop-hill in York. As there was ample provision for both sons, Sir William resolved to found two lines, so that there might be

[1] Marvel's *Works*. Drake's *York*. *Thoresby*. *Fairfax Correspondence*.
[2] Froude's *History of England*.
[3] *Fairfax Correspondence*.

two Yorkshire families of repute descending from his rare and radiant Isabel.[1]

Sir Thomas Fairfax was in the wars in Italy and Germany, and formed friendships abroad, which doubtless account for one of his sons, who died young, being named Ferdinando. He generally lived in the old family manor house at Bilbrough, overlooking Steeton, but on the other side of the York road, where his eldest son Thomas was born. This first Sir Thomas died in 1599,[2] leaving three distinguished sons, Thomas, Charles, and Edward, and two daughters, named Ursula and Christiana, married respectively to Sir Henry Bellasis and John Aske of Aughton.

The eldest son Thomas was the grandfather of our hero, and, as he did not die until just before the breaking out of the civil war, he takes a prominent part in the first half of his renowned grandson's life story. Charles, the second son, was a gallant officer of the school of Sir Francis Vere, who mentions him frequently in his Commentaries. He fought side by side with Horace Vere and John Ogle at Nieuport, and was killed at the siege of Ostend. Edward was the poet, the translator of Tasso, the founder, with Spenser, of the modern school of English poetry. A profound scholar and a lover of country pursuits, he led a retired life at his house near Fewston, in the wild moorland country to the north of Wharfe-dale.[3]

Thomas Fairfax, the eldest son, saw much service as a young man both in the Low Countries with Sir Francis Vere and in France, and was knighted for his gallantry before

[1] It is usually asserted that Sir William made his will in order to disinherit his son Thomas, with whom he is alleged to have quarrelled for having been present at the sack of Rome with the troops of the Constable Bourbon. Now that this is altogether fabulous may be easily shown. Thomas was only born in 1521, and as the sack of Rome took place in 1527, he must have been rather a precocious child to have been there. The simple truth no doubt is that his son Thomas is not mentioned in Sir William's will because he had been already amply provided for as the heir of his mother, through whom he inherited Denton, Askwith, Acaster, Nunappleton, and property in York.

[2] There is a portrait of him at Leeds Castle—a thin, melancholy face, with dark eyes and pointed beard.

[3] See an account of the translator of Tasso, by Brian Fairfax, in the *Atterbury Correspondence*, vol. iii. p. 255.

Rouen by Lord Essex. He also served Queen Elizabeth as a diplomatist; but eventually he settled down as a stout old Yorkshire country gentleman, married Ellen, the daughter of Robert Aske of Aughton,[1] and built himself a large family mansion at Denton. There are portraits of him at Newton Kyme and Leeds Castle—a genial honest face, with a great square white beard; but he was hot-tempered and inclined to be despotic in his relations with his family and dependants. His wife bore him seven sons and two daughters, who had the inestimable advantage of being brought up under the careful supervision of their uncle Edward the poet. These were Ferdinando, the heir, born March 29, 1584, and called after his father's brother who had died young; Henry, a clergyman; Charles, a lawyer; and John, William, Peregrine, and Thomas, who all died abroad[2] when still quite young.[3] The two daughters, Dorothy and Anne, married respectively Sir William Constable of Flamborough and Sir Godfrey Wentworth of Woolley.[3]

Sir Thomas Fairfax, who had passed his youth in foreign service, during the reign of the great Queen, took a leading part in the affairs of Yorkshire in after life, and was one of the Council of the North under the presidency of Lord Sheffield. The public intercourse between Sir Thomas and the Lord President led to the formation of a close private friendship, which was cemented by a marriage between their children.

Lord Sheffield was appointed President of the North on September 19, 1602. This office had been created by Henry VIII. on the suppression of the Pilgrimage

[1] The Askes intermarried three times with the Fairfaxes. From the time of the Conquest the Askes were settled at Aske (Saxon, 'ash-tree'), in Easby parish, which, after being their family seat for centuries, was sold in 1630, and now belongs to Lord Zetland. A junior branch of the Askes settled at Aughton, on the river Derwent, and one of its number led the rebellion called the Pilgrimage of Grace. Robert Aske of Aughton married first Elizabeth, daughter of Richard Lord Latimer, and had a son John married to Christiana Fairfax, and a daughter Ellen, the wife of Sir Thomas Fairfax of Denton. Robert Aske married secondly Anna, daughter of T. Sutton of Burton in Lincolnshire, and had a daughter Elizabeth married to Gabriel Fairfax of Steeton.

[2] All born at Denton except John, who was born at Nunappleton.

[3] Another daughter, Mary, born at Bishop-hill in 1588, died young.

of Grace insurrection. A President and Council was then formed 'for the keeping of those northern parts in quiet,' with powers of oyer and terminer under the great seal, within the counties of York, Durham, Westmoreland, Cumberland, and Northumberland. The President's official residence was at the manor house by St. Mary's Tower, outside the walls of York. Lord Sheffield, the President from 1602 to 1619, was son of the second Lord Sheffield by Lady Douglas Howard,[1] sister of Lord Howard of Effingham the great Admiral, and was one of the most distinguished of Queen Elizabeth's warrior-courtiers. In July 1588 he commanded the *Bear* under his uncle, when the Spanish Armada was repulsed, and received knighthood for his gallantry in company with Hawkins and Frobisher. He was afterwards governor of Brill, one of the cautionary towns delivered to Elizabeth by the States in consideration of money lent in aid against the Spaniards, and finally President of the North.

Since the time when Sir William Fairfax had divided his estates between his sons Thomas and Gabriel there had been a feud between the branches of Denton and Steeton, and divers suits were stirred up by Sir Thomas of Denton against Sir Philip of Steeton, respecting the right to the estate and tithes of Bilbrough.[2] A reconciliation was effected by Lord Sheffield, when he married his daughters to the heirs of the two branches. Sir Philip Fairfax of Steeton then, by a deed dated 1609, confirmed Sir Thomas in all his rights to the rectory and manor of Bilbrough, in order to put an end to the controversy.[3] Lady Mary became the wife of Ferdinando, eldest son of Sir Thomas Fairfax of Denton, in 1607[4] (who was knighted by James I. in the

[1] This unfortunate lady afterwards married the Earl of Leicester, who attempted to poison her, forced her to conceal the marriage, and declared her children to be illegitimate. Her son, Robert Dudley, after in vain attempting to establish his legitimacy, retired to Italy. He married Alice, daughter of Sir Thomas Leigh, who was created Duchess of Dudley in 1644 for life. She died in 1670.

[2] See documents in the custody of Mr. Metcalfe, the Rector of Bilbrough.

[3] The manor and rectory of Bilbrough were first bought by Sir William Fairfax in 1546.

[4] On September 29, 1615, in consideration of the marriage between Ferdinando

same year), while her sister Lady Frances married Sir Philip Fairfax of Steeton.

At the time of the great general's birth, his parents, Sir Ferdinando and Lady Mary Fairfax, were passing their time between Sir Thomas Fairfax's house at Denton, the manor house at York, and Lord Sheffield's seat at Normanby in Lincolnshire; but afterwards, from 1613 to 1616, they lived at Skow Hall in the parish of Fewston, where three of their children were born. His uncles Charles and Henry were pursuing their studies for the bar and the church, and his other young uncles were already engaged in foreign service. His great-uncle Edward the poet was still enjoying a green old age at Fewston, and his grandfather was ruling them all with a most affectionate but despotic sway from his great house at Denton. He had just completed the purchase of the manor of Bolton Percy from the dissolute young Sir Philip Fairfax of Steeton, who was running through his money recklessly. Sir Philip died in 1613, aged 27, and was buried at Bolton Percy. He left a son William by his wife, Lady Frances Sheffield, and a daughter Ursula.[1]

Fairfax and Mary Sheffield, the fathers of the bridegroom and bride—Sir Thomas Fairfax and Lord Sheffield—made the following agreement, in order to secure a competent jointure to the bride out of the manors and lands of her father-in-law. The trustees were the Earl of Nottingham, Lord High Admiral, the Earls of Shrewsbury, Southampton, and Exeter, Sir Henry Bellasis, and Sir Thomas Fairfax of Gilling. Denton, Askwith, Bilbrough, Bolton Percy, Nunappleton, Wolston Grange, Davy Hall, and Bishop-hill were transferred to them for the use of Sir Thomas Fairfax for his life, and after his death Bolton Percy was to be held by them for the use of Mary, the wife of Ferdinando Fairfax, for her life; and then to go to her husband and the heirs male of his body, in failure of which to Henry Fairfax and his heirs male, then to William Fairfax and his heirs male, then to Thomas, then to Charles, then to John, then to Peregrine, and finally to any other heir male of Sir Thomas. The right is also reserved to settle Nunappleton on Eleanor, the wife of Sir Thomas Fairfax, for her life. The charges on the estates were five life annuities of £50 each, for Eleanor, the wife of Sir Thomas, and for his sons Thomas, William, Charles, and Peregrine. A lease of lands in Askwith was made by Sir Thomas (father of Sir Thomas), for sixty years, as jointure for Eleanor, wife of Sir Thomas. The jointure of Mabel, wife of Sir William Fairfax of Steeton, was settled on Bolton Percy and Bilbrough. With these reservations, Bolton Percy is settled on Mary, wife of Ferdinando, for life, from the death of her husband and father-in-law, for the payment to her of £300 a year. This deed is preserved in the British Museum.

[1] Afterwards married to Mr. Chaloner, one of the King's Judges. Sir William Fairfax of Steeton also married a Chaloner—Frances, daughter of Sir Thomas

William succeeded to Steeton and the remnant of his father's property, and was the first cousin,[1] and afterwards the companion in arms, of our hero.

Chaloner of Guisborough; and in after years there was a third marriage between a Fairfax and a Chaloner. In 1799 Thomas Fairfax of Steeton and Nowton Kyme married Theophania, a grand-daughter of Chaloner of Guisborough.

[1] Their mothers, Lady Mary and Lady Frances Sheffield, were sisters. On the Fairfax side they were third cousins, and through the Askes second cousins, so that they were first, second, and third cousins to each other.

CHAPTER II.

EARLY YEARS OF THOMAS FAIRFAX.

THOMAS FAIRFAX, the eldest son of Sir Ferdinando by Lady Mary Sheffield, was born at Denton on Friday, January 17, 1612. He was christened on the 25th, in the family chapel attached to the house, his two grandfathers, Lord Sheffield [1] and Sir Thomas Fairfax, standing godfathers, and his godmother being his great-aunt, the Lady Ursula Bellasis.[2] On this occasion Sir Thomas presented his son Ferdinando with a magnificent family Bible, with the royal arms richly embroidered on the back.[3] In previous and following years were born six sisters, Ursula, Ellen, Frances, Elizabeth, Mary, and Dorothy,[4] and two brothers, one of whom died young. The surviving brother, Charles, was born at Skow Hall, in the forest of Knaresborough, on March 22, 1614, and was christened at Fewston on the 26th, his godfathers being Sir Guy Palmes and Walter Hawksworth of Hawksworth, and his godmother the Lady Douglas Sheffield.

Young Tom passed the first few years of his infancy with his parents at Skow Hall. The old house still remains. It

[1] Lord Sheffield was not present, but his son Sir Edmund Sheffield was deputed to act in his place.

[2] Sister of Sir Thomas Fairfax of Denton (the first lord). She married Sir Henry Bellasis of Newborough, in Yorkshire, and was the mother of Sir Thomas, created Baron Falconberg in 1627. The first Lord Falconberg had two sons, Henry and John, who were distinguished Royalist commanders, and five daughters, one of whom married Sir Henry Slingsby.

[3] This Bible, with two Prayer Books, is now in the library at Newton Kyme. The entries on the first leaf are in the handwriting of Ferdinando. It was given for the use of the church at Newton Kyme by the sixth Lord Fairfax, in 1716.

[4] Ellen, born at Toulston in 1610, Ursula at Bishop-hill in 1609, Frances at Denton in December 1612, Elizabeth at Skow in 1614, Mary at Skow in 1616, and Dorothy at Steeton in 1617.

is a stone building, consisting of a hall and kitchen, each with huge chimneys, an open passage between them, and small chambers above. There is a fine view from the hall door up the wild valley of the Washburn, with Fewston church on the hill-side, and the moors beyond. The future general's mother died in childbirth at Steeton in July 1619, when he was only seven years old, and was buried in the church at Bolton Percy. When he was eight years old, his grandmother Fairfax died,[1] and his excitable old grandfather went off to the Low Countries to see a little camp life with his brave boys William and John. Tom remained at home with his father, under the tuition, it may be presumed, of his great-uncle Edward Fairfax the poet.

At this time, the autumn of 1620, the great Spanish General Spinola was levying an army of 30,000 men in the Netherlands to invade the Palatinate; but James I. would only provide a single regiment of English to go in aid of his son-in-law. It was commanded by Sir Horace Vere, and officered by many gallant gentlemen, Lords Essex, Sackville, and Wilmot, Captains Burroughs, Knightley, Markham, and William and John Fairfax. The report that Spinola intended to oppose the march of the little force, brought grey-headed old Sir Thomas Fairfax from Denton to the British camp at Rotterdam. He was received with the greatest respect by his renowned companion in arms of former days, the famous Sir Horace Vere, and he shared the straw bed of his boy William, who declared that camp life had made his father look forty years younger. But he was obliged to return home after a few weeks, to use his influence in aid of Wentworth and the liberals at a contested Yorkshire election. His two sons marched into the Palatinate with the heroic little English force, and while Vere threw himself into Manheim, Burroughs with the two Fairfaxes garrisoned Frankenthal. There, fighting bravely at the head of their men, both the young Fairfaxes were killed. 'I can only sweeten the news to you,' writes Burroughs[2] to their poor father, 'with this comfort:

[1] She was buried at Otley, where there is a handsome tomb to her memory.

[2] Sir John Burroughs was one of the pupils of the 'fighting Veres.' He served

they died with a general fame of honest men and valiant gentlemen.' Lord Clifford added: 'Their never-dying virtues of valour and Christianity came to them by descent from your Christian and valiant self.'

In the same year, 1621, Thomas, who was a merchant-adventurer, died at Scanderoon; and Peregrine, then acting as secretary to the Ambassador at Paris, was mortally wounded in an affray with French soldiers. Thus at one blow old Sir Thomas Fairfax lost four of his sons. They were his favourites; he had loved a soldier's life himself, and longed to see his gallant boys uphold the family name in foreign wars, so that he felt this blow deeply. He looked round and saw his steady plodding heir Ferdinando, whom in his heart he rather despised, and Henry and Charles working for the learned professions, but these could not make up for the brave soldier boys he had lost. It is said that one day Dr. Matthews,[1] the witty Archbishop of York, said to Sir Thomas Fairfax: 'I have great reason to sorrow with respect to my sons; one having wit and no grace, another grace and no wit, and a third neither grace nor wit to direct him aright.' 'May it please your Grace,' rejoined old Fairfax, 'your case is sad, but not singular; I am also grievously disappointed in my sons. One I sent into the Netherlands to train him up a soldier, and he makes a tolerable country justice, but is a mere coward at fighting;[2] my next I sent to Cambridge, and he proves a good lawyer, but a mere dunce at divinity;[3] and my youngest I sent to the Inns of Court, and he is a good divine, but nobody at the law.'[4]

Such was the old man's estimate of his surviving sons, but

with them all through the campaigns in the Netherlands, and was slain in the expedition to the Isle of Rhé, on September 11, 1627, aged 41. See his life by one of his captains, Robert Markham, in the form of an elegy, reprinted in 1758.

[1] Toby Matthews was of Christ Church, Oxford, and was translated from Durham to York in 1606. He was a great hand at making puns, 'and was so habited therein,' says old Fuller, 'that he could as well not be as not be merry.' He died at Cawood in 1628, and was buried in York Minster. When his old friend Dr. Eades was Vice-Chancellor of Oxford, he could remember 200 of the Archbishop's puns. See Harrington's *Nugæ Antiquæ*.

[2] Ferdinando. [3] Henry. [4] Charles.

he looked at the little grandson growing up at Denton, and centred his hopes upon him. A man named William Atkinson, who was afterwards gunsmith to the great general during the wars, used to say that he had heard the old knight call aloud to his grandchild, 'Tom, Tom, mind thou the battle; thy father is a good man, but a mere coward at fighting. All the good I expect is from thee.'[1]

At the general election of 1625, Sir Thomas Fairfax and Wentworth contested the county against the Saviles of Howley, who represented the court party.[2] The two liberal candidates used to meet at Tadcaster, ride into York, and refresh the freeholders with hogsheads of wine and beer. The contest was a severe one, and it ended in Fairfax being defeated, and Wentworth being unseated on petition. But the son and heir Ferdinando Fairfax commenced his Parliamentary career in this Parliament (which was dissolved in 1626, after sitting for only twelve days) as member for Boroughbridge.

At the same time young Tom attained his fourteenth year, and it was thought necessary to make some better arrangement for his education than could be managed at Denton, where, however, he had had the advantage of constant intercourse with his great-uncle, the translator of Tasso, who did not die until 1632. Both the father and grandfather were now widowers, and Tom, since his mother's death, had lived with his sisters at Denton. Their grandfather seems to have supported them, and at the same time to have assumed all the authority of a parent. The old gentleman had some intention of contracting a second rich marriage in 1626, partly with a view to making better provision for his son's children,

[1] *The Preaching Bishop, or some Memorial of that excellent Prelate, Dr. Tobias Matthews*, by Henry Simpson, of London: Birch MSS. 4460, p. 137 (British Museum).

[2] Sir Robert Savile, alias Barmston, an illegitimate son of Savile of Thornhill, built a magnificent house at Howley, near Leeds. His son, Sir John Savile, was the opponent of Wentworth and Fairfax, and a deadly enemy of the former. He was created Baron Savile of Pontefract in 1628. When Strafford became a powerful courtier, he procured the disgrace of his old opponent, 'who,' says Clarendon, 'was sent down to Yorkshire a most abject disconsolate old man.' He died in 1670.

and he accused Ferdinando of having undutifully thwarted him, and caused the engagement to be broken off, which the son respectfully denied.

In May 1626 young Tom was brought up to London for the first time by his grandfather. He matriculated at St. John's College, Cambridge; and in the following June his tutor reported that he was well, and liked the place.

Old Sir Thomas, with a son in Parliament, and a grandson at the University, now began to feel the weight of years, and that the active part of his career was past, and he not unreasonably considered that his position in Yorkshire, and his numerous and important public services as a soldier and diplomatist, entitled him to some recognition in the shape of a title of honour, which he might hand down to his descendants. The Stuart kings had polluted that fountain of honour which had flowed so clearly in the days of the great Queen. Peerages were shamelessly sold, and the new rank of baronets was invented with the sordid view of making money. Thus, among many other instances, John Holles bought the barony of Houghton for £10,000, and by paying another £5,000 he became Earl of Clare.[1] Sir Thomas Fairfax deserved a peerage for his services and position, and he deemed it to be worth his while to obtain one; but the transaction, in the days of the Stuarts, was purely commercial. Scotch heralds came to Denton with a patent of nobility; and in October 1627 they rode away to Boroughbridge, on their way north, with several bags of money; while Sir Thomas Fairfax of Denton became Baron Fairfax of Cameron, in the Peerage of Scotland.[2]

Young Thomas Fairfax continued to study at Cambridge for about four years. He was a very delicate growing lad, fond

[1] At about the same time Lords Cavendish, Rich, and Compton bought the earldoms of Devonshire, Warwick, and Northampton, respectively, at £10,000 apiece.

[2] The patent of nobility, under the great seal, is still preserved at Leeds Castle. Several other English gentlemen were created peers of Scotland by the Stuart kings. Sir Henry Carey was made Viscount Falkland; Sir Walter Aston of Tixall became Baron Aston of Forfar; Constable of Burton Constable received the title of Viscount Dunbar, and Sir Thomas Osborne that of Viscount Dumblane.

of acquiring knowledge, and especially devoted to the study of the early history of his own country, but ambitious above all to emulate the military careers of his gallant uncles. In February 1630 the Earl of Clare, his mother's cousin, wrote to his father to advise him to take the lad from Cambridge, and send him to Sir Horace Vere's camp in the Low Countries, where he could practise arms, fencing, dancing, and study the mathematics. The Earl's son, Lord Houghton, at the same time promised to take charge of him while he was there.[1] Old Lord Fairfax's pleasure was taken on the matter, and by the following April young Tom was a volunteer with the army in the Low Countries.

Lord Vere of Tilbury[2] had been Lord General of the English forces in the Netherlands since the death of his famous brother Sir Francis in 1608; and, after a truce of twelve years, the Prince of Orange had resolved to commence the spring operations of 1630 by the siege of Bois-le-Duc. Spinola, the able Genoese general employed by Spain, had resigned, and the operations of the Court of Brussels were at a standstill for want of money, while the troops were ready to mutiny. On the other hand, Prince Frederick

[1] Denzil Holles of Houghton, in Nottinghamshire, married Anne, sister of Lord Sheffield, and great-aunt of Lady Mary Sheffield, who married Ferdinando Fairfax. The son of this Denzil Holles by Anne Sheffield was John Holles, who was created Earl of Clare in 1624. He was a first cousin of the Lord Sheffield who was grandfather to young Thomas Fairfax. This first Earl of Clare's eldest son was Lord Houghton, who married Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Sir Horace Vere, and sister of our hero's future wife. His second son was the better known Denzil Holles.

[2] Horace, brother of the famous General Sir Francis Vere, and grandson of the Earl of Oxford, was born at Kirby Hall, in Essex, in 1565. He served under his brother in the Netherlands, and was knighted for his valour at Cadiz in 1596. In 1600 he did good service at the battle of Nieuport, was in the siege of Ostend, and signalised himself in 1605 by his gallant retreat with 4,000 men before Spinola, who had three times that number. He commanded the expedition into the Palatinate in 1620, and in 1625 was created Baron Vere of Tilbury. He was Master-General of the Ordnance for life, and died in 1635. He married Mary, widow of William Hoby, and daughter of John Tracy of Todington, by Anne, daughter of Sir Thomas Throckmorton. By this lady Sir Horace Vere had no sons, but five daughters: Elizabeth married to John Holles, second Earl of Clare; Mary married first to Sir Roger Townshend of Raynham, and secondly to the Earl of Westmoreland Catherine married first to Oliver St. John, and secondly to Lord Paulett; Anne wife of Sir T. Fairfax; and Dorothy, Mrs. Wolstenholme.

Henry of Orange commanded an army numbering, with the English troops, upwards of 30,000 men. With this force he invested the strongly fortified town of Bois-le-Duc on April 30, 1630, a place which was called 'the Maid of Brabant' because it had never been surrendered to any enemy. It was surrounded by dikes and marshes, and fortified with seven strong bastions, so that it was considered almost impregnable. Sir Horace Vere, with his English contingent, watched two of the bastions, while the Prince himself fixed his quarters opposite the centre of the town, and opened a furious cannonade on two forts called Isabella and St. Antonio. The place was defended by the gallant Anthony Schets.

Two young aspirants for military glory joined the camp in April, and both afterwards filled the world with their fame. One became General of the Parliament of England, the other was the subsequently famous Marshal Turenne.

The earliest extant letter of Thomas Fairfax is one to his grandfather, dated May 12, 1630, from before Bois-le-Duc. He describes it as a place of great strength, with marshy ground on one side, and mentions that the enemy kept up a sharp fire when the siege commenced, which had since slackened. Count Henry de Berg attempted to raise the siege, but was repulsed, and the place was surrendered, after a gallant defence, in July.

During this service, young Fairfax's conduct gained for him the approval of Lord Vere, and his acquaintance with the great general's wife and daughters ripened into a friendship which finally led to his marriage with one of the young ladies some years afterwards. Owing to Lord Vere's constant service out of England, they had passed most of their lives in the Netherlands.[1] Though not possessed of great personal attractions, they appear to have been clever, firm, dutiful, and at the same time warm-hearted young women.

After the fall of Bois-le-Duc, the campaign languished,

[1] At the parliament holden at Westminster in 1624, a private act was passed to naturalise Elizabeth and Mary Vere, daughters of Sir Horace Vere. *Rushworth*, i. p. 151.

and young Fairfax was ordered by his grandfather to leave the camp and travel into France. There he remained for about eighteen months, learning the language and other accomplishments; but he soon became weary of an inactive life, and the heart-stirring news of the campaign of Gustavus Adolphus in Germany fired young Fairfax—'fiery young Tom' as he was called in Yorkshire—with a longing to serve under the banner of the great Protestant champion. So in February 1632, when he was just twenty years old, he suddenly arrived in London, and wrote to his grandfather, hoping that his return would not appear strange, and explaining that his motive was an earnest desire to join the army of Sweden, which of course he could not think of doing without the old lord's permission. He found several warm friends in London. Lord Vere was living with his family at Hackney,[1] and he encouraged his young pupil in the art of war to persevere in his intention of fighting under the banner of the Protestants. Young Fairfax's grandfather, the old Earl of Mulgrave, formerly Lord Sheffield and President of the North, was also passing his old age near London. He had built himself a handsome house at Hammersmith, which he called Butterwick, after one of his estates in Lincolnshire. The entrance hall was of wainscot oak, and the dining-room was also panelled in oak compartments between fluted pilasters. The house was shaded by a magnificent cedar of Lebanon.[2] Here young Tom passed much of his time with the old earl during this London sojourn, and Lord Mulgrave writes of him in high terms to his other grandfather, the old lord at Denton. He thus

[1] Lord Vere of Tilbury died in London in 1635. On May 2 of that year he dined with Sir Harry Vane at Whitehall, and, calling for fresh salmon, he reached out his plate to receive it from the carver, but could not draw his arm back again, and sank down in a fit of apoplexy. He died two hours afterwards, and was buried in the same vault with his brother, in Westminster Abbey, with much military pomp. 'No doubt but he was well prepared for death,' says old Fuller, 'seeing such was his vigilancy that never any enemy surprised him in his quarters.' (*Worthies*, p. 331.)

[2] Butterwick House was pulled down in 1836, and a court of small houses was built on the spot once shaded by the great cedar, which was 15·4 feet in circumference and 60 feet high. (Faulkner's *Hammersmith*, p. 300.)

speaks of the young man:—'His carriage hath given me such good satisfaction as I am confident he will be a comfort to us both, and a joy to his friends who shall longer enjoy him.' Young Fairfax's cousin, the Lord Falconberg, also saw him in London at this time, and is equally warm in his praise; he writes:—'My cousin's sweet condition begets him love of all that know him, and his well-tempered spirit is inferior to none of his age and quality.'[1]

At this period, when Thomas Fairfax was just entering upon manhood, he was evidently a great favourite, not only amongst his relations, but with such men as Lord Vere, of whose good opinion any young man might well be proud. Fairfax was tall and slight, with a dark complexion and brown hair, and a somewhat melancholy expression when not excited by conversation, arising probably from very delicate health. He had not completely shaken off an intermittent fever caught during his service in the Netherlands, and he was already suffering from the acutely painful disease which never left him in life.

Notwithstanding the powerful advocacy of Lords Mulgrave, and Vere, and Falconberg, he failed to obtain permission to join the King of Sweden.[2] There is reason to think that old Lord Fairfax had forebodings that his grandson's military talent would soon be wanted nearer home; and he insisted on his returning to Yorkshire, where he passed the next three years of his life in assisting his grandfather in the management of his estates, and in discharging the duties of his station, either at Denton or Nunappleton. He was in the commission of the peace, and we hear of him licensing public-houses, and performing other magisterial duties.[3]

[1] *Fairfax Correspondence.*

[2] Gustavus Adolphus was slain at the battle of Lutzen, on November 1, 1632.

[3] *Calendar of State Papers* (Domestic Series), 1637–38.

CHAPTER III.

MARRIAGE OF THOMAS FAIRFAX AND ANNE VERE.

THE friendship formed with the daughters of Lord Vere, during the bustle of camp life at Bois-le-Duc, seems to have ripened into a warmer feeling for one of them; and in the autumn of 1635, soon after the old warrior's death, negotiations were commenced for a marriage between Thomas Fairfax and Anne Vere. The young lady's widowed mother, who had already married three of her daughters, was living in a house at Hackney; and while young Tom came up in person to press his suit, and lodged at the sign of the 'Three Black Birds' in Fleet Street, the delicate pecuniary arrangements which had necessarily to be made between the two families were at first conducted indirectly on one side by Sir William and Lady Constable,[1] and on the other by an eminent physician, Dr. Wright,[2] who was an intimate friend of Lady Vere.

The mutual affection of the young people appears to have been shared by the parents and relations on both sides; but there was some reluctance on the part of Lady Vere to come to any immediate settlement, owing to the embarrassed state of her affairs, caused, it would seem, by the failure of the King to pay money which he owed to the late lord. Moreover, her son-in-law, Sir Roger Townshend of Raynham, died in the end of the year, which still further delayed the match. Meanwhile the irritable old grandfather at Denton got very impatient for the marriage to take place. He com-

[1] Sir William Constable of Flamborough married Dorothy, daughter of the first Lord Fairfax. He was M.P. for Knaresborough in the Long Parliament; was one of the King's judges who signed the death-warrant, and died in 1655, without surviving children, when his baronetcy became extinct.

[2] Dr. Lawrence Wright, of the Charter House, was a learned and popular physician, and a great friend of Governor Winthrop, of Massachusetts.

plained that he was very sick and weak, and urged that he wanted his grandchildren to come and live with him in his old age, and that there was nothing in the world could give him more contentment. So in May, 1637, the marriage settlements were drawn up, and nearly all the Yorkshire estates were entailed on the issue of the marriage.[1] Sir Ferdinando Fairfax behaved throughout in a most liberal spirit, and left everything relating to the bride's fortune to the convenience of her mother, in full confidence that her affection for her child would lead her to act in the way which was best for the bride's interests.

At last, on June 20, 1637, Anne, daughter of Lord Vere of Tilbury, was married to Thomas Fairfax, in the parish church of Hackney,[2] and immediately afterwards the bridegroom wrote a gracefully worded letter to Lord Fairfax, thanking him for his kindness and liberality in the matter of the settlements. It had been intended that the wedding should be private, but this was not to be; and a great feast was given, at which a gay and brilliant company assembled, consisting of relations on both sides, and of such lords and ladies as persisted, in the face of the King's vexatious decrees, in leading a London life.[3]

[1] There is an indenture in the British Museum, dated June 6, 1637, between Lord Fairfax and Sir Ferdinando Fairfax of the one part, and Richard Aske of the Inner Temple, and Thomas Widdrington of Gray's Inn, of the other: by which the Yorkshire estates are handed over to the two latter, no doubt as trustees of the marriage settlement. The properties enumerated are the lordships of Denton, Askwith, and Rigton; a house in Clifford; land called Wrey-wood in Skelton; a house in Wistow; lands and houses formerly part of the estate of the dissolved priory at Ferryby; the manor of Bilbrough; lands and tenements at Sandwith; all the lands formerly belonging to the dissolved priory at Nunappleton; lands and tenements in Appleton, Clementhorpe, Acaster, and Middlethorpe; the manor of Davy Hall, within the city of York, with the custody of the prison there; and the houses, lands, privileges, and mansion-house in Bishop-hill-the-elder by Micklegate, in York. These appear to have been all, or nearly all, the possessions of Lord Fairfax in Yorkshire at this time.

[2] We gather the particulars respecting this marriage from nine letters in the *Fairfax Correspondence*, from Sir William Constable, Sir Ferdinando Fairfax, Lady Vere, Dr. Wright, and old Lord Fairfax. These letters are curiously supplemented by four others, which were recently discovered in the United States, and published at Albany in 1868: two from Lady Vere, one from Dr. Wright, and one from Sir T. Widdrington.

[3] It was in 1632 that Charles I. began to annoy people who preferred passing most of their time in London. He commanded those who were living in London,

Lady Vere and her daughter both became devotedly attached to the delicate young man who had become so near to them, and in whom there must have been something that was very loveable. A very few weeks after the marriage their devotion was put to the proof, for, after a short attack of his constitutional malady, young Fairfax was prostrated by a return of the intermittent fever which he had caught during his service in the Low Countries. On July 11, 1637, Lady Vere thus writes to the bridegroom's father:—'Dr. Wright is very careful of him, and attends him every day, and saith he thinks the fits will not hold him long. He is now to me as my own, which is argument enough to you to have confidence in me. My daughter, with watching and a cold she got, is fallen into a fever, which is the more to her, because she hath never had any sickness. I have myself, with a great deal of affectionate care, done what I can to express my love for so deserving a son, as is every way worthy of it, and very dear to me.' By the end of July he had nearly recovered, and went with his wife and mother-in-law to visit the widowed Lady Townshend at Raynham, in Norfolk.

It was in the year of Thomas Fairfax's marriage that the lawless tyranny and cruelty of Charles's government reached its height. Members of the learned professions were being flogged through the streets of London, and mercilessly tortured and mutilated in the pillory; and the highest in the land were not safe from ruinous fines and illegal imprisonment.

While this cruel misrule was rampant in England, and a feeble attempt was about to be made to establish a similar tyranny in Scotland, Thomas Fairfax took his young wife to

spending their money in excess of apparel provided from foreign countries, and consuming their time in vain delights, to resort to their several counties. He then declared that it was his firm resolution to withstand this great and growing evil by a constant severity towards the offenders. In 1635 information was given against a number of persons of quality who were residing in and round London, contrary to the King's proclamation; among whom was the Earl of Clare, whose son, Lord Houghton, had married Lady Vere's eldest daughter. (*Rushworth.*) Many alleged, by way of excuse, that they had no country houses. William Fairfax of Steeton, then living in Clerkenwell, had the King's warrant to stay in town. See *Calendar of State Papers* (Domestic Series), 1637–38.

Yorkshire, during the autumn of 1637. They at first resided at Denton, but old Lord Fairfax was irritable and dictatorial; and in the following year, as they could not live comfortably together, he gave them a separate establishment, and they went to live at his house at Nunappleton, which was ever afterwards their favourite residence. The old lord appears to have taken a strange prejudice against his grandchildren. At this time Charles Fairfax the lawyer, one of his younger sons, tells us that one day when his father was walking up and down the great parlour at Denton, he thus broke out: 'Charles, I am thinking what will become of my family when I am gone. I have added a title to the heir male of my house, and shall leave a competent estate to support it. Ferdinando will keep it and leave it to his son. But such is Tom's pride (led by his wife), that he, not contented to live in our rank, will destroy his house.' Lord Fairfax then solemnly charged his son Charles to make known what he told him, when he saw a probability that it might so fall out; and when, long afterwards, the entail was cut off by the great general, his uncle Charles repeated this speech of his testy old grandfather to him. But it was altogether unjust; and although this branch of the Fairfaxes eventually did pass away from Yorkshire, it was through no fault either of Tom or his wife.

During 1638 the young couple lived at Nunappleton, and on December 3, as we are informed by Sir Henry Slingsby, the Fairfax bride stood godmother to the child of his brother-in-law John Bellasis, the christening taking place in the chapel at Scriven. Henry Bellasis and Sir Henry Slingsby himself were the godfathers. The families of Fairfax, Bellasis, and Slingsby, were all connected. They were cousins and neighbours. But England was on the verge of a terrible civil war, which was to divide cousins, and even nearer relations, against each other; so that this christening at Scriven was probably the last occasion on which the families met together as friends. Yet we English may justly boast that, in our great civil war, although friends and relations ranged themselves on opposite sides, they never forgot the duties either of

kinship or chivalry; and that few of those wanton devastations and executions which have disgraced the revolutions of other countries were suffered to stain the noble contest in which Englishmen engaged in the seventeenth century.

The year 1639 opened upon the Scottish troubles. Young Thomas Fairfax was a scholar and a soldier, but he was no politician, and circumstances, not his own desire, drew him from his books and his country pursuits at Nunappleton. In those days no man of any station could remain idly looking on, and thus, in his twenty-eighth year, the public life of the great general commenced.

At this time he had one daughter, Mary, born at Bishophill on July 30, 1638;[1] and most of his sisters were married. Elizabeth was the wife of Sir William Craven of Lenchwicke, and Ellen of Sir William Selby of Twizell in Northumberland.[2] Frances married Thomas Widdrington,[3] at this time Recorder of York; and the two younger sisters, Mary and Dorothy, had both found husbands amongst the Yorkshire neighbours. Mary was married to Henry Arthington[4] of Arthington in Wharfe-dale, a few miles below Denton; and Dorothy to Edward Hutton[5] of Poppleton in the Ainsty, near York. Brother Charles was about to start for the Low Countries to complete his education. He sailed from Hull in May 1639.

[1] Anthony à Wood says she was born on July 3, 1636, but this of course is a mistake. The date in the text is taken from the Fairfax family Bible preserved at Leeds Castle.

[2] Sir William Selby was second son of Sir Ralph Selby of Twizell, near Berwick. He died in 1654, leaving, by his wife Eleanor Fairfax, an only daughter, Dorothy, married to Sir William Forster of Bamborough.

[3] Thomas Widdrington was a native of Northumberland, a time-serving lawyer, who was Recorder of York, and afterwards sat for Berwick in the Long Parliament.

[4] Henry Arthington was a Deputy-Lieutenant of Yorkshire, and the head of a very ancient family long settled at Arthington, which is now extinct. He had one son, who died in 1681, without children, and Arthington went to a cousin.

[5] Edward Hutton was descended from Matthew Hutton, Archbishop of York. This prelate is said to have been a foundling, and was brought up at a place called Warton, in Lancashire. He became Dean of York in 1567, Bishop of Durham in 1589, and Archbishop of York in 1595. He was a learned but worldly man, had had three wives before he became a bishop, and when he died, in 1605, he left a large estate to his eldest son, Sir Timothy Hutton of Marske, in Yorkshire. The second son, Sir Thomas Hutton of Poppleton, was the father of Edward who married Dorothy Fairfax.

CHAPTER IV.

THE FIRST SCOTTISH CAMPAIGN.

THE year 1639 opened with the gloomy prospect of a war between England and Scotland, brought on by the feeble tyranny of Charles and his bigoted favourite. The misrule in England had now been endured for twelve long years; but the Scots were a less law-abiding people, and the foolish attempt to misgovern them led to those embarrassments which eventually forced Charles to call a Parliament. The Scots hated episcopacy, and were resolved to go to any extremities rather than suffer that form of religion to be forced upon them. Yet, in the face of this feeling, Charles and Laud made eleven out of the fourteen Scottish bishops Privy Councillors, created one of them Lord Chancellor, and gave State employments and gainful offices to the others. A High Commission Court was introduced, like that in England; a Book of Canons was published, and a Book of Common Prayer was sent down to be read in all the churches.

The storm then broke. The Scots resolved to maintain their old form of worship at all hazards, and they proclaimed a Covenant on March 1, 1638, which was taken word for word from the old Covenant of 1580, with some additions, by which all innovations unlawfully obtruded were abjured. Before the end of April it had been subscribed by nearly all the Protestants in Scotland. Then commenced an imbecile alternation of threats and concessions on the part of the Court, and a steady resolute onward movement on the part of the Scottish nation.

The concessions of the Court were only resorted to with a view to gaining time, and there was a treacherous intention of withdrawing them and enforcing obedience so soon as

Charles was strong enough to throw off the mask. The Scottish people knew this, and were prepared.

The Marquis of Hamilton was sent to Scotland as High Commissioner, with orders to allow the people six weeks to renounce the Covenant. He was told at Edinburgh that nothing would satisfy them but the calling of a General Assembly and a Parliament, and he advised his employer either to grant all their demands or to march an army into Scotland. In August he received orders to call a General Assembly, and in September he was empowered to withdraw the Canons and the Prayer Book; but this was simply done with the object of gaining time, until his master was prepared to throw aside his mask. Meanwhile the Scots abolished episcopacy, and ordained that no man should become a magistrate unless he had subscribed the Covenant. The General Assembly met in November, but was almost immediately dissolved, and the Scots received secret intelligence that Charles was treacherously preparing an army to enforce the measures which he had pretended to revoke.

They at once resolved to defend their rights, and gave the command of the army that was rapidly organised to Leslie,[1] who had seen much service abroad.

Thus ended a peace which had been unbroken in Great Britain for two generations. The people of England were themselves suffering under a galling tyranny; and although they were ready to defend the frontier from Scottish invasion, they entered upon this service unwillingly, and they were not prepared to do more.

In February, 1639, the King sent a circular to the nobility, declaring his intention to lead an army to the North to protect England against the Covenanters, and issued a proclamation to the English, informing them of the seditious practices in Scotland. At the same time a pamphlet was published by order of the General Assembly, to satisfy the

[1] Alexander Leslie first served under Sir Horace Vere in the Low Countries, and afterwards with Gustavus Adolphus, who created him a general. In 1641, when Charles was trying to form a party in Scotland, he made Leslie Earl of Leven.

people of England of the intentions of their Scottish brethren. Warlike stores had been busily collected at Hull and Newcastle by Charles's Government during the whole of the previous autumn. Sir Jacob Astley had been in the Low Countries buying muskets and pikes, and the stores in the Tower had been shipped for the northern ports. These measures prove the treacherous intentions of Charles in authorising Hamilton to make concessions, by which he had already resolved only to abide until his army was ready.

He was even base enough to offer to the Spanish Government that, if they would lend him 1,200,000 crowns, he would declare war upon Holland as soon as he had subdued Scotland. Spain haughtily refused.

In January 1639 the trained bands were called out. All the gentry were charged with a horse or two horses, according to their incomes, and the footmen were ordered to assemble at Selby by April 1. So the long peace came to an end, and a period of war commenced, which was destined to last for upwards of ten years. Country gentlemen in Yorkshire, who did not concern themselves much with politics—such as Thomas Fairfax at Nunappleton, and Henry Slingsby at Scriven—were rudely aroused from their ordinary pursuits by these warlike orders, and by the news that the King was himself coming to lead an army to the Scottish frontier. Fairfax was called from his hunting and from his thoroughbreds in the paddocks of Denton and Nunappleton, to raise a regiment of dragoons; and Slingsby, with many of his neighbours, was served with an order to join the royal army. The country gentlemen, for the most part, looked upon this unnecessary war with extreme sadness, and no small indignation. We may probably gather the general feeling from an entry in Sir Henry Slingsby's diary:—

'*January* 3.—Out of curiosity to see the spectacle of our public death, I went to Bramham Moor to see the training of our light horse, for which service I myself had sent two horses, by commandment from the Deputy Lieutenants and Sir Jacob Astley, who is lately come down with special commission from the King, to train and exercise them.

These are strange spectacles to this nation in this age, that have lived thus long peaceably without noise of shot or drum; and we have stood neutrals and in peace, while all the world besides hath been in arms, and wasted with it. It is, I say, a thing horrible that we should engage ourselves in war one with another, and with our venom gnaw and consume ourselves. Our fear proceeds from the Scots, who at this time are become most warlike, being exercised in the Swedish and German wars. The cause of their grievance, as they pretend, is matter of religion. Neither the one nor the other can expect to receive advantage by this war, where the remedy will prove worse than the disease.'[1]

Sir Ferdinando Fairfax received command of one of the Yorkshire trained bands, forming a regiment of foot; and his son Thomas called out the yeomen of Appleton, and Bolton Percy, and Steeton and Bilbrough, and organised a troop of 160 well-equipped dragoons, who were known as the 'Yorkshire Redcaps.'[2]

The command of the army was given to the Earl of Arundel, a proud, supercilious, incapable nobleman, 'who was never suspected to love anybody, nor to have the least propensity to justice, charity, or compassion.'[3] The Earl of Essex, who was made lieutenant-general, was a very different man. He had seen service under glorious old Horace Vere in the Low Countries, was the most popular man in the kingdom, and one of the very few who entered upon this service with real zeal and alacrity. But the Earl of Holland, who was general of the horse, was another incapable, ostentatious courtier. All the nobility were required to attend the King at York, with such forces as their birth and position indicated; the members of learned professions were called upon

[1] Slingsby's *Diary*.

[2] *Colonels of the Yorkshire Regiments :—*

Foot.	*Horse.*
Sir Ferdinando Fairfax.	Lord Viscount Wentworth.
Sir William Savile.	Lord Clifford.
Sir John Hotham.	Thomas Fairfax.
Sir William Penniman.	Colonel Butler.
Sir Thomas Metham.	

[3] Clarendon.

to contribute to the expenses of the war; and the President and Council of the North were ordered to collect stores of all kinds for the army.

On March 27 the King left London in a coach, with the Duke of Lennox and the Earl of Holland. At Tadcaster bridge he was met by the Sheriff of Yorkshire, who conducted him to York. The trained bands of the City and Ainsty were drawn up outside Micklegate Bar, 600 strong, dressed in buff coats, scarlet breeches with silver lace, russet boots, and black caps with feathers. Here, too, were the Fairfaxes, Slingsbys, Saviles, Hothams, Bellasis, Cholmleys, all still acting together, but so soon to be divided against each other in the troubles already looming in the near future. Thomas Widdrington,[1] the Recorder of York, delivered a fulsome speech on his knees, for which he was knighted; and the King then went to the Manor House, by the ruins of St. Mary's Abbey, the official residence of the Lord President of the North.

Charles remained in York for a month. On the day after his arrival the Fairfaxes, father and son, attended at Court with the Earl of Holland; and the King, while expressing his thanks for their willingness to command regiments in his service, required them to be ready to march at any moment. They replied, with the other colonels of Yorkshire regiments, that they were ready to march with the trained bands; but at the same time they remonstrated against their own homes being left unprotected, and submitted that the trained bands had never before been called upon to serve out of the county. It was promised that they should begin to receive the King's pay as soon as they crossed the boundary of Yorkshire.

On Good Friday Charles touched 200 people for king's evil; on Easter Wednesday he went to Selby to review the troops that were assembling there from the southern counties; and on April 29 he set out for the North, sleeping the first night at Sir Harry Vane's, at Raby Castle, and pressing on thence, by Durham and Newcastle, to the frontier. Lord

[1] Brother-in-law of Thomas Fairfax.

Essex and Sir Jacob Astley had already occupied Berwick, and troops were pushed northwards from York as rapidly as possible.

Much to his disgust, Sir Ferdinando Fairfax was ordered to march with his regiment towards Carlisle, and not to join the main body of the army. He received a sum of £500 to pay his men, which was altogether insufficient; and in June he was encamped in the wilds of Westmoreland, where the fierce gales blew the tents down, and snow was still lying on the hills. The £500 was soon exhausted, and he found himself in want of ammunition, food, and money. He could obtain neither supplies nor orders; and if the campaign had continued, he would have been obliged to disband his regiment and return to Yorkshire.[1]

His son Thomas, with the squadron of 'Redcaps,' was more fortunate. He received orders to join the King's camp, near Berwick, in the last days of May, and arrived there with his well-equipped little regiment on June 2. Old Lord Fairfax was detained at Denton by sickness and age; but he was eager for news, furnished mounts for his son and grandson, and on June 12 wrote a letter of advice to fiery young Tom. He says: 'Avoid private quarrels as much as you can, and show your valour upon the common enemy. The first will but show your pride and bring you hatred, the second will give you honour and reputation. My horses are so divided between your father and you, that I have not one to spare.'

The King pitched his tent at a place called the Birks, near Berwick, with an army amounting to 19,000 foot and about 3,000 horse; while Hamilton was sent with a fleet to blockade Leith and threaten Edinburgh. The cavalry, under Lord Holland, was the most brilliant arm of the service, consisting almost entirely of gentlemen and substantial farmers, well armed and equipped. The General of Horse had his head-quarters at Twizell, the seat of Sir William Selby, the brother-in-law of Thomas Fairfax: a very noble house, we are told by Sir Henry Slingsby, who also had

[1] Additional MSS., British Museum, 18,979.

snug quarters there, where great entertainments were given to the officers. Lord Holland was surrounded by a splendid staff. The magnificent Earl of Newcastle had a troop of a hundred gentlemen volunteers, and carried the Prince of Wales's standard. Astley, Goring, and Clifford were also there, with gallant troops of horse; and Fairfax was rapidly marching up with his dragoons. The cavalry were quartered at Twizell, and the foot at Hockley-on-the-Tweed.

On May 31 the news arrived that the Scottish army, commanded by General Leslie, 6,000 strong, was at Dunse, a town only seven miles from the English camp. Lord Holland was ordered to lead the cavalry against the enemy; but Leslie retired, and after reading the King's proclamation in Dunse, the English returned to their comfortable quarters at Twizell. In this march Lord Holland ordered the gentlemen volunteers under Lord Newcastle to take up their position in the rear. This indignity so offended the proud earl, that he took the colours off the staff, and challenged his general to a duel at the end of the campaign, which, however, was stopped by the King.

Next day Thomas Fairfax, with his troop of Yorkshire 'Redcaps,' arrived at Twizell, in time to take part in Lord Holland's second inglorious march across the frontier. Tidings were brought that the Scots were at Kelso with 5,000 men, and it was decided at a council of war that the General of Horse should again advance against them. It was June 3, and early in the morning an English force, consisting of 2,000 horse and 2,000 foot, forded the Tweed near Sir William Selby's house. The day was one of the hottest that had ever been known; and though the foot soldiers had been refreshed by wading through the river, they could not keep up with the cavalry. When Lord Holland came in sight of the enemy, the infantry were upwards of a mile behind. A Scottish trumpeter came forward with an escort, and asked who they were that came in that warlike posture into their nation. At the same time bodies of Scottish foot began to appear from behind hills and hedges, on either

flank of the English horse. By pressing forward in advance of the foot regiments, Holland had got his troops into a very critical position, and, by the advice of Goring and Astley, he made a rapid retreat across the Tweed again.[1] These failures discouraged the army, and neither officers nor men had any heart in the cause.

On the 4th there was a review of the King's own guard, in the midst of which Sir John Byron pointed out to Charles the whole Scottish army, marching with colours flying. Lord Arundel, the general, was sent for, who threw the blame on Widdrington the scout-master, and he tried to shift it to the scouts. 'Have I not good intelligence,' angrily exclaimed the King, 'that the rebels can march with their army, and encamp within sight of mine, and I not have a word of it?' Lord Arundel was a great man, so the affair was hushed up; but there was much murmuring among the soldiers, who were disheartened by the evident incapacity of their generals, and disgusted at the mouldiness of their biscuits and the total absence of beer.

Negotiations then commenced, and Charles conceded all the demands of the Scots, which were, that a General Assembly should be called, that a Parliament should assemble to ratify its proceedings, and that the troops on both sides should be disbanded. Thus all these mighty preparations came to nothing; but Charles was still acting in bad faith, and only intended to submit until he saw a better opportunity of forcing the Scottish nation to obey his arbitrary orders. No better opportunity was, however, at all likely to arise, and his persistent treachery and imbecility merely hurried on the day of retribution.

On June 24 the King's army was dismissed;[2] and Lord Essex, the only general whose services were really valuable, was allowed to depart without receiving any thanks—a discontented man, thoroughly ashamed of his share in this

[1] Rushworth.

[2] Clarendon tells us that the raising and disbanding of this army cost £300,000.

wretchedly mismanaged campaign. The colonel of the Yorkshire 'Redcaps' received the honour of knighthood, and returned to Nunappleton as Sir Thomas Fairfax. His cousin, Sir Henry Slingsby, also went home, remarking that 'he had but a very short time of being a soldier, which hath not lasted above six weeks,' and that 'he liked it as a commendable way of breeding for a young gentleman.'

CHAPTER V.

SECOND SCOTTISH CAMPAIGN, AND DEATH OF THE FIRST LORD FAIRFAX.

THERE was no real intention on the part of Charles and his reckless Councillors of honourably abiding by the terms of the Berwick pacification. Lord Traquair, indeed, after Hamilton had earnestly excused himself from accepting the office, was sent to Scotland as the King's Commissioner, and he opened a General Assembly, which ratified all that had been done by the previous one, and was then quietly dissolved. But meanwhile the English Council was busily preparing for a new war. The Scotch Parliament was arbitrarily prorogued, and the promised ratification of the acts of the General Assembly was thus evaded. The Covenanters sent deputies to London, to protest against the legality of the prorogation, and meanwhile Leslie again assembled an army on the frontier. The campaign of 1639 had drained Charles's treasury, and he was obliged to call a Parliament to obtain further supplies, which was to meet at Westminster in April 1640. Sir Ferdinando Fairfax was again returned for Boroughbridge, and he went up to London, where the Parliament met on April 13.[1] Charles asked for twelve subsidies to enable him to chastise his Scottish rebels, in lieu of which he promised the abolition of ship money, and that grievances should be redressed. But he was plainly told that the Commons desired not the war, and he angrily dissolved the Parliament on May 5.

The old Lord Fairfax had long suffered from the weakness of extreme age. But though unable to take an active part in

[1] He was at Denton on the 12th, so he cannot have reached London in time to be present at the opening of Parliament.

affairs, he was eager for news, and ever ready with advice and admonitions for his son and grandson. At last, on May 1, 1640, he died at the good old age of eighty, and was buried by the side of his wife in the church at Otley. This first Lord was undoubtedly a man of great ability and considerable mark in his county. He was a valiant soldier, a tolerable scholar, and in later life a noble specimen of an English country gentleman. His favourite occupation and great pride was the breeding of horses, and his stud at Denton was one of the best in England in those days. In his will he left his best arms and his best horse to his grandson Tom.

Ferdinando succeeded him at Denton as second Lord Fairfax. It has been seen that the old lord rather despised his son, considering him to be unfit for any higher occupation than that of a country justice. But he was mistaken. Ferdinando, as a member of Parliament, proved to be a man of good average ability, with great powers of application, steadiness of aim, and unswerving honesty of purpose. He adopted the liberal side in politics, and while in command of the Parliament's army in the North, he was not deficient either in skill or enterprise. Without any of the brilliant gifts of his son, he was a painstaking conscientious politician and a brave and resolute soldier.[1] After his father's death he was doubtless much engrossed in the arrangement of family affairs at Denton, and does not appear to have taken any active part in the second Scottish campaign, which was more inglorious than the first.

Having dissolved the Parliament before any grants of money had been voted, Charles and his Council were at their wits' end for the means of carrying on the expensive war against the Scots. In July 1640 they seized upon the bullion in the Tower, which was deposited by Spanish and other foreign merchants on the faith of its being held sacred, and soon afterwards they pounced upon a large deposit of pepper under the Exchange. The trained bands of all the

[1] 'He was a gentleman of a noble family, of a generous and courageous spirit, yet meek and civil, and not given to insulting.'—*Whitelock*, p. 66.

counties were called out, and more warlike stores were forwarded to Hull; but the war was most unpopular, and mutinies were reported in all directions. On July 28 the principal gentry of Yorkshire signed a petition to the King, in which they represented that the campaign of 1639 had impoverished them to the extent of £100,000, and that they were unable to bear such burdens. They also prayed that the intolerable oppression of having soldiers billeted in the houses of the people, contrary to the ancient laws of the kingdom and the Petition of Right, might be discontinued. The name of Lord Fairfax appears among the signatures, with those of Bellasis, Savile, Wortley, Hotham, Ramsden, Cholmley, Stapleton, Legard, and Strickland.[1] Lord Strafford told the King that for the Yorkshire gentry to complain at a time when an invasion was threatened by the Scots was nothing short of mutiny; but the truth was that the war was looked upon as unjust and unnecessary, while the dissolution of Parliament had caused universal irritation and alarm.

In distributing the commands, Lord Essex was passed over, and left to brood over the slights that had been put upon him. The Earl of Northumberland was appointed general, but sickness, and possibly disinclination, prevented him from taking the field. Strafford was made lieutenant-general, and Lord Conway general of horse. The latter nobleman was a son of that gallant Sir Edward Conway who commanded a regiment at the sack of Cadiz, and was afterwards Governor of Brill, where his children were born. He died in 1624, and his son, Lord Conway, was brought up by his uncle Sir Horace Vere. Though licentious and given to excesses in eating and drinking, he was well read, agreeable in conversation, and very popular, and great hopes were entertained of his abilities as a commander, which were destined to be disappointed. He assembled all the troops that could be got together, and had advanced beyond Durham by the end of July, accompanied, amongst others, by Sir Thomas Fairfax

[1] Drake. Rushworth.

with his squadron of well-equipped cavalry. Lady Fairfax and Lord Conway were first cousins, and had been brought up together, so that there must have been a close intimacy between the general and the colonel of the Yorkshire 'Redcaps.'

The Scots had no intention of waiting until the cumbrous and expensive, but inefficient preparations of Charles and his Council, were completed; nor even of allowing the English army time to advance to the frontier. If they were to be forced to raise an army in their own defence, they saw no reason why they should have the expense of maintaining it while the way south was open before them. So, on August 20, Leslie crossed the Tweed at Coldstream, with 20,000 foot and 2,500 horse, proclaiming that his only object was self-defence, and loudly professing the warmest friendship for his English brethren. Montrose commanded the vanguard, and on the 27th the Scottish army encamped on the banks of the Tyne, at Newburn, four miles west of Newcastle.

A messenger arrived in hot haste from Conway, with news that the Scots were about to invade England, and Charles started from London, proclaiming them to be traitors and guilty of high treason, on the very day that Leslie crossed the Tweed. The King arrived at York on the 23rd, and the next day the gentry, still sullen and discontented at the expense of this useless war, waited upon him with a second petition, in which they represented that the Yorkshire trained bands could not march unless they received fourteen days' pay beforehand. Strafford replied in an insolent speech, telling his countrymen that they were bound to march at their own proper costs and charges in case of invasion; that it was little less than high treason for anyone to refuse, and that they were no better than beasts if they held back from attending on the King. So here was the favourite wrangling with the Yorkshire gentry and trained bands at York, the soldiers pressed into the service by the commissioners of array in Essex and Dorsetshire breaking out into open

[1] Their mothers were sisters.

mutiny on the road, and vacillation showing itself in every department. Meanwhile the Scots were acting with vigour, and settling the question in their own way.

Mr. Rushworth, the author of the *Collections*, and afterwards secretary to Sir Thomas Fairfax, had posted from London to York, and on August 28 he went north with a special messenger, and joined Lord Conway's army. He was an eye-witness of what followed, and has left us a very clear account of the action at Newburn.

The Scottish camp was pitched on a hill called Heddon-low, above the village of Newburn, where great fires were made at night, and all English visitors were welcomed with expressions of love. Lord Conway encamped on some low meadow ground, called Newburn or Stella-haugh, with 3,000 foot and about 150 horse, under Sir Thomas Fairfax. The river Tyne divided the two armies, and the fords were guarded to prevent the Scots from crossing. Two sconces or breastworks were thrown up facing the fords, with 400 musketeers and four pieces of ordnance in each, under the command of Colonel Lunsford.

During all the next forenoon the Scots watered their horses on one side of the river and the English on the other, without any angry word or act passing between them. But at last a Scottish officer well mounted, having a black feather in his hat, came out of one of the thatched houses at Newburn, and watered his horse in the river. For some unexplained reason an English soldier fired at and wounded him, upon which the Scottish musketeers opened fire on the English, and the fight began. Conway ordered the musketeers and artillery to direct their fire at Newburn, but the hill-side was covered with hedges and underwood, and little execution was done. But the Scots kept up a galling fire with their cannon upon the English breastworks, where there was much loss of life. The brave but undisciplined soldiers saw their comrades falling round them, while no succour arrived from Newcastle; and, although they were twice rallied and persuaded to continue the defence by the gallant Lunsford, they at last refused to hold the breastworks any

longer. Sixty had been killed; and when a Scottish forlorn hope of twenty-six horse, followed by two regiments of foot under Lord Loudon, forded the river, Conway retreated with all his forces to Durham, leaving Newcastle to its fate. Leslie then encamped on Gateshead hill, south of the Tyne, and a few days afterwards Newcastle was surrendered to the Scots. Clarendon speaks most bitterly of this action, calling it 'the infamous defeat at Newburn,' but consoles himself with the reflection that, except on this occasion, the Scottish army never gained a single action against the English unless supported by English troops, but were always beaten as often as they approached towards any encounter.

The rout at Newburn ended the war. Quite unprepared to continue operations in the field, Charles and his advisers received the news with the utmost consternation. Strafford had got as far as Darlington, when, on the 29th, the fatal tidings met him. The King had reached Northallerton, and both returned the same night to York, in deep dejection. Conway's force was quite demoralised, and even Sir Thomas Fairfax confessed that his legs trembled under him until he had got across the Tees;[1] yet Sir Harry Vane declared that the Yorkshire cavalry 'were such as no man that sees them, by their outward appearance, but will judge them able to stand and encounter with any whatsoever. Sure I am that I have seen far meaner in the King of Sweden's army do strange and great execution.' The truth was that the war was hateful and repugnant to them, and such zeal as might have been inspired by a popular and able general was entirely destroyed by the evident incapacity of Conway and the overbearing insolence of Strafford.

Charles had now brought his affairs to such a pass that any further attempt to continue his system of arbitrary and illegal government, without a Parliament, was impossible. The victorious Scots were in possession of the northern counties, his own troops were mutinous and unpaid, his

[1] Burnet's *Own Times*, i. p. 29.

treasury was empty, his credit gone, and the whole of England in the last stage of exasperation.

The Yorkshire gentry now agreed to pay the trained bands for two months, but at the same time they petitioned the King to call a Parliament; and similar petitions poured in from all parts of England, yet Charles made one more futile attempt to escape the inevitable. He summoned a great Council of Peers, which met at the deanery of York on September 24, and he demanded their advice as to the way the rebels should be treated, and the means of maintaining the army until supplies could be had from Parliament. In the same month Sir Jacob Astley arrived at York with 12,000 foot and 3,000 horse, and encamped near Clifton, on both sides of the Ouse, with a bridge of boats connecting the camps. The army was fourteen days in arrears of victuals, and £200,000 were required to keep it together for two months. The Peers applied to the city of London to advance the money, and opened negotiations with the Scots at Ripon. There was a cessation of hostilities, but the northern counties had to pay £850 a day to maintain the Scottish army.

At last writs were issued, in October, for the assembly of a Parliament, and on November 3, 1640, the memorable Long Parliament commenced its sittings at Westminster. Sir Thomas Fairfax remained quietly at Nunappleton during the eventful year and a half which followed; but his father, Lord Fairfax, was elected for the county of York, with his cousin Henry Bellasis [1] as a colleague. These two knights of the shire were destined to take opposite sides in the approaching civil war. Sir Henry Slingsby was returned for Knares-

[1] Sir Henry Bellasis, who was sheriff of Yorkshire, and was created a baronet in 1611, married Ursula, daughter of Sir Thomas Fairfax of Denton, and had a son, Sir Thomas Bellasis, who was created Viscount Falconberg in 1627. After the battle of Marston Moor he left the country with Lord Newcastle, and died abroad in 1652. By his wife Barbara, daughter of Sir Henry Cholmley of Whitby, he had several children. Of these, Henry was Lord Fairfax's colleague in the representation of Yorkshire, and had a son, who succeeded his grandfather as Lord Falconberg, and married Mary, daughter of Oliver Cromwell. John was a Royalist officer, of whom we shall have more to say further on. Barbara married Sir Henry Slingsby; Margaret was the wife of Sir Edward Osborne of Kiveton; Anne of Sir William Vavasour of Hazlewood; and Frances of Thomas Ingram of Temple Newsom. We hear much of these ladies in Slingsby's *Diary*.

borough, Hugh Cholmley and young Hotham for Scarborough, a Stapleton and a Mauleverer for Boroughbridge, and Thomas Bellasis for Thirsk—a nearly equal mixture of Royalists and Parliament men.

Lord Fairfax, though he seldom took part in the debates, steadily supported the popular leaders, and was selected as one of the Committee to present the Grand Remonstrance to the King on November 30, 1641.[1] But his son remained in Yorkshire, watching events. Though Sir Thomas Fairfax had never taken an active part in politics, he had been a very laborious and thoughtful student of his country's history. Few men, even at this early period of his life, were more versed in the antiquities and early records of England, and especially of Yorkshire, and the learned Dodsworth was already receiving encouragement and substantial aid from the knight of Nunappleton, in his transcription of ancient records at York.

As soon as the inglorious campaign against the Scots was over, Sir Thomas had returned to the society of his wife and two little girls,[2] while his father went to London to take part in the momentous acts of the new Parliament. The younger Fairfax was, partly owing to his wife's influence, opposed to episcopal church government, and from conviction and education he upheld the rights of the people represented in Parliament, against the arbitrary prerogative of the Crown. Sir Thomas Fairfax was a man of few words, and he thus simply states his opinion:—'I must needs say my judgment was for the Parliament, as the King and kingdom's great and safest council.'[3] His uncle Charles, the lawyer, held the same views, and he also found a warm friend and sympathiser in his cousin and neighbour, Sir William Fairfax of Steeton.

But he simply watched events at Nunappleton, while the

[1] The other members of the Committee were Henry Bellasis (Lord Fairfax's colleague), Sir Simonds d'Ewes, Sir Arthur Ingram, Sir James Thynne, Lord Grey of Groby, Sir Christopher Wray, Sir John Corbet, Sir Richard Wynne, Sir Ralph Hopton, Sir Edward Dering, and Sir Arthur Haselrig.

[2] Mary and Anne. Mary, born in 1638, was then three years old. Anne was born at Denton in 1640, and died in 1642.

[3] *Short Memorial*, p. 94.

Star Chamber and Court of York were abolished, the favourite Strafford beheaded, Archbishop Laud imprisoned, the Grand Remonstrance drawn up, and the arrest of the five members attempted. He was a soldier and a scholar, but no politician; and though quite unfitted for parliamentary strife, the time was now approaching when his high and noble qualities as an enterprising and chivalrous general were to become the admiration of Europe. It is unnecessary, therefore, to dwell upon the famous civil contentions at Westminster, in telling the life story of our hero, and we may pass very briefly over the period between the meeting of the Long Parliament and the arrival of the King at York in March 1642, when Sir Thomas Fairfax had just completed his thirtieth year.

CHAPTER VI.

THE EVE OF THE CIVIL WAR.

THE civil war became inevitable when Charles obstinately refused to allow the Parliament to have a voice in the nomination of the lords-lieutenant of counties. After his lawless attempt to seize the five members, the safety and indeed the very existence of the two Houses clearly depended on their having some control over the militia. This appears to have been more or less evident to both sides from the first. The mission of the Queen to Holland with the crown jewels, had for its main object the collection of arms, to enable Charles to levy war against the representatives of his people, and his final departure from London was a virtual avowal of his hostile intentions. But the King himself was quite unequal to the great and wicked enterprise which he meditated; and Strafford, the only very able man on his side, was dead. Charles evidently felt this. His conduct was vacillating and uncertain, and his temper more than usually irritable. Both sides saw the mighty responsibility of an appeal to arms, and the volumes of State papers which flew backwards and forwards show the extreme anxiety both of the King's advisers and of the Parliament to make out a good case before the country.

Sir Thomas Fairfax was a man of action and of few words, and he took no part in public affairs until Charles brought the centre of attraction to his very door, by establishing his head-quarters at York. Yet it will be necessary to cast a passing glance over the rapidly developing stages of the paper controversy which followed the departure of the King from London, and continued with ever-increasing activity, even after the war commenced.

The Militia Bill set forth that, whereas there had been a most dangerous and desperate design upon the House of Commons, it was ordained by the Lords and Commons in Parliament assembled, that certain noblemen named in the Bill should be the lords-lieutenant of the several counties, with power to call together, arm, and train men fit for the wars, and to appoint deputy-lieutenants. In short, the Houses demanded the right of seeing that the power of the sword was in the hands of men on whose honour and loyalty they could rely. Charles refused his assent to the Bill, and left London, fully resolved upon attempting to destroy the Parliament, but undecided and irresolute as to the means.

On March 9, 1642, a Committee from both Houses overtook the King at Newmarket, and presented a declaration urging him to join with his Parliament in defence of the religion and public good of the kingdom, to put from him his wicked and mischievous councillors, and to return to London. The conduct of the weak misguided man, on this occasion, was undignified and peevish.

He gave the lie to the Committee in the coarsest terms, grossly insulted the Earl of Pembroke, who was one of their number, and flatly refused to give up his absolute power over the militia for a single day. On March 15 he continued his journey northwards, and arrived at York on the 18th, accompanied by the Prince of Wales, his nephew the Prince Elector, and several officers of his court. On this occasion he did not take up his residence at the Manor House, as usual, but at the house of Sir Arthur Ingram, in the Minster yard.[1]

One of Charles's principal objects in going to Yorkshire was the seizure of the magazine at Hull. A very large store of arms and ammunition had been sent to this sea-port for the Scottish war, under the command of Captain Legge; and when the army was disbanded, the magazine had been placed in charge of the mayor. The Parliament desired that it should be sent back to the Tower, while Charles intended to appropriate it as a means of waging war upon the two

[1] Drake.

other estates of the realm. He accordingly ordered the Earl of Newcastle, who had recently resigned his post of governor to the Prince of Wales, to proceed secretly to Hull under a feigned name, and get possession of the town. The earl left Welbeck at midnight, and rode into Hull early next morning, calling himself Sir John Savage; but he was recognised, and the mayor declined to deliver up his charge.[1]

The Houses then appointed one of their own members, Sir John Hotham, governor of Hull. Sir John was a wealthy country gentleman, with large estates in the East Riding; but in adopting the popular side he was influenced by personal animosity, especially against Strafford, rather than by any fixed principles. He and his son, Captain John Hotham, soon collected a garrison of 800 men, and secured this important post against any sudden assault.

When the King arrived at York, he put up his printing press in the house belonging to Sir Henry Jenkins in the Minster yard, set Robert Barker the printer to work, and began a paper war with the two Houses.[2]

On March 26 a petition was presented to him by the Parliament, representing that his government had consisted of continued and multiplied acts in violation of law, and that the extremity of all these violations was far exceeded by the strong and unheard-of breach of law in the accusation of the five members, and the proceedings which followed; but beseeching him to return to London and be reconciled with the great council of the nation. On April 5 the gentry of Yorkshire also presented a petition, praying the King to adopt means to take away all misunderstandings between himself and the Parliament. The reply was that the sole means of reconciliation was the adoption of the King's own terms respecting the militia.

On April 23 Charles appeared before Hull, and was refused

[1] The Duchess of Newcastle tells a somewhat different story. She says that her husband could easily have got possession of the magazine, had not the King ordered him to observe such directions as he should receive from the Parliament.—*Life*, p. 11.

[2] See a list of the state papers printed at York, in the *Memoir of the York Press*, published by Mr. Davies, the eminent York antiquary, in 1868.

admittance by Sir John Hotham, except with a small escort. Baffled and enraged by this complete frustration of his plans to secure a supply of arms, he proclaimed Hotham a traitor, and returned to York, whence he despatched a furious complaint of Hotham's conduct to the Parliament, declaring that Hull and its magazine were his private property. The reply of the Houses was sent to York in charge of a Committee consisting of four Yorkshire members: Lord Fairfax, Sir Hugh and Sir Henry Cholmley, and Sir Philip Stapleton; who were directed to stay at York, and watch the proceedings of the court.[1]

The King commanded the Committee to return to London with his rejoinder, but they replied that their orders were to remain in York, which they accordingly did, Lord Fairfax residing at his house in Bishop-hill, near Micklegate.

On May 12 there was a great gathering of the gentlemen of Yorkshire, who had been summoned by the King. He told them that his magazine at Hull had been seized, that the Parliament intended to call out the militia without his

[1] The three colleagues of Lord Fairfax, on this occasion, were Yorkshire members of Parliament, and his neighbours and connections. Sir Hugh Cholmley of Whitby was a nephew of Mary Cholmley, who married Lord Fairfax's brother, the rector of Bolton Percy. He was the intimate friend of Sir John Hotham, and was active with him in procuring the abolition of the Council of the North, and the impeachment of Strafford. He held Scarborough Castle for the Parliament, but afterwards turned traitor to his party, and held it for the Royalists, sustaining a siege which lasted nearly a year. He surrendered the place in 1645, and went abroad, but, through the influence of his brother, was allowed to return, and died in 1657.

Sir Henry Cholmley, brother of Sir Hugh, was a lawyer; he remained true to the Parliament, and was one of the Committee of the House that was sent to invite Charles II. to return in 1660.

Sir Philip Stapleton, brother of Robert Stapleton of Wighill, whose daughter married William, son of Sir William Fairfax of Steeton, was a much younger man. He passed his early years among dogs and horses, according to Clarendon, but after he was returned as a member of Parliament he proved to be a man of vigorous understanding. He accompanied John Hampden and Lord Howard of Escrick to Scotland in 1641, when they went to watch the proceedings of the King; commanded Lord Essex's regiment of foot at the battle of Edgehill, and also did gallant service at Newbury. He afterwards became one of the leaders of the Presbyterian party in the House. Sir Philip married Frances, daughter of Sir John Hotham, and purchased Warter Priory, in the Wolds. His son had a daughter, Isabella, who married Sir William Pennington of Muncaster, and their descendants now have Warter Priory. Sir Philip died at Calais, very suddenly, in 1647.

consent, that the treason of the Hothams was countenanced, and that consequently he intended to have a guard for his person. He also issued commissions of array for raising troops in Leicestershire and other counties, and thus the civil war began. The meeting of Yorkshire gentry split into two parties. Mr. Hutton, the high sheriff, with Sir Thomas and Sir William Fairfax and others, met at the Deanery, and subscribed a reply to the King's speech, in which they desired his Majesty to trust entirely to his Parliament, and to receive the members who had been sent to attend him. The other party, which was the most numerous, agreed to the raising of a guard for the defence of the King's person; and immediately afterwards a troop of 200 young gentlemen was formed, with Sir Francis Wortley as colonel, and a regiment of 700 foot under Sir Robert Strickland.

As soon as the Parliament received news of these proceedings from Lord Fairfax and his colleagues, they passed a resolution that for the King to make war upon the Parliament was a breach of the trust reposed in him by the people, contrary to his oath, and tending to the dissolution of his government. Charles replied by a proclamation forbidding the trained bands or militia to rise by virtue of any order of the two Houses, and the rejoinder of Parliament consisted in a resolution forbidding magistrates to allow arms to be taken to York.

Men now began to choose sides in good earnest. The Lord Keeper Littleton and thirty-six peers deserted their posts and came to York,[1] together with some members of the Lower House, among whom was poor Sir Henry Slingsby. This gallant and honourable knight had mourned over the commencement of these troubles with tears in his eyes; but when he had once embarked on the side which appeared to him to be right, there was no more resolute partisan in the Royalist army, and, long after others had abandoned the cause as hopeless, the brave Slingsby was still plotting for

[1] Three of these, among whom was the Earl of Clare, disapproved of the proceedings of the Royalists, and returned to their places in the House of Lords. The others were the Earls of Carlisle and Salisbury.

his worthless idol, and he ended his days on the scaffold, sacrificing his life for his cause. When he arrived at York in May, he received the command of a regiment of foot, but he acknowledged that there was great backwardness, and that few or none of the men appeared in answer to the summons.

On May 27 the King issued a proclamation requiring all the freeholders and farmers of Yorkshire to meet him on Heyworth Moor, near York, on June 3 following. Accordingly there was a great concourse of people assembled on the day appointed, and at about noon Charles rode on to the moor, accompanied by a large body of noblemen and cavaliers, and attended by two troops of horse and 800 foot soldiers, completely armed. A speech was delivered which few could hear, and then the King rode round the moor. The accounts of his reception are very conflicting. He himself declared that it was the most cheerful concourse of people that ever was beheld of one country, and that he was received with universal acclamations. But Sir Henry Slingsby, himself a staunch Royalist, though a lover of truth, says that he heard nothing else but a confused murmuring and noise.[1]

The party which earnestly desired that Charles should reconcile himself with his Parliament had resolved that a petition to that effect should be presented to him on Heyworth Moor. This petition was entrusted to the resolute hands of Sir Thomas Fairfax, who, accompanied by his friend and cousin, Sir William Fairfax of Steeton,[2] followed the King about the moor, but was rudely prevented from approaching near enough to perform his task, by the Earl of Lindsey, the infamous Lord Savile,[3] and other courtiers. Fairfax was not a man to be turned from his purpose by any such obstacles. He at last succeeded in forcing his way to the King's side, and in placing the petition on the pommel of his saddle. Charles rudely pressed his horse forward, and

[1] *Diary*, p. 77.

[2] *Slingsby*, p. 77.

[3] Lord Savile of Howley, near Leeds, of an illegitimate branch of the Saviles of Thornhill and Lupset. 'He was,' says Clarendon, 'a man of so ill a fame that many desired not to mingle with him, and was so false, that he never could

Sir Thomas narrowly escaped being trodden under foot,[1] but he effected his object, and the reluctant Charles was obliged to learn that many of the Yorkshire gentry strongly disapproved of his proceedings in raising troops. 'The House is much contented with Sir Thomas's noble carriage of Thursday last,' wrote Mr. Rushworth to Lord Fairfax.

On his arrival at his lodging in the Minster yard, the King found a more important and more distasteful State paper awaiting his consideration. This was the nineteen propositions of Parliament, dated June 2, which embodied the terms on which a reconciliation might still be effected. There is scarcely one of them which has not been practically admitted since those days,[2] but Charles turned a deaf ear to all prudent advice, and replied in a wordy evasive paper, which convinced men that the last slender hope of peace was gone.

Lord Fairfax had left York and gone to his seat at Denton in the West Riding; and Sir Thomas, after presenting the petition on Heyworth Moor, returned to Nunappleton, where he and his family enjoyed the pleasures of a peaceful happy home for a few weeks longer before the war broke out. In a letter to his father Sir Thomas mentions that Lady Fairfax's sister, the Countess of Westmoreland,[3] was coming to pay a visit of a few days at Nunappleton on June 14. Even then he did not at all foresee how near was the time when these visits and domestic pleasures were to give place to the dangers and hardships of camp-life.

The presentment of the Royalist portion of the Grand Jury, at the assizes in August, aroused Sir Thomas Fairfax

be believed or depended upon.' He forged the names of several lords, as agreeing to join the Scots. This Lord Savile was created Earl of Sussex by Charles in 1644, and died in 1646. His son, the second earl, died childless in 1671. See the account of Lord Savile's forgery in Burnet's *Own Times*, i. p. 27.

[1] *Birch MSS.* 4,460, p. 84.

[2] Mr. Sandford considers them to be reasonable in the extreme, and nothing but what the strictest necessity absolutely demanded. *Studies*, p. 492.

[3] Mary Vere, the second daughter. She married, first, Sir Roger Townshend of Raynham, who died in 1636, leaving two sons and five daughters by her. Her son, Horatio, was created Viscount Townshend in 1682, and is the ancestor of the present marquis. Mary married, secondly, the second Earl of Westmoreland, who was a widower, and died in 1665. She bore him a son, Vere, who succeeded as the fourth earl, and four daughters.

once more, and brought him from Nunappleton to York. This document sets forth that those who sign it consider that the garrison at Hull injures their traffic, that his Majesty is wrongfully dispossessed of his magazine, and that the proceedings of Parliament tend to arbitrary government and the destruction of monarchy. They declare that their thoughts go no further than the defence of the Protestant religion, of the known laws of the country, and of the King's due prerogative, against the unlawful votes and ordinances of the Parliament; and they propose that there shall be a muster of all the horse of the trained bands at the Manor House, to be maintained for one month; that powers be given to the Earl of Cumberland[1] to command, with Sir Thomas Glemham as his lieutenant-general, and that all defaulters be severely proceeded against. The King signified his assent to all their proposals, and then finally departed from Yorkshire in the middle of August, to set up his standard at Nottingham, and carry war into the midland counties.

On July 12 the two Houses had resolved that an army should be raised for their defence, under the command of the Earl of Essex.

Meanwhile Sir Thomas had taken up his abode at the Fairfax mansion in Bishop-hill, and his name headed a document which was signed by those among the Yorkshire gentry who adhered to the Parliament. It was a protest against the presentment of the Grand Jury, which it declared to be lawless and unprecedented, and the signers refused their consent to forces being raised, and to money being levied for their maintenance. The names of Boynton, Foulis, Darley, Savile, Rodes, Cholmley, Hotham, Lister, Legard, Hawksworth, Stapleton, and Mauleverer, at the foot of this protest, witness to the falseness of Clarendon's assertion that the Fairfaxes were the only gentlemen of any position in Yorkshire who adhered to the Parliament. On September 7 the

[1] Henry Clifford, fifth Earl of Cumberland, was the Lord Clifford who was the intimate friend of the first Lord Fairfax, and wrote him a sympathising letter on the death of his sons at Frankenthal. He succeeded his father in 1621, and died at York in December 1643, when the earldom of Cumberland became extinct. His only daughter was Countess of Cork and Burlington.

House of Commons returned their most hearty thanks for this protest, and expressed their satisfaction, through the Speaker, at finding the affections and resolutions of the county so worthily and seasonably expressed.

But, with the exception of the garrison at Hull, no steps had yet been taken by the well-affected to arm men in opposition to the levies that were being raised by the Earl of Cumberland and Sir Thomas Glemham. The Fairfaxes, and those who thought with them, had earnestly entreated the King to be reconciled with his Parliament, and had protested against the illegality of raising forces by the commissions of array; but they had done nothing more. They were honourable, simple-minded country gentlemen, resolved to support the Parliament in its great work of putting an end to the long tyranny for ever, but anxious by any means to avert the horrors of war from their beloved Yorkshire.

Sir Thomas Fairfax remained at his father's house, at Bishop-hill in York, until September; actively striving to preserve peace, and to dissuade his cousins and acquaintances from levying troops. Sir Henry Slingsby, who had married his cousin, and with whom he had been intimate in happier days, was one of those to whom Fairfax spoke at this time. Sir Henry tells us[1] that, being in York, and riding one evening to his own house, he passed Sir Thomas in the street, who sent his man to say that he desired to speak with his old friend. He then urged upon Slingsby the illegality of raising money and troops by the commission of array, and the evil consequences of keeping the county in a state of fear. But the reply was, that Fairfax had nothing to fear, seeing that he had not appeared in arms, and that the troops were intended against Hotham, who ranged the country, and would not keep in Hull.

Thus the Fairfaxes and their friends were forced most unwillingly to take up arms. Early in September Sir Thomas, with his wife and child, joined Lord Fairfax at Denton; and soon afterwards, hearing that there was an

[1] *Diary*, p. 81.

intention on the part of the Royalists to arrest them,[1] they assembled their tenantry from Nunappleton and Wharfe-dale, and took the field. Several other gentlemen followed their example; for by no other means was it possible to resist the proceedings of the commissioners of array, which they believed to be illegal, and knew to be subversive of the peace and liberty of their countrymen. A meeting was held at Leeds, at which it was resolved that Lord Fairfax should be requested to command the forces that might be raised in Yorkshire for the Parliament; and on September 27 the proceedings of this meeting were approved by both Houses, and Lord Fairfax was authorised to defend his Majesty's subjects against the Earl of Cumberland or any other disturber of the peace. At the same time the younger Hotham came out of Hull, and also took the field.

Men took up arms with heavy hearts, and often with feelings of doubt and perplexity. Nearly all commercial men in the great towns, where the religious persecutions and lawless exactions of Charles's government had been most felt, were for the Parliament; and a great body of the more ignorant country gentlemen in remote counties, who knew little or nothing of public affairs, were naturally for the King. To these two classes it is unnecessary to refer. Self-interest was the sole guide of one, and stupidity of the other. But the educated and cultivated classes were sorely perplexed. Many desired to take the side which clearly had the law with it; but nothing could be more certain than that no law was ever made which sanctioned a civil war, and that, strictly speaking, both sides must be acting illegally. Selden, who was the greatest lawyer of his time, most positively asserted the illegality of the proceedings, both of the King and the Parliament. He showed that the Acts of Parliament which were appealed to in justification of the King's commissions of array had been repealed, and that evil consequences would result from submitting to them; but he as strongly inveighed against the ordinance of Par-

[1] Eliot Warburton remarks that it was perhaps fortunate for the King that this scheme failed, for that the Fairfaxes were the most noble-minded of his enemies.

liament for raising the militia, which he also declared to be without shadow of law or pretence of precedent.[1]

A civil war was of course beyond law, and general considerations of expediency, and the public good, were the only grounds upon which a decision could honestly be arrived at. Many country gentlemen who had served in Parliaments, and those who were influenced by their opinions, were convinced that the triumph of the King would be the greatest calamity that could possibly befall the nation; and a knowledge of Charles's character, and of the nature of his government before the Long Parliament met, must convince all impartial men that their opinion was based on good grounds. The opinion of Sir Harbottle Grimston was probably that of many country gentlemen. He thought that allegiance and protection were mutual obligations; and that when a legal protection was denied to one that paid a legal allegiance, the subject had a right to defend himself.[2] Others were willing to admit that the King's previous misrule was indefensible; but they firmly believed that monarchy was the only form of government that was suited for the English nation, and feared that the triumph of the Parliament would lead to the destruction of kingly power. With heavy hearts, and in much uncertainty, the chivalry of England chose sides. Nearly all wished for the preservation of the monarchy in some shape or other; but some saw their way to a settlement through the complete submission of Charles to the will of the Parliament, while others as honestly believed that by the King's success alone could the monarchy be preserved. At that time only a very few advanced thinkers dreamed of a republic.

So, among those who judged for themselves, and were not content to follow, fathers had to fight against sons, brothers against brothers, cousins against cousins, intimate friends and neighbours against each other. The noble feeling which actuated these gentlemen in their sad task is thus simply expressed by Sir William Waller, the Parliamentary general,

[1] Clarendon, v. p. 365.

[2] Burnet's *Own Times*, i. p. 381.

in his letter to his dear friend Sir Ralph Hopton, the Royalist. 'My affections to you are so unchangeable, that hostility itself cannot violate my friendship to your person; but I must be true to the cause wherein I serve. The great God, who is the searcher of my heart, knows with what reluctance I go upon this service, and with what perfect hatred I look upon a war without an enemy. The God of peace in his good time send us peace, and in the mean time fit us to receive it! We are both on the stage, and we must act the parts that are assigned us in this tragedy. Let us do it in a way of honour, and without personal animosities.'[1]

But both sides in Yorkshire were unanimous in their desire to prevent bloodshed, and they resolved to make one more effort to preserve their people from the horrors of a civil conflict. It was generally believed that a single engagement would decide the war, and the Yorkshiremen considered that they had contributed their share towards the result and had done all that could fairly be expected of them. The friends of the Parliament had put a garrison into Hull, thus withholding the magazine from the King, and had sent a regiment, raised by Sir William Fairfax of Steeton, to join Lord Essex's army; while the Royalists had sent off two regiments of foot under John Bellasis and Sir William Pennyman, and two troops of dragoons under Colonels Duncombe and Gower, to join Charles's army. With the consent of the Earl of Cumberland on the one side, and of Lord Fairfax on the other, a treaty of neutrality was therefore set on foot; and on September 29 certain articles of neutrality were agreed to at a meeting held at Rothwell near Leeds, and signed by Sir Thomas Fairfax, Sir Thomas Mauleverer, Sir William Lister, John Farrer, W. White, and J. Stockdale on the one hand; and by Henry Bellasis (Lord Fairfax's cousin and colleague in the representation of Yorkshire), Sir William Savile,[2] Sir John Ramsden, E.

[1] See *Vindication of Sir William Waller*, written by himself (1793), p. 13; and *Clarendon State Papers*, ii. p. 155.

[2] Sir William Savile, of Thornhill, Strafford's nephew, and head of the family. His cousin Sir John of Lupset took the other side, and joined Lord Fairfax.

Osborne,[1] Ingram Hopton, and Francis Nevile on the other. It was agreed that neither the ordinance of militia nor the commissions of array should be meddled with, and that both sides should observe strict neutrality in the approaching contest; but Lord Fairfax distinctly stated in writing, at the time, that the agreement would only be binding if it was approved by the Parliament.[2]

There can be no doubt that this ill-considered treaty showed an extraordinary want of political knowledge and practical understanding in all concerned in it; but at the same time it proves the extreme reluctance that was felt by both sides to appeal to arms, and the noble anxiety of the Yorkshire gentlemen to avert the horrors of war from their tenantry.

As soon as the articles arrived in Westminster, the two Houses passed a resolution, declaring that the parties in the agreement had no authority to bind any county to neutrality; that no one county could withdraw from the assistance of the rest; and that Lord Fairfax was not bound by the agreement, and was required to assist the Parliament in defence of the common cause.[3] Lord Fairfax had only agreed to the treaty in the event of the approval of Parliament, and the vote of the Houses put an end to it without loss of honour on either side.[4] It now at last became necessary for both

[1] Sir Edward Osborne of Kiveton was created a baronet in 1620, and was Vice-President of the North under Strafford. He married Margaret Bellasis, Lady Slingsby's sister, and their son was Charles II.'s minister, the first Duke of Leeds.

[2] Rushworth, iv. p. 686.

[3] Ibid.

[4] Lord Clarendon's attempt to blacken the character of Lord Fairfax and those who acted with him in this affair of the neutrality treaty is one out of many instances of that historian's disregard for truth in writing of those who were opposed to him. He says that when the vote of Parliament was received, 'Lord Fairfax himself, and all the gentlemen of that party who had signed the agreement, instead of resenting the reproach to themselves, tamely submitted to those unreasonable conclusions, and, contrary to their solemn promise and engagement, prepared themselves to bear a part in the war.' He adds that 'the King's party believed that they could not serve the King if their reputation and integrity were once blemished; whilst the others exposed their honours for any temporary conveniences, and thought themselves absolved by any new resolutions of the Houses, to whose custody their honour and ingenuity were committed.' (vi. 260.) Lord

parties to gird themselves for the combat, and that Yorkshire campaign commenced which is the most brilliant episode in the life story of Sir Thomas Fairfax.

Clarendon had all the papers before him, and knew perfectly well that the treaty of neutrality was agreed to by Lord Fairfax and his friends on condition that it received the approval of the Parliament. These aspersions on the honour of public men are, therefore, as dishonest as they are false.

CHAPTER VII.

THE THEATRE OF WAR IN YORKSHIRE—EQUIPMENT OF AN ARMY IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

THE theatre of the first campaign of Sir Thomas Fairfax covers an area about twenty-seven miles long by twenty broad, in the centre of Yorkshire, extending east and west from Selby on the Ouse to Bradford and Halifax, and north and south from the city of York to Pomfret and Rotherham. About two-thirds of this tract consists of the western moorlands and river valleys, with their mineral treasures, and the other third is the great central vale of York. The rivers, rising in the western hills, sweep, in their earlier courses, through deep valleys, between ranges of elevated land, and finally gather together in the Ouse, which flows through the York vale to the Humber. Beginning from the north, the River Nidd rises in the moorlands of Carlton, and flows through a narrow channel of limestone, then plunges into a sinuous underground course two miles long, and finally enters the flat land of the vale of York. It forms the northern boundary of the Ainsty, and joins the Ouse close to the city. Near its banks are Red House, the seat of gallant Sir Henry Slingsby, and still nearer York is Poppleton, where dwelt Master Edward Hutton, the husband of Sir Thomas Fairfax's sister Dorothy.

The Wharfe rises under the brow of Cam Fell, on moorlands 1,273 feet above the sea, passes through the lovely gorge of Bolton, where it narrows, at the *strid*, to a deep rushing torrent between masses of rock only six feet across, and thence flows in a broad rich vale, bordered by wooded slopes, to Wetherby. On the left bank is beautiful Denton, the seat of Lord Fairfax, with its woods and moorlands

above, beyond which is Fewston, in the valley of the Washburn, the former home of the translator of Tasso, the poet of the family. Four miles below Denton is the little town of Otley, and the Wharfe then passes down by Arthington (whose squire married Sir Thomas Fairfax's sister Mary) and Harewood, to Wetherby. The high land on each side gradually sinks until it becomes an elevated plateau, and finally subsides near Tadcaster into the vale of York. At Wetherby limestone cliffs begin to shade the stream, which winds between them through alluvial meadows to St. Helen's Ford and Newton Kyme,[1] where Henry Fairfax, the first lord's second son, was then rector, and thence to Tadcaster. From Tadcaster to its junction with the Ouse at Nunappleton, the Wharfe is a broad tidal river, with sides covered with oozy mud called *warp*, and is subject to floods. The low meadows along its banks, which are often under water in the winter, are called *ings*. The country between the Wharfe and the Nidd, with the Ouse as its eastern boundary, is the Ainsty of York, the home of the Fairfaxes. The Ainsty is nearly an island between the rivers (for the Nidd approaches very close to the Wharfe at Wetherby), and is nine miles across from Tadcaster to York, by about twelve broad. The land of the Ainsty rises gradually from the Wharfe to the moors of Marston and Hessay, which overlook the Nidd, and the drainage is therefore from those uplands to the Wharfe. Catterton Beck receives all the drainage of the western part of the Ainsty, rising in the high ground about Wighill, and falling into the Wharfe at Bolton Percy, while the Fleet drains the eastern meadows of Copmanthorpe, Colton, and Appleton, and joins the same river at Nunappleton. Along the banks of the Wharfe, and on the slopes rising from them, were Walton, the ancient seat of the senior branch of Fairfaxes; Wighill, the home of the Stapletons; and Heelaugh, just above Tadcaster, the abode of the Whartons. Below Tadcaster were the old church of Bolton Percy, and Nunappleton, surrounded by its

[1] Now the seat of Thomas Fairfax of Steeton, the sole representative of this ancient family in England.

woods and deer park, at the junction of Ouse and Wharfe. The road from Tadcaster to York crosses the Ainsty almost on the same line as the old Roman road. A few miles beyond Tadcaster, on the right, is Stecton, the seat of Sir William Fairfax; and further on, but to the left, is the hill and village of Bilbrough. On Bilbrough hill, 145 feet above the sea, there was then a great clump of trees, which was a landmark for ships going up the Humber,[1] the land rising very gradually from the Wharfe at Nunappleton, and being crowned by this conical grassy hill, with its leafy tuft. Further on to the left are the villages of Askham and Marston; to the right is Bishopthorpe on the Ouse, the palace of the Archbishops, and then the old city of York is entered by Micklegate Bar. The Ainsty is a well-wooded land, with arable farms and pastures, and wide *ings* by the rivers. There are some rising grounds at Bilbrough and by Wighill, besides moors on its northern side; and though apparently flat, the whole tract is undulating, and lies at the foot of the higher spur which runs out between the Wharfe and Nidd, from the main range of western Yorkshire hills.

The River Aire, south of the Wharfe and flowing parallel to it, springs at once a full stream from under the lofty limestone cliff, 285 feet high, called Malham Cove. Its vale is wider than that of the Wharfe, from which it is separated by a ridge of moorland with well-wooded slopes. It receives a beck coming from Bradford, which town is thus within its catchment basin; while Leeds, the other great cloth-producing town, is in the Aire vale itself. From Leeds to Castleford, where it joins the Calder, the Aire sweeps through fertile meadows overlooked by wooded slopes, and the united Aire and Calder fall into the Ouse below Selby. The country between the Aire and Wharfe, at first an upland ridge, gradually spreads out into a wider plateau, from 250 to 300 feet above the sea, known as Seacroft and Bramham Moors, which sinks gradually into the vale of York. On this high ground are Temple Newsom, the seat of the Ingrams, and Hazlewood, where the Vavasours had been for centuries.

[1] Drake.

On the north side Bramham Moor slopes to the Wharfe, on the south it is skirted by the little river Cock, which, rising on the moor by Barwick, flows through Abberford, and past Saxton and Towton, to the Wharfe below Tadcaster. On that fell Palm Sunday, two centuries before, it flowed with blood, and the bodies of thousands of slain are buried by Saxton church. From the Cock, by Abberford and Saxton to the Ouse, the continuation of the vale of York is some nine or ten miles across—a rich plain, subject in many parts to periodical floods from the Wharfe and Ouse, scattered over with pasture and arable farms, and large woods. Bishop-wood by Selby is the largest in Yorkshire; and at Scarthingwell, in those days, there was a great sheet of sedgy water, frequented by herons and wild duck. The villages of Sherburn and Church Fenton are in the midst of the plain; while Cawood, a seat of the Archbishops, and the town of Selby, stand on the banks of the Ouse.

Hereafter it may be necessary to give more detailed descriptions of particular localities, but this will perhaps suffice for a general idea of the theatre of war.

The western portion of this region, comprised in the vales of Aire, Wharfe, and Calder, with the intervening high moorlands, was at that time for the most part waste and uncultivated; and the increasing manufacturing towns of Leeds, Bradford, and Wakefield were dependent for supplies, to a considerable extent, on the farms to the eastward, round Bramham Moor, and in the vale of York.[1] Here the Fairfaxes had their main strength; for while the yeomen of Wharfe-dale flocked to the banner of the lord of Denton from feudal attachment, the townspeople of Leeds and Bradford joined him from the conviction that his was the true cause. Many of the manufacturing citizens were Puritans, and Sir Thomas Fairfax obtained some excellent

[1] 'The west part of the riding is partly barren land, and is replenished by clothiers that have spread themselves all over the country, as well in closes and parcels of waste land as in towns.' These clothiers did not brew their own beer, like the farmers; and in 1638 as many as 2,500 public-houses were licensed for the West Riding. *Calendar of State Papers* (*Dom.* 1638) p. 433.

officers, such as Thoresby, the antiquary's father, from among the busy cloth-makers. Richard Milner of Leeds, the ancestor of Sir Thomas's successors at Nunappleton, also served with his fellow-townsmen under the Fairfax banner; and Captain Hodgson, from Halifax, was a very distinguished officer.

In the more eastern agricultural division of this theatre of war the feelings of the people were more divided; and the rival pretensions evoked by the King's commissions of array, and the Parliament's militia ordinance, caused bitter strife and confusion in the villages and homesteads. For the most part the yeomen and labourers followed their landlords. The farmers of Bolton, Appleton, Steeton, and Colton, many of whom had served with Sir Thomas in the Scottish campaigns, were for the Parliament; while the Vavasour, Ramsden, Slingsby, and Ingram tenants, were for the King.

Although the trained bands had been drilled since the beginning of the troubles in 1638, yet the mass of the people had been accustomed to peaceful pursuits for so many years that it was a work of time to raise and drill the contending forces. Officers and serjeants who had served in the Low Countries[1] were eagerly sought for; and, until proper arms and equipments could be obtained, the men were often at first compelled to use scythes, and even clubs or poles; but gradually their efficiency was increased, and such men as Sir Thomas Fairfax on one side, and Sir Thomas Glemham on the other, were well instructed as to the standard, as regards drill and armament, towards which it was necessary to work.

It may be as well to allude briefly, in this place, to the nature of the arms and equipment of the various branches of the military service in those days.

The bayonet was not yet invented, and the two clumsy arms which its introduction converted into one efficient

[1] The King made a strong effort to obtain the services of Serjeant-Major-General Skippon, an experienced old veteran of the school of the Veres, but he had already been secured by the Parliament.

weapon necessarily divided each infantry regiment into two classes—the pikemen and shotmen. The dress of pikemen consisted of a steel morion or good combe-cap, as it was called, well quilted, for the head; gorget for the neck, a pike-proof cuirass, close-joined taces for the thighs, and pouldrons down to the elbows. A small ring of iron was fixed to the back-piece to hang the steel cap on, which was a great relief to the men on a long march. The pike was of ash-wood, well headed with steel, about fifteen feet long,[1] and armed with plates downward from the head, for at least four feet. Pikemen also wore baudricks of strong leather, and broad swords. Serjeants were armed with halberds instead of pikes.

The shotmen or musketeers wore a similar dress. Over the shoulder there was a bandelier of broad leather, with a dozen charges fastened to it in horn or wooden cases, which were suspended by long strings, so that they could readily be brought to the muzzle of the piece. The musket-barrel was four-and-a-half feet long, and the stock was of walnut or beech-wood. Attached to the girdle there was a bullet-bag, containing moulds, bullets, worms, screws, and priming-iron. The scouring-stick had a rammer of horn at one end, suitable to the bore of the piece, and at the other a screw for the worm. In the right hand a musketeer carried his rest of ash-wood, with an iron pike at one end, to stick in the ground, and a half hoop of iron for the musket to rest upon at the other. There were double strings near the half hoop, to hang round the arm when the rest was trailed. The length of the rest was such that a man might fire his musket on it without stooping.

A foot regiment was composed of equal numbers of pikemen and shotmen. They were formed in solid square battalions ten deep, called *tertias*, the pikes in the centre, and the musketeers on either flank. The files were ten deep because it was found that, when the front rank fired, it could reload and be ready by the time nine others had come to the

[1] The pike used by the Swiss, when they defeated Charles the Bold, was sixteen to eighteen feet long.

front, fired, and fallen back. A solid square of ten rank and file was divided into four squadrons, each with a corporal and a *lanspresado*;[1] and a serjeant was over the whole, to see that the men formed and went through their evolutions correctly. The captain took his place at the head of his company, with the ensign carrying his colours behind him, while the lieutenant's place was in the rear, except during a retreat. The drums were on the flanks.

Gustavus Adolphus, the greatest soldier of the age, had, more than ten years before our civil war broke out, substituted cartridge pouches for the bandeliers, abolished the use of heavy rests for muskets, and formed his men in files only six deep, instead of adopting the solid square of ten deep. But in England changes were not readily approved, and the old-fashioned contrivances were in use even down to the battle of Naseby. The plug bayonet was substituted for the pike in the English army in 1672.

When encamped there was always a piquet of some twenty-five or thirty men, called the *corps du gard*, posted in advance of the regiment, under a serjeant; with sentries, which were doubled in face of the enemy, about thirty or forty paces beyond the *corps du gard*.

The cavalry consisted of cuirassiers, carbineers, and dragooners. The cuirassiers wore a good deal of defensive armour—*caske* for the head, *cuirass* and back-piece, *pouldrons* for the shoulders, *gauntlets*, *taces*, *cuisses*, and *greaves*. Their arms were a sword, and a pair of pistols with barrels twenty-six inches long. The carbineers were armed with a gun three feet three inches long, and a sword. The dragooner was a kind of mounted foot soldier, first invented by Gustavus Adolphus. He wore an open head-dress with cheeks, and a good buff coat with deep skirts. His piece, called a dragoon, was a short gun sixteen inches long in the barrel, with full musket bore. It worked on an iron swivel, attached to a leathern belt buckled over the right shoulder and under the left arm, so that it travelled up and down with ease. Dragoons also had a sword.

[1] Hence *lance* corporal.

They formed solid squares with eleven in rank and file instead of ten, because they often served on foot to defend bridges or narrow roads, when the eleventh man held the horses, so that each troop contained 110 men. A troop was divided into three squadrons, one led by the captain, another by the lieutenant, and the third by the cornet. A cavalry captain wore a plume in his hat, and his trumpeter had a banner with the captain's full coat of arms suspended from the trumpet. The calls of the trumpet were called 'points of war.'[1]

Field artillery was much used, but the pieces were cumbrous, and they appear as a rule to have done little execution. In the Low Countries the largest field-gun was an enormous forty-eight pounder, twelve feet long, and weighing 7,000 pounds, which was drawn by thirty-one horses. Lord Newcastle also had two very large guns called 'Gog and Magog,' which Lord Fairfax captured at Hull. Next to these the heaviest English field-gun appears to have been a culverin carrying a ball weighing seventeen pounds, requiring ten horses to drag it and its heavy carriage. The demi-culverin was a nine-pounder, the saker a five-and-a-half pounder, about eight-and-a-half feet long, and the drake and rabanet threw still lighter balls. The falconet was about six feet long, carrying a ball weighing two pounds, and said to kill point-blank at 280 yards.

The officers of higher rank in an army were the General, Lieutenant-General, and General of Horse, the Serjeant-Major-General who (as in the case of General Skippon) appears to have occupied the position of the chief of the staff, or Adjutant-General, of modern times; and the Colonels, Lieutenant-Colonels, and Serjeant-Majors of regiments. It was the duty of the Serjeant-Major-General to draw up the plan of the battle, and to see that the orders of the General for the disposition of the troops were strictly attended

[1] They were derived from the Spanish, viz.:—

1. *Bota silla.*
2. *Monta cavallo.*
3. *Al Estandarte.*
4. *Tacquet* (march).
5. *Carga.*
6. *Auquet* (watch).

to. There were also Quartermasters and Harbingers, who looked after the lodging of officers and men, Baggage and Forage Masters, Victual Masters, Scout Masters, or heads of the intelligence department, and Muster Masters, whose duty it was to see that men were present, and that pay was not issued to dead or absent soldiers.[1]

Such was the composition of an army in those days; but it was no easy matter for the officers on either side to bring such a force into the field in peaceful Yorkshire, when the troubles began. The officers of the Parliament could draw some warlike stores from Hull; those of the King had communication with the Low Countries through Newcastle, and the trained bands formed a nucleus for both sides. Then the country gentlemen pulled down the rows of pikes and swords and steel caps that were rusting on their walls, and armed their tenantry; while the townspeople came forth with such weapons as they could get together. In Yorkshire, during the first campaign, the King's party was far better armed and equipped than the force which rallied round the old Lord of Denton; but the indomitable resolution, the enterprise, and popularity of Sir Thomas Fairfax, made up for all deficiencies, and enabled the cause of the people to make head against fearful odds, until the tide was ready to turn.

[1] There are several books on the armament, equipment, and drill of armies in the seventeenth century. The most detailed and elaborate is *The Soldier's Grammar and Accidence*, by Gervase Markham. The *Decades of War* give an account of the duties of each officer. It was written by Francis Markham, who was Muster Master for the trained bands of Nottinghamshire. See also *Swedish Discipline*, London, 1632. The Markhams learnt the art of war under the Veres, a more old-fashioned school than that of Gustavus Adolphus. Just before the civil war broke out, another drill book was published—*Military Discipline, or the Young Artillery-man*, by William Bariffe, Lieutenant (London, 1639). It is based on Gervase Markham's work.

THE YORKSHIRE CAMPAIGNS

Stanford's Geog.l Estab.t 6 & 7 Charing Cross

London: Macmillan & Co.

CHAPTER VIII.

TADCASTER FIGHT.

When he took the field, in the autumn of 1642, Sir Thomas Fairfax was only thirty years old. His military knowledge was derived from what he saw at Bois-le-Duc when quite a lad, and from the two Scottish campaigns. But in training his men for the latter service, he must have acquired considerable experience; and, though not to be compared to such old hands as Skippon, King, or Leslie, he was doubtless one of the best soldiers among the gentry of Yorkshire. But he possessed qualities which were far more effective than mere experience can ever be without them. He had a quick eye for country, a good head for organisation, and a warm sympathy for his soldiers, which made him exceedingly beloved by them. His delicate frame and constant ill health would have disabled most men from successfully conducting the harassing operations of this campaign. But, though it told upon him afterwards, he despised the fatigue at the time. Every fresh difficulty seemed to increase his resolute perseverance, and, before his judgment had been matured by long service, his enterprising spirit often led him into undertaking operations the audacity of which could only be justified by success. Fairfax and his wife were actively religious. Like Lord Falkland, they were opposed to episcopal church government, but the refined education and high breeding of Sir Thomas preserved him from the more narrow and morose forms of Puritanism. He believed he was fighting in a just cause, and he drew his sword without any thought but for the public good, humbly and sincerely ascribing all his successes to the will of the Almighty. Lady Fairfax accompanied her husband to the field, with her little

girl. She was 'a Vere of the fighting Veres,' as Mr. Carlyle calls her, and felt that Nunappleton was no place for her when her lord was camping out on the bleak moors in the depth of winter.

The Fairfaxes had some consolations which were denied to other families at this unhappy time. They were not divided amongst themselves, but father and son, uncle and cousin, all of the name, were embarked in the same great cause; though many cousins and connections, and still more neighbours and old acquaintances, were arrayed on the other side. 'This may be said of a Fairfax and a Sheffield,' remarked a newspaper of the day, 'that there is not one of either of those names in England, but was engaged for the service of the Parliament.'[1] Then most of those that were near and dear to Sir Thomas Fairfax gave him their sympathy. His glorious old grandfather, the Earl of Mulgrave,[2] now in extreme old age, heartily approved of the choice that, after anxious deliberation, had been taken by the gallant children of his daughters; and that most warm-hearted of mothers-in-law, the Lady Vere of Tilbury, was also for the Parliament. If anything could have reconciled Sir Thomas to this deplorable appeal to arms, it would have been the sympathy of those who loved him.

During November Lord Fairfax and his son were in the west, assembling and drilling their adherents, and calling upon all loyal men to rise for the defence of the King and Parliament. The manufacturing towns were on the popular side, and the stubborn people of Bradford were for the cause of liberty to a man. On November 23 an order from both Houses of Parliament was sent to the Earl of Essex, to issue a commission to the Lord Fairfax, giving him the command-in-chief of all forces raised in the northern counties.[3]

[1] *Weekly Intelligencer* of September 24, 1644.

[2] The old earl had himself fought for English liberty when threatened by a foreign tyrant in the days of the great Queen, and he lived to see his brave grandchildren fighting for English liberty when threatened by a domestic tyrant. He survived to rejoice at the victory of Marston Moor, and his last letter to Lord Fairfax is dated March 30, 1645. He died at the great age of eighty, in 1646.

[3] Additional MSS., British Museum, 18,979. The instructions of Lord Essex to Lord Fairfax are dated January 21, 1642.

The Hothams were not idle on the side of Hull. As early as October young John Hotham had come out with a part of the garrison, and hunted the archbishop from Cawood Castle. This prelate was the same John Williams (then Bishop of Lincoln) whose troubles were described by young Thomas Fairfax, in a letter to his grandfather in 1637. He remained in the Tower for several years, but the moment he was liberated he showed his zeal for the royal prerogative so diligently that in 1641 he was translated to the see of York. Archbishop Williams looked forward to the enjoyment of the dignity and wealth of the archbishopric with intense pleasure. He was by nature and habit a Churchman of the school of George Nevile,[1] and the profuse hospitality of Yorkshire exactly suited his tastes. But he had scarcely begun to settle his household, when, as his quaint biographer tells us,[2] 'the Hothams came forth from their den to raven for a prey.' The archbishop was just going to bed in Cawood Castle, late in the night of October 3, when the pious Dr. Ferne arrived in great consternation, with the news that young Hotham would be there at five o'clock the next morning. He had vowed to cut off the archbishop's head for some ill words, and he was one that never promised a bad turn but he paid it. So the prelate escaped at midnight without even a change of clothes, and Hotham arrived next morning after the bird had flown, sacked the castle, and took possession.[3] Archbishop Williams fled away to North Wales, his native land, and never saw Yorkshire again. He was of a pugnacious disposition, but probably thought that it would be more decent to don the steel cap and buff coat amongst his native hills than in his diocese; so he fought for the King in Wales, then changed sides,

[1] Brother of Warwick, the King-maker, who had 4,000 woodcocks at his installation feast in 1474.

[2] Hacket, p. 186.

[3] This affair was most absurdly exaggerated in London. It was said that the Earl of Cumberland attacked Hotham at Cawood, and hotly assaulted the place with 7,000 men; that Lord Fairfax came to the rescue, slew 500 Royalists in six hours, and drove the rest into York; and that York could not hold out for more than six or seven days. See a pamphlet entitled *Most Joyful News by Sea and Land*, &c., London, 1642.

appeared in arms for the Parliament at the storming of Conway Castle,[1] and died in 1650.

The Royalist gentry held the city of York. Their nominal leader, the Earl of Cumberland, was an honest loyal nobleman, but without talent for command; and all responsibility fell upon his second, Sir Thomas Glemham. This officer was a gentleman of good family, who had served for many years abroad, and he showed considerable activity at the opening of the campaign. On October 13 he marched from York with a strong force, to establish a garrison in Pomfret Castle; and having successfully effected this object, he advanced into the manufacturing districts, to scatter the raw levies of the Fairfaxes. It was by Sir Thomas Glemham that the first blood was shed in Yorkshire. On his march westward he encountered Sir John Savile of Lupset,[2] going with his tenants to join Lord Fairfax, and attacked him, killing three of his people, and taking Sir John himself prisoner.[3] Glemham then passed through Leeds, and attacked the Fairfaxes at Bradford. Sir Thomas drew up his men close to the town, which is in a hollow, so that the Royalists had the advantage of the ground in advancing. But the Bradford Puritans held their own so well, that Glemham withdrew towards evening.[4] Young Hotham, after occupying Selby and Cawood, advanced from Doncaster to threaten Glemham's rear, who retreated back to York; and Hotham, with three troops of horse, joined the Fairfaxes at Leeds.

It will be seen that the Parliamentarians held Hull and Selby, with the line of the Ouse, to the eastward; and the manufacturing towns in the west. The Royalists had their head-quarters at York, with all the country to the south open

[1] Rushworth, vi. p. 279.

[2] Sir John Savile of Lupset was a son of Sir George Savile of Thornhill, the first baronet, by the Lady Mary Talbot, and uncle of Sir William Savile of Thornhill. Sir John took the side of the Parliament, whilst Sir William was an active Royalist. Sir John Savile married Elizabeth, daughter of John Armytage of Kirklees. His son succeeded as sixth baronet on the death of the second Marquis of Halifax, but died childless in 1704.

[3] *Lord Fairfax's Reply to the Earl of Newcastle.* Rushworth, v. p. 141.

[4] *Short Memorial*, p. 3.

before them, and a garrison in Pomfret Castle. Under these circumstances it was obvious to Lord Fairfax that, for several reasons, his best policy was to occupy and attempt to defend the line of the Wharfe. He would thus prevent the enemy from marching south and overrunning the neighbouring counties, while he had his own friends on either flank. It was necessary also to relieve the manufacturing towns, with their very limited local resources, from the whole burden of maintaining the army.

Accordingly, in the end of November, Lord Fairfax, with a force now increased to about a thousand men, fixed his head-quarters at Tadcaster to command the bridge over the Wharfe, and sent his son Sir Thomas, with 300 foot and 40 horse, to hold the other bridge at Wetherby. Young Hotham, with a body of horse, went into the North Riding, where Sir Matthew Boynton, Sir Henry Foulis, and Sir Hugh Cholmley, were raising troops for the Parliament amongst the moorland villages of Richmondshire and Cleveland.

From Tadcaster Sir Thomas Fairfax's horse ranged over the Ainsty, driving in the Royalist scouts and taking prisoners. One of his officers rode up to the very bars of Micklegate, where some soldiers were at work, and fired his pistol amongst them.[1] At last the Earl of Cumberland sent out Sir Thomas Glemham to beat up Sir Thomas Fairfax's quarters at Wetherby, with a party of 800 horse and dragooners. Fairfax's sentries were all asleep, for 'at the beginning of the war,' as he tells us, 'men were as impatient of duty as they were ignorant of it.' So Glemham approached through some woods at dawn, and actually entered the town before any alarm was given. Sir Thomas Fairfax was drawing on his boots, intending to ride over to his father at Tadcaster. A man ran up and told him the enemy was entering the town. He galloped to the *corps du gard*, and found only four men at their arms, two pikemen and two serjeants. These stood up with their commander just as Glemham and several Royalist officers charged him. Every one of these Cavaliers had a shot at Sir Thomas Fairfax at close quarters with their pistols,

[1] Slingsby, p. 88.

while he only defended himself by making passes with his sword. The pikemen, however, advanced, and after a short but sharp encounter, in which a Major Carr was slain, the Royalists retired. At another entrance to the town a party of dismounted Royalist dragooners rushed in under the command of a Colonel Norton. He was met by a Captain Atkinson on horseback, who fired his pistol, but missed. Norton pulled him off his horse by the belt, and the dragooners broke his thigh with repeated blows, of which wound he died. Sir Henry Slingsby mentions that Norton and Atkinson had been neighbours and intimate friends. At this moment Fairfax's magazine blew up, leading the Royalists to believe that their opponents had artillery, which they had previously been told was not the case. They beat a rapid retreat to York, Sir Thomas Fairfax following them for several miles, and taking many prisoners. His loss was only eight or ten men, seven of whom were blown up by the explosion of the powder.[1]

This skirmish gives a most striking idea of the utter want of military experience and preparation at the commencement of the war. The Parliamentary detachment had no sentries, and only four men in its *corps du gard*, so that the Royalists entered their position in broad daylight, but were seized with a panic, and fled away on the explosion of the enemy's powder, never stopping till they got to York. Then we have a glimpse of the consequences of such a war. Norton and Atkinson were neighbours, had sat on the same bench as magistrates, and were doubtless cub hunting with the same hounds early in this very season. Yet before the year was out they were flying at each other's throats. But this was only the commencement. At Tadcaster, a few days afterwards, we shall presently see that both sides had settled down to their new trade after a far more workmanlike fashion.

In the end of November, when the skirmish took place at Wetherby, the hostile forces in Yorkshire were about equally matched; but the troops of the Parliament were better

[1] Slingsby's *Diary*, p. 83. *Short Memorial*, p. 5.

officered, and had the feelings of the common people with them.[1] It was then that the Royalist nobility and gentry invited Lord Newcastle to come to their assistance.

While the King was at York he had summoned the Earl of Newcastle from his retirement at Welbeck. As Hull was lost to him, he determined to secure the more northern port of Newcastle, and commissioned the earl to proceed to Northumberland with that object. Royalist garrisons were placed in Newcastle, Tynemouth, Lumley Castle, and Hartlepool, and the earl rapidly collected a large force from among the tenants of his friends and adherents. He recruited papists and recusants who were forbidden to bear arms, and thus excited an exaggerated feeling of alarm for their religion among the well-affected, who called Newcastle's levies 'the popish army.' By November he had assembled upwards of 8,000 horse and foot, the King appointed him general in all the northern counties, and he found himself in a position to comply with the request of the Yorkshire Royalists.

Before marching, the Earl of Newcastle published a declaration of his reasons. He said that many gentlemen had represented the sufferings they endured from Sir John Hotham, his son, and many of their seditious and outrageous accomplices, and had desired his aid for redressing them. He therefore declared his resolution to assist his Majesty's distressed subjects in Yorkshire with competent forces; and he defended the course he had taken in accepting the services of popish recusants, by asserting that they were as much bound to serve the King as his other subjects, and that the sectarians in the army of the Parliament were as much recusants as the papists. This might or might not be true, but it is certain that the earl's employment of recusants did the royal cause incredible harm, and raised a violent prejudice against what was called the 'popish army' throughout the country, which was of course taken advantage of to the fullest extent by the Parliament.

So the Earl of Newcastle commenced his march, and on

[1] Even Sir Henry Slingsby allows this. He says that the people insulted his levies at Knaresborough, and knocked their hats off.

December 1 a party of horse, under young Hotham, disputed his advance for several hours, at a ford over the Tees, called Piercebrig. But Hotham was overpowered, and retreated to Tadcaster, while the earl continued his march. Outside the gates of York the King's general was met by the Earl of Cumberland, who delivered up his command,[1] and by Sir Thomas Glemham, who brought out the keys, and the city was entered in state. A Scotch officer of great continental experience, named King, was afterwards appointed lieutenant-general, Goring general of horse, and Glemham governor of the city of York.

The Earl of Newcastle[2] was a *grand seigneur*. Clarendon calls him 'a very fine gentleman;' and his estimate of the earl's character is thoroughly characteristic of the writer. This sarcastic historian attributes all the opinions of Newcastle to a basis of self-interest. 'He loved monarchy, as it was the foundation and support of his own greatness; the church, as it was well constituted for the splendour and security of the crown; and religion, as it cherished and maintained that order and obedience that was necessary to both. He liked the pomp and absolute authority of a general well, and preserved the dignity of it to the full; and for the discharge of the outward state and circumstance of it, in acts of courtesy, affability, bounty, and generosity, he abounded. But the substantial part and fatigue of a general he did not in any degree understand, but referred all matters of that nature to his lieutenant-general.'[3] Clarendon adds

[1] And died about a year afterwards at York, in one of the canon's houses. The last of his race.

[2] William, Earl of Newcastle, was the son of Sir Charles Cavendish, by Catherine, granddaughter of Cuthbert, Lord Ogle. He was created Viscount Mansfield and Baron of Bolsover in 1620, and Earl of Newcastle in 1628. He was also Lord Warden of Sherwood Forest, and his chief seat was at Welbeck in Nottinghamshire. By his first wife, Elizabeth Basset, he had two sons and three daughters. He married his second wife, Margaret, sister of Lord Lucas, in Paris, after he fled from England. She was a remarkable woman, and wrote a very quaint and entertaining life of her lord, which I shall often have occasion to quote.

[3] *Clarendon*, viii. p. 394. Sir Philip Warwick says that Newcastle was a gentleman of grandeur, generosity, loyalty, and steady and forward courage; but that his edge had too much of the razor in it, for he had a tincture of a romantic spirit, and had the misfortune to have somewhat of the poet in him. *Memoirs*, p. 237.

that he delighted in dancing, fencing, and horsemanship, and gave up the greatest part of his time to poetry and music. So that the earl appears to have been little more than a magnificent ornament, and Lieutenant-General King was the real commander of the Royalist army in the north. General King, however, did not arrive from the Low Countries until March. Immediately after their arrival at York, the leaders of the King's forces determined to attack Lord Fairfax at Tadcaster, and drive him from the line of the Wharfe. They had an army of 8,000[1] men, of whom 2,000 were horse and dragooners, and far outnumbered the small hastily levied force of the Parliamentarians.

Lord Fairfax called in all the levies, and directed them to join his head-quarters at Tadcaster. But his orders were not promptly obeyed. Sir Hugh Cholmley went off to Scarborough with 700 men, and the greater part of the Richmondshire and Cleveland men returned to their homes. Young Hotham alone came in, was appointed lieutenant-general of the army, Sir Thomas Fairfax being general of horse, and took command of the outpost at Wetherby. Lord Fairfax now had about 900 men, consisting of twenty-one companies of foot, one of dragooners, and seven troops of horse, with scant supplies of ammunition. Of these he was obliged to detach three companies to hold Cawood and Selby, so that his force at Tadcaster and Wetherby, to defend the line of the Wharfe, amounted to under 800 men.

The little town of Tadcaster consisted of a main street leading down to the bridge over the Wharfe, and a row of houses along the river bank. The stone church, with its clere-story and square tower, also stood by the river-side. On the approach of the Royalist army Lord Fairfax called in Hotham and his son from Wetherby, and threw up a breastwork for musketeers at the north end of the bridge,[2]

[1] Lord Fairfax says 9,000.

[2] A new stone bridge was built in about 1710, but the old one seems to have been a handsome structure. When Dr. Eades accompanied his friend Toby

across the York road. On Tuesday, December 7, 1642, the Earl of Newcastle's army came in sight, marching down the York road, and across the fields on either side. The Fairfaxes held a council of war, and having come to the conclusion that the town was untenable, they resolved to draw up their little force on the crest of the rising ground, on the east side of the river, beyond which was the undulating country, covered with fields and hedge-rows, already occupied by the Royalists. It was, however, too late to secure this position, and the soldiers of Fairfax only just had time to get behind the entrenchment at the head of the bridge, when Newcastle's men were upon them, and the action commenced at about 11 A.M.[1] The battle raged until 4 P.M., Newcastle playing on the bridge and town with two eight-pounders (*demi-culverins*), which he had planted on the rising ground by the left bank of the river, and sending his foot to attack the breastwork again and again. But the Fairfaxes and their gallant yeomen stood firm, reserving their fire until the enemy were close upon them, and then pouring in volleys with such effect that the Royalists were thrown into confusion, and took shelter behind the hedges. They then attempted to turn the flanks of the defenders of the bridge, by assaulting some buildings on the river bank. At one moment they actually got possession of a house which commanded the line from the entrenchment to the bridge, but were dislodged by Major-General Gifford with much slaughter; and towards evening they were again repulsed in an unsuccessful onslaught on another flanking house.

Matthews to Durham in 1610, he wrote an account of their journey in verse. It was a very dry summer, and of Tadcaster he said:

'The muse in Tadcaster can find no theme
But a most noble bridge without a stream.'

But on his return in winter the floods were out, so he added:

'The verse before on Tadcaster was just,
But now great floods we see, and dirt for dust.'—*Drake*, p. 389.

[1] The Duchess of Newcastle gives an exaggerated account of Fairfax's preparations. She says that he had broken down part of the bridge, and planted ordnance upon it, and had raised a very large and strong fort upon the top of a hill leading eastward from the bridge towards York.

In this latter struggle fell Captain Lister, one of Lord Fairfax's most promising young officers, whom he laments as a valiant and gallant gentleman.[1] This was the final attempt of the assailants. All through that short December day the tenants of Nunappleton and Denton, and the stout citizens of Bradford and Bingley, had held that bridge at Tadcaster against overwhelming odds; and as night closed in the Royalists drew off and encamped about Oxton, intending to renew the attack next morning. They left upwards of a hundred dead and wounded in front of the entrenchment.

The Duchess of Newcastle would have us believe that her lord had made most skilful arrangements, displaying consummate generalship, which were frustrated owing to the disobedience or incompetence of his officers. She says that his plan was for his horse and dragooners, under his lieutenant-general, to cross the Wharfe at Wetherby, and attack Fairfax in rear, while he himself with the main body assaulted Tadcaster bridge; but that, either through treachery or neglect, his orders were not obeyed.[2] If Drake's story is correct,[3] it was that audacious young Hotham who was at the bottom of the mischief. He is said to have sent off a running foot-boy to Wetherby early in the morning, with a forged letter, signed Will. Newcastle, in which he told the Royalist lieutenant-general that though his orders were to attack Lord Fairfax in the rear, yet he might now spare his pains and wait until he got

[1] Captain Lister's wife was Catherine, daughter of Sir Richard Hawksworth of Hawksworth, who married secondly Colonel Bright, one of Sir Thomas Fairfax's most active officers. His son, passing through Tadcaster some years afterwards, asked the sexton where his father had been buried. The man was digging at the time, and he took up a skull which he declared to be that of Captain Lister. A bullet-hole was found in it. The incident so affected young Lister that he died a few hours afterwards. (Thoresby's *Ducatus Leod.*, quoted by Drake, p. 161.) These were the Listers of Thornton, in Craven, whose heiress married Sir John Kaye. The brother of Captain Lister married a daughter of Sir William Fairfax of Steeton, and a sister, Frances, was wife of General Lambert.

[2] *Life*, p. 20.

[3] He quotes from some MS., p. 161.

further orders next morning.[1] The lieutenant-general[2] was completely taken in, and halted for the day at Wetherby.

This dearly bought victory was equivalent to a defeat.[3] Lord Fairfax calculated that 40,000 musket-shots had been fired during the day, besides artillery; and his whole store of bullets, match, and powder, was expended. It would have been madness to await another attack in the position his men had so gallantly defended, and the line of the Wharfe must therefore be abandoned. The choice remained between returning to the faithful towns in the West Riding, and retreating to the line of the Ouse, and thus keeping up communication with Sir John Hotham and the arsenal at Hull, whence fresh supplies of arms and ammunition might be drawn. Lord Fairfax chose the latter course. On the same night he marched with his son to Selby, where he fixed his head-quarters, while the younger Hotham garrisoned Cawood. This forced movement left the whole country to the south, and the towns in the West Riding, at the mercy of Newcastle and his 'lambs;' but there was no help for it.

The campaign thus commenced with a very serious disaster to the cause of the Parliament. The Fairfaxes, with only 900 men and no ammunition, were driven back to the line of the Ouse, while all the country to the south of York was left undefended, and the faithful manufacturing towns were at the mercy of the enemy. The Royalists, on the other hand, had a well-equipped army of 9,000 men, with artillery and ammunition, and a port at Newcastle, through which

[1] Sir Henry Slingsby says the order was really sent by Newcastle himself, when his lieutenant-general had got as far as Clifford Moor, ordering him to march back to Wetherby. His advance had been retarded because he had two *drakes* with him. *Diary*, p. 85.

[2] This was Mountjoy Blount, Earl of Newport (a natural son of the Earl of Devonshire), who was created an earl in 1628; was a Royalist throughout the war, and died in 1665. He was half-brother of the Earls of Warwick and Holland, through his mother, a very disreputable woman, Penelope Devereux, daughter of the first Earl of Essex. General King had not yet arrived. He was too old a bird to have been caught with such chaff.

[3] The account of the fight at Tadcaster is from Lord Fairfax's letter to the Speaker, his son's *Memorial*, Slingsby's *Diary*, Drake's *York*, the Duchess of Newcastle's life of her husband, and *God in the Mount*, by John Vicars, p. 230.

they could receive aid from Holland, where the Queen was buying up stores. But the Fairfaxes were not men to be daunted by difficulties. Their courage and resolution rose as the dangers of their position thickened around them, and they at once set about to recover the lost ground if possible.

CHAPTER IX.

SIR THOMAS FAIRFAX'S FIRST VICTORY AT LEEDS.

THE Fairfaxes were at bay at Selby; while Lord Newcastle, after their evacuation of Tadcaster, advanced to Pomfret, and posted detachments in Saxton, Sherburn, Church Fenton, and all the intermediate villages. The manufacturing towns were thus cut off from their friends, and were, apparently, at the mercy of the Royalists; but Bradford, at least, proved a tougher nut to crack than the Cavaliers had bargained for.

Sir Thomas Fairfax, whose chivalrous nature could not brook that his faithful friends in the west should be left to face the foe single-handed, made an attempt to force the Royalist lines a very few days after the fight at Tadcaster. He marched from Selby with five companies of foot and two troops of horse, but the enemy's forces were so strong on the road that he could not pass, so he beat up their quarters at Monk Fryston, and returned to Selby to chafe impatiently and wait for a better opportunity. During this time he had one brilliant little affair of outposts, which was characteristic of his dashing spirit of enterprise, though it led to no permanent result.

Sir Thomas Fairfax and Captain Hotham agreed to beat up the quarters of the enemy in some of the villages in the vale of York on December 14. The country round Selby, with the exception of two isolated hills to the south-west, is quite flat, and, save where there are patches of common and whin-cover, it was then, as now, divided into fields, and traversed by drains, rather than streams, flowing sluggishly to the Ouse. But a few miles to the north-west of the town there was a very extensive plantation, called Bishop's Wood,

which intervened between Selby and the village of Church Fenton, while, further to the south-west, was the somewhat larger village of Sherburn. At four in the morning Sir Thomas started from Selby, with three troops of horse and a troop of dragooners, and, galloping round the skirts of Bishop's Wood, met Hotham at its north-west corner, who had come from Cawood with two troops. They rode across the fields to Church Fenton, each commanding his own detachment, but found the enemy gone. Sir Thomas then determined to make a rush at Sherburn. The country was quite flat and open, and they could be seen for a long distance, so that the only chance was to ride as fast as possible. He led his men across country, just as if he had been fox-hunting, and as he approached the village he made out a body of horse drawn up to dispute the passage of a lane leading to the main street, which was barricaded. Sir Thomas led the van, charged the enemy's horse, and drove them into the village. He then dismounted the dragooners, and stormed the barricade with sword and pistol. His horse here received a shot in the breast, and dropped down dead, just as the enemy were driven out of Sherburn. He was at once mounted again, and, forming his men, he commenced his retreat, with several important prisoners, followed by General Goring with a large body of Royalist horse. But Fairfax knew every inch of the country, and, leading his troops across the fences and dikes in true sportsmanlike style, got safe back to Selby that evening.[1]

Meanwhile the people in the west had to hold their own as best they could. The officer who was chosen by Lord Newcastle to enforce submission from the stubborn clothing towns was Sir William Savile of Thornhill.[2] This baronet

[1] *Short Memorial*, p. 18; Slingsby's *Diary*, p. 87; and a pamphlet called *True Relation of the Fight at Sherburn*, London, 1642, 4to. I was a little puzzled as to the time of this skirmish, because Sir Thomas, who seldom gives any dates, places it just before his march to Leeds in April. He seems to have forgotten to mention it in the proper place, and to have written down the account of it when the event recurred to his memory afterwards. But Slingsby says positively that it took place 'that day se'nnight we beat them from Tadcaster.'

[2] Thornhill is in the parish of Dewsbury. The park sloped down to the banks of the Calder, and was stocked with venerable trees; amongst them, the largest Spanish chesnut in England.

was a son of Sir George Savile, by Anne, daughter of Sir William Wentworth of Woodhouse, and was therefore a nephew of the Earl of Strafford. He was a hot-tempered man, quick to censure and find fault, and with no idea of showing respect or deference to the orders of his superiors.[1] Sir William collected a body of foot from his estates along the banks of the Calder, and, with some troops of horse, advanced into the West Riding. Leeds and Wakefield submitted without a struggle, and he then prepared to reduce the intractable people of Bradford to submission.

Bradford is in a deep funnel-shaped hollow, surrounded by hills, and three streams unite in the bottom, which form Bradford Beck, flowing into the river Aire at Shipley. In those days the town consisted of three streets and a few lanes. Approaching from the east, the road descended the hill, leaving Bowling Hall on the left, and entered the town at Goodman's end. The main streets, called Ivegate[2] and Westgate, were in a line with Goodman's end running east and west. The market-place separated them, whence Kirkgate ran north-east to the fine old parish church, with its great solid square tower, ninety feet high. A street called afterwards Dead-lane,[3] from the heaps of slain, connected Goodman's end with Kirkgate near the church; and Barker end was directly in rear of Dead-lane. The people, both of Bradford and of the surrounding villages, were thriving cloth-workers and red-hot Puritans. Their ministers were earnest men, who preached and prayed in season and out of season. Pious Mr. Wales of Pudsey would hold forth for three hours on a stretch, with only the respite of a short hymn at the end of the second hour; yet the serious people of Bradford often walked out on a Sunday to sit under him. But if they could pray, the Cavaliers soon found out that

[1] *Letters of Strafford*, i. p. 170. In 1639, when the Vice-President of the North ordered all the horse to come to York to be trained, Sir William Savile said that his positively should not, but should be trained in some more convenient place. His uncle Strafford rebuked him for this insubordinate conduct. *Ibid.* ii. p. 311, and p. 215.

[2] Ive-gate means steep street.

[3] Now Vicar Lane.

they could fight too. The position of the town rendered it almost indefensible, all aid from Lord Fairfax was cut off, and their best men, with arms and ammunition, were away at Selby. Yet the stout God-fearing Bradforders resolved to defend their homes to the last.

Sir William Savile threatened fire and sword if they did not submit, and contribute largely to the maintenance of the popish army; and, only about ten days after the fight at Tadcaster, a body of 700 Royalists pitched their tents at Undercliff, on the common a mile south of Bradford. Next day they advanced closer, and began firing their cannon into the town. Then one of the guns burst, and a tremendous snow-storm came on, which obliged the assailants to retreat to Leeds. But the respite was only for a day or two.

On Sunday, December 18, Sir William Savile appeared in person on the hills to the eastward, with five troops of horse, six of dragooners, and 200 foot. They advanced with colours flying in the air, and sounds of warlike music: 'a tremendous sight, enough to make the stoutest heart tremble,' says terrified Mr. Lister, who was an eye-witness.[1] But there were stout hearts assembled in the parish church on that Sabbath morning, and a resolution was at once taken to defend it to the last. They would have enough to do! The Royalist forces advanced to Barker End, about 300 paces from the church, on higher ground, and there raised a battery and opened fire, while their musketeers occupied some houses near. The Bradforders stationed their surest marksmen in the steeple, which they strengthened by hanging woolpacks round it, and disposed the rest of their men in the best way they could to defend the approaches; while messengers were sent in all directions to Halifax and the villages in Aire-dale, to beg for assistance. These messengers arrived while the people were in church during morning service, and in many places the ministers stirred up their congregations from the pulpit, to hurry at once to the rescue. One came to Coalley chapel, by Halifax, where the minister exhorted his flock to such good purpose that bold Captain John

[1] Lister's *Autobiography*.

Hodgson and many more at once put their hands to the plough.

Hodgson, with a well-armed body of Halifax men, arrived just as the Royalists were on the point of assaulting Bradford church. He attacked them with great fury, drove them out of the houses in Dead Lane, and forced them to retreat to their battery. Sir William Savile and his officers were astonished. They had expected almost immediate submission from the townspeople, and, instead of that, their own disciplined troops were thrown into confusion. Hodgson gave them no time to recover from their surprise. He led the men of Bradford and Halifax on, and they rushed into the ranks of the enemy, fighting without any order, but resolutely and hand to hand. The hottest work was in the lane leading from Kirk-gate to Goodman's End, since called Dead Lane. Late in the afternoon the Royalists drew off, and ignominiously retreated to Leeds, followed for some distance by the hitherto despised cloth-workers. Sir William Savile himself, it was said, could not keep his horse from running away with him before the action was over.[1] The Royalists had had a lesson. Captain Hodgson and his gallant companions spent the night on guard, talking over the exploits of that memorable Sabbath day, and blessing God for His deliverance.[2]

When the news of the extreme peril of Bradford reached Selby, Sir Thomas Fairfax could no longer restrain his impatience to cast in his lot with its valiant defenders. With his father's sanction he started one night towards the end of December, with 300 foot and three troops of horse, passed through the Royalist lines, and reached Bradford next day—'a town very untenable,' says Sir Thomas, 'but, for their good affection to us, deserving all we could hazard for them.'[3] The news that 'The Rider of the White Horse,' as Sir Thomas was called, had come to command the well-affected in the west, spread like wildfire from village to village, up the vales

[1] Vicars, p. 244.

[2] The accounts of this fight at Bradford are in Joseph Lister's *Autobiography*, Captain Hodgson's *Memoir*, p. 94; the pamphlet called *The Rider of the White Horse*; and *God in the Mount*, p. 240. Lord Fairfax also mentions it in his letter to the Speaker of January 25, 1643. See Rushworth, v. p. 125.

[3] *Short Memorial*, p. 13.

of Aire and Wharfe, and round over the hills to Halifax and Dewsbury. Men armed with clubs, and scythes fastened to poles, came crowding into Bradford; and valiant Captain Hodgson, who was on the point of going home again to Halifax, changed his mind and resolved to serve permanently under the banner of fiery young Tom.

Yet the cause of the Parliament was almost desperate in Yorkshire, and it was due entirely to that peculiarly English trait of the Fairfaxes—their utter inability to understand when they were beaten—that it was kept above water at all. Lord Fairfax was shut up in Selby, without money or means of obtaining supplies; his raw levies were undrilled and without experienced officers; and Newcastle, with a vastly superior disciplined army, was master of the open country. It is true that the Committee of both Houses for the safety of the kingdom,[1] which sat permanently at Derby House, and was in fact the executive of the Parliament, strained every nerve to assist their loyal member for Yorkshire. They used all means to supply his lordship with arms, and voted £20,000 for his troops; but the arrival of this aid must be a work of time, and every day was of consequence. The great point now was to enable young Tom to strike some effectual blow in the west, and for this service a supply of experienced officers to drill and lead the clubmen was the most urgent need.

Now was the time for all true Yorkshiremen to rally round their knight of the shire in his great strait, and one of the first who arrived at Selby was the bold nephew of Steeton, who had been doing good service in the south.

We have already seen Sir William Fairfax of Steeton supporting his cousin Tom in forcing the petition into the King's hand on Heyworth Moor. He had from early youth been engaged in military expeditions, serving in the navy apparently at Rochelle,[2] and elsewhere; and it was not until 1641 that he had settled down at Steeton with his wife, and was

[1] It consisted of five peers: Essex, Northumberland, Pembroke, Holland, and Saye; and ten commoners: Pym, Hampden, Holles, Marten, Fiennes, Pierrepoint, Glynne, Waller, Stapleton, and Meyrick.

[2] *Fairfax Correspondence*, i. p. 141.

placed in the commission of the peace for the West Riding.[1] He was a thorough soldier, with a strong will and clear understanding; brave as a lion, but never allowing his valour to get the better of his judgment. He was cast in a stronger and harder mould than his cousin of Nunappleton, whose melancholy though excitable temperament was a contrast to the plain sense and coolness of the Steeton knight. The two cousins were, though so different, fast and very dear friends. The portrait of Sir William, at Newton Kyme, is that of a very tall man with dark eyes, thin determined lips, and square firm chin. His naturally curling brown locks fall over his shoulders, and his dress is that of a military officer, without any sign of Puritanism. When the Parliament ordered Lord Essex to form an army in July 1642, and while the Yorkshire gentry were still earnestly striving to preserve peace, the soldierly Sir William Fairfax raised a complete regiment of foot,[2] of which he was appointed colonel, and joined the army of the Earl of Essex in the south. Sir Henry Cholmley, Sir Philip Stapleton, and Sir William Constable, also joined Essex's army with regiments of foot from Yorkshire. At the battle of Edge-hill, Fairfax and Cholmley, with the Lords Wharton and Mandeville, formed their regiments into a brigade on the left of the Parliamentary line of battle; but their men all broke and fled, in spite of the efforts of their commanders, at the first approach of the Royalists. Sir William and his brother colonels were left to fight almost alone; and, joining another brigade, they strove single-handed to retrieve the honour of their regiments. On this occasion Sir William behaved with extraordinary gallantry, and he continued to serve with Essex for the next two months. But when the news came that his uncle and cousin were at length in arms, he felt that Yorkshire was his proper place, and hurried to Selby with the principal officers of his disbanded regiment, among whom was his cousin the brave young George Tyrhwitt.[3]

[1] *Fairfax Correspondence*, ii. p. 252.
[2] *Army List of* 1642, reprinted by Hotten, p. 41.
[3] Sir William's grandmother, the Countess of Mulgrave, was a Tyrhwitt.

Sir William Fairfax was a host in himself, but other good men and true joined Lord Fairfax in his sore need. The chief of these were Sir Thomas Norcliffe,[1] Sir Henry Foulis,[2] Captain Mildmay, and Serjeant-Major Forbes. Lord Fairfax at once determined to send these officers to command the clubmen, who were hurrying to the banner of his son at Bradford, where the services of experienced captains were urgently needed. They rode over to Bradford one night early in January, with an escort of horse and dragooners.

Sir Thomas Fairfax now had a respectable force and some excellent officers at Bradford; and his opponent, Sir William Savile, was at Leeds with 1,500 foot and 500 horse. There were daily skirmishes between the Parliamentary and Royalist horse, while Sir Thomas recruited his forces from the well-affected villages, especially from Bingley, Shipley, and Mirfield.[3] A supply of arms had arrived under escort from Selby; and at last he felt strong enough to attack Savile in his quarters at Leeds. His plan was to divide his force into two divisions, and, advancing down both banks of the river Aire, to assault the town on two sides at once. He had six

[1] Sir Thomas Norcliffe was of Langton, near Malton. He married Dorothy, daughter of Viscount Fairfax of Gilling Castle, and had a deaf and dumb son who, by Frances, heiress of Sir William Vavasour of Copmanthorpe, had a son, Fairfax Norcliffe of Langton, who died in 1720. Of the sisters of Dorothy, Sir Thomas Norcliffe's wife, Margaret married young John Hotham, and Catherine was wife of Robert Stapleton of Wighill (brother of Sir Philip), and afterwards of Sir Matthew Boynton; all men who took a leading part on the side of the Parliament in those troublous times. Sir Thomas Norcliffe survived through the wars, and died in 1666.

[2] Sir Henry Foulis was the eldest son of Sir David Foulis, a Scotchman who accompanied James I. into England, obtained a grant of Ingleby Manor in Yorkshire, and was created a baronet in 1619. During the tyranny of Charles I. Sir David was brought before the Star Chamber in 1633, for speaking words against Strafford, and for commending Mr. James Mauleverer for refusing to compound, saying he was a brave spirit, and a true Yorkshireman. (Rushworth, ii. p. 215-6.) For this he and his son Henry were fined £8,500, and committed to the Fleet during pleasure. Sir David died in 1642, and when the war broke out there could not be much doubt on which side Sir Henry Foulis would range himself. One of his descendants, Beatrix Foulis, married General Norcliffe of Langton, the descendant of Sir Thomas Norcliffe, in 1824.

[3] There is a letter extant from Sir Thomas Fairfax to the constable of Mirfield, calling upon all able-bodied men to assemble and join him. See *Notes and Queries*, 4to series, ii. p. 149.

troops of horse and three of dragooners, under the command of Sir Henry Foulis, and 2,000 clubmen and 1,000 musketeers under the veteran Sir William Fairfax.

On Monday, January 23, 1643, Sir Thomas led his little army into the valley of the Aire. A company of dragooners, under Captain Mildmay, with about thirty musketeers and 1,000 clubmen, marched down the valley on the right bank of the river, and formed on Hunslet Moor, which overlooks Leeds from the south, and is about half a mile from the town. The bridge over the Aire, near the ruins of Kirkstall Abbey, had been broken down, so Sir Thomas Fairfax with the main body crossed the river higher up at Apperley bridge, and advanced to Woodhouse Moor, about a mile north-west of Leeds. He then sent a trumpet to Sir William Savile, demanding the surrender of the town, to which a defiant answer was returned. A snow-storm with a chilling wind burst over the moor, and Sir Thomas, leading his men down the hill to the water-side, commenced the assault. His watchword for that day was 'Emanuel.'

In those days Leeds consisted of a long broad street called Briggate, leading from the stone bridge across the Aire, up an easy ascent on the north side, with a few lanes at right angles.

On the bridge the cloth-market was held every Tuesday and Saturday, the cloth being laid on the battlements of the bridge, and on benches below, and on these market-days the clothiers could buy a pot of ale, a noggin of porridge, and a trencher of roast meat, for twopence. A *greece*, or flight of steps built of stone from Kirkstall Abbey in 1583, led down to the water-side. The first turn to the left after crossing the bridge was Swinegate, between which lane and the river were the tenters where cloth was stretched. The first to the right was a footpath known as *the calls*, leading through orchards and gardens to the parish church. Proceeding up Briggate there was a street on the left, called Boar Lane, containing several gentlemen's houses, among which was one belonging to Sir William Lowther, and another the town residence of Mr. Arthington of Arthington, Sir Thomas

Fairfax's brother-in-law. At the end of Boar Lane nearest to Briggate was the old-fashioned house with a quadrangular court, belonging to Mr. John Harrison, a great benefactor of Leeds, who had holes cut in the doors and ceilings for the free passage of cats, for which animals he had a great affection. About two-thirds of the way up Briggate the turn to the right is Kirkgate, which leads down to the parish church. Kirkgate is classic ground, for here dwelt Edward Fairfax the poet before he removed to Fewston, in Knaresborough forest; and here, too, was the house of John Thoresby, who was fighting under the banner of Sir Thomas Fairfax, the seventeenth house on the left-hand side going from Briggate to Vicar Lane. In this house his son Ralph, the great antiquary, was born in 1658. Further on was the vicarage; and at the end of Kirkgate, quite at the east end of the town, was the parish church, a fine stone building in the form of a cross, with a central tower ninety-seven feet high. The Moot Hall stood in the centre of Briggate; and beyond it, on the highest part of the town, a street called Head Row ran at right angles. To the left of Briggate it was called Upper Head Row, and ended in Lidgate, opening on the high road up the Aire valley. Here was an old-fashioned house built of brick by Alderman Metcalf, called Red Hall, in which Charles I. lodged for a night when in the hands of the Scots. In Nether Head Row, on the right of Briggate, at a corner where Vicar Lane connects it with Kirkgate, was Rockley Hall, a very curious old timber house, with floors of massive oaken beams instead of boards. One of the Rockleys married a daughter of that Sir William Fairfax who took his bride from Nunappleton, and was Sir William's executor.

At about this time the cloth trade of Leeds had become so flourishing, and the population had increased so rapidly, that the sittings in the parish church were quite insufficient for the congregation. A few years before, Mr. John Harrison, the wealthy citizen who was so fond of cats, had therefore erected a frightful new church dedicated to St. John, at the upper end of Briggate, with a square tower; and had also built a continuation of Briggate leading to the church, called

New Street. St. John's was consecrated in 1634. Henry Robinson, Mr. Harrison's nephew, a son of his sister Grace, became vicar of Leeds in 1632, and erected the steps and gateway leading to his uncle's new church. He was a strong Royalist partisan, and friend of Sir William Savile. South of the bridge two roads called Meadow and Hunslet Lanes led through pleasant gardens and orchards, over Hunslet Moor, to Wakefield.

Such was Leeds when Sir Thomas Fairfax came to dispute its possession with the Royalists. Sir William Savile had taken some pains to make the place defensible. He dug a trench about six feet deep and wide, with a breastwork for musketeers, from Mr. Harrison's new church across Upper Head Row, Boar Lane, and Swinegate, to the water-side, with a second inner trench at the tenters, between Swinegate and the river. Two sconces or breastworks were raised near the north end of the bridge, to defend the approach to Briggate, and there was also a sconce at the head of Hunslet Lane. Sir William Savile had two demi-culverins[1] carrying nine-pound shot, which, at the beginning of the action, were planted so as to sweep the Briggate.

Sir Thomas Fairfax ordered five companies of foot, with a company of dismounted dragooners, under the command of Serjeant-Major Forbes, to march down to the water-side, and assault the trench near the head of the bridge. Captain Hodgson, the hero of Bradford, served under Forbes.[2] A heavy fire was opened upon this party from the lower breastwork at the bridge, but the firing was high, and did little harm. Sir William Fairfax and Sir Thomas Norcliffe led another party to assault the trench near the new church, at the end of Lidgate. Meanwhile Maitland, on the south side of the river, brought his men down Hunslet Lane, drove the enemy from their position at the south end of the bridge, and opened fire on the lower sconce at the north end. This commencement of the action was at about 2 P.M. On the approach of Maitland from the south, Sir William Savile

[1] Not *sakers*, as stated by some authorities.

[2] Hodgson's *Memoir*, p. 96.

ordered one of the demi-culverins to be brought down out of Briggate, and, planting it on the bridge, opened fire on the assailants. Some dismounted dragooners on the south side then ran down a lane to the water, and opened such a galling fire on the lower sconce, that the Royalists abandoned it. This was not perceived by the assailants on the other side, who were close under the work, until their comrades gave a shout to apprise them. Then they pressed forward. Serjeant-Major Forbes, climbing up the wall by the help of one Lieutenant Horsfall's shoulder, was the first to enter the abandoned work. Horsfall and the rest followed, and among the first was a pious minister from Halifax, named Scholfield, who immediately proceeded to praise God by singing the first verse of Psalm lxviii.: 'Let God arise, and then his enemies shall be scattered, and those that hate him shall flee before him.' As the verse was concluded, another ringing cheer from the south side informed them that the upper sconce had also been abandoned by the enemy. Forbes dashed forward, followed by his men and the pious minister, and another verse was sung. They then pressed forward up Briggate, captured the other demi-culverin, and met Sir William Fairfax, who had stormed the trench by Mr. Metcalf's Red Hall, and was entering the main street by the Head Row. This was at about four in the afternoon. 'Sir Thomas Fairfax was everywhere, encouraging and teaching valour by his own example.'[1]

The day was won. Sir William Savile,[2] Mr. Robinson the Royalist vicar, and Captain Beaumont, mounted their horses, and fled for dear life. Sir William and the vicar swam the river Aire on their horses, and got safe to Methley, but Beaumont was drowned. Sir Thomas Fairfax took 460 prisoners, who were discharged on promising not to serve

[1] May, p. 197.

[2] Sir William Savile was afterwards made Governor of Sheffield by Lord Newcastle, but died at York in 1644. His son William was created Baron Eland and Earl and Marquis of Halifax by Charles II.; a noble-minded statesman, whose fame has been vindicated by Macaulay. He died in 1695, and his son, the second marquis, died in 1700, when the titles became extinct. There are several letters from Sir William Savile, in Hunter's *History of Hallamshire*, but none of any particular interest.

against the Parliament, besides the two demi-culverins, fourteen barrels of gunpowder, and many muskets. Sir Thomas lost about twenty men.[1]

The result of this, the first of Sir Thomas Fairfax's victories, was, that Wakefield was hastily abandoned by the Royalists, and that Newcastle with his whole force returned to York, leaving the country open between Selby and the west. Howley Hall, the magnificent seat of Lord Savile, between Wakefield and Bradford, was garrisoned for the Parliament by Sir John Savile of Lupset.

During this arduous service Sir Thomas Fairfax had been suffering from ill-health, and towards the end of January he returned with the younger Hotham, whom he already half suspected of treason,[2] to his father's head-quarters at Selby.

[1] The best account of this action is in the contemporary pamphlet called the *Rider of the White Horse*. Captain Hodgson tells us something in his *Memoir*, and the notice of it in the *Short Memorial* is very brief. Lord Fairfax relates the results of the action in his letter to the Speaker of January 25, and mentions with just pride that his son allowed no pillage, although the place was taken by storm. See also May, iii. chap. iv. p. 197; and a good account of the Leeds action in Vicars, p. 261.

[2] See letters to his father, dated January 9 and 27, 1643. *Fairfax Correspondence*, iii. p. 33–6.

CHAPTER X.

THE FLANK MARCH TO LEEDS, AND THE ROUT ON SEACROFT MOOR.

Lord Fairfax was still surrounded by difficulties. He had no money to pay his army or to purchase food, and though many districts were willing to furnish supplies upon the public faith, the occupation of all the open country by the Royalists rendered it extremely difficult to get them in. His son had retrieved the affairs of the Parliament in the West Riding by his gallant capture of Leeds; and in the north Sir Matthew Boynton and Sir Hugh Cholmley had defeated Colonel Slingsby at Guisborough on January 16, taking 140 prisoners. At Selby Lord Fairfax had rendered the place more tenable by digging a trench and throwing up a breastwork towards the open country, and by collecting boats on the Ouse for a bridge, to keep open his communication with Hull. On January 27 Lord Newcastle returned with his army to York, marching through Sherburn and Tadcaster with two cannons and a baggage train of forty-five waggons. He left a garrison at Pomfret Castle, and detachments in most of the intermediate villages. It is difficult to understand why he made no attack upon Lord Fairfax at Selby, at a time when a large part of his force was detached with Sir Thomas in the west.

There was a brief lull in the fighting, and the generals of the two armies took advantage of it to wage a paper war, which was commenced by Lord Fairfax. On February 2 he issued a warrant to the magistrates, setting forth that the Earl of Newcastle had, contrary to the laws of the land, raised a great army of papists and invaded the county, killing and destroying numbers of Protestant subjects, banish-

ing and imprisoning ministers of the gospel, and plundering goods and cattle. He therefore required all good subjects to assemble with their best weapons, and to assist the forces under his command to drive the popish army out of Yorkshire. The men of the West Riding were to rendezvous at Abberford and Sherburn, and those of the East and North at Stamford Bridge and Tollerton.

In reply to this warrant the Earl of Newcastle published a very long declaration, or rather defence, which takes up five pages of Rushworth.[1] He challenged Lord Fairfax to show what law he had violated, at the same time admitting that there were some of the Romish communion in his army, though but a handful, who were employed owing to their loyalty and ability, and not for their religion. He asked how it was possible that the King's forces could invade his own dominions, and denied that he had killed any unarmed men or imprisoned any minister. He concluded by declaring that as Lord Fairfax desired all men to assemble, he the Earl of Newcastle commanded them, on their allegiance, to stay at home; and that 'as his lordship talks of driving me and my army out of the county, let him express himself more particularly for time and place, and by pitched battle determine our doubts.'

Lord Newcastle had the advantage of a printing-press in York, while Lord Fairfax could only get a few copies of his papers made by soldiers who could write; yet he prepared a short and complete answer to the declaration, and disseminated it as widely as his means would admit of. He pointed out that Lord Newcastle had violated the law by granting commissions to twelve recusants,[2] that three unarmed men of Sir John Savile's were killed by troops under Sir Thomas Glemham, and that the ministers of Knaresborough and Newton Kyme had been imprisoned, and those of Ardsley and Hunslet banished. With regard to the earl's challenge, he replied that, without following the rules of Amadis de

[1] Vol. v. p. 133.

[2] Mr. Stephenson of Thornton, Mr. Trapps, Sir John Middleton, Sir Walter Vavasour, Mr. Addes, Mr. Tindall, Mr. Bretton, Sir Philip Hungate, Mr. Waterton, Mr. Thwenge, Captain Gore, and Captain Granger.

Gaul, or the Knight of the Sun, which the language of the declaration seemed to affect in appointing a pitched battle, he could only say that wheresoever he should find an opportunity to offer battle to the earl, he should take it for a great honour that he could do his lordship that service; and he hoped that all men who had observed the resolution of his army at Tadcaster and Leeds would easily believe him.

Lord Fairfax thus, with the last word, decidedly had the best of the argument. Lord Newcastle had published a list of gentlemen of Yorkshire, whom he called traitors,[1] which, if it serves no other purpose, furnishes an additional proof of the falseness of Clarendon's assertion, that the Fairfaxes were almost the only men of position in the county who were not Royalists. The two Houses of Parliament replied by declaring that this accusation of treason was a false and malicious libel, and that the Earl of Newcastle, having made himself head of a popish army, after a horrible and detestable manner, was the real traitor.

The forced inactivity at Selby which continued during the greater part of the months of February and March 1643, and this futile paper controversy, were not at all to the taste of Sir Thomas Fairfax, who, now that the great question of England's liberty was to be decided by wager of battle, chafed at delay, and longed for a sharp and conclusive settlement.

Selby itself soon became untenable, owing to the treachery of the leading Parliamentary commanders in the East Riding. The Queen, who had been busily engaged during the last year in buying warlike stores in Holland, embarked on February 13, and after a very rough passage reached Burlington on the 22nd, with a quantity of arms and ammunition. Lord Newcastle went to receive her, and at the same time Lord Fairfax offered to furnish an escort for her from his Parliamentary army. The old lord was not much given to joking, so we must suppose that he was in earnest when he

[1] Lord Fairfax; Sir Thomas Fairfax; Sir Matthew Boynton, Bart.; Sir Henry Foulis, Bart; Sir Thomas Mauleverer, Bart.; Sir E. Loftus; Sir Richard Darley; Sir Christopher Wrey; Sir Henry Anderson; Sir John Savile; Sir E. Rodes; Sir John Hotham; Sir Hugh Cholmley; Sir T. Remington; William Lister; John Hotham; Sir Thomas Norcliffe; Thomas Hatcher; Thomas Stockdale; John Legard, &c.

sent so important a personage as his nephew, Sir William Fairfax, with a letter to the Queen, containing a humble suit to her Majesty to refuse the service of those who had been declared enemies of the State, and to be pleased to admit his forces to guard her Majesty's person. The Queen declined the honour, and reached York with the Earl of Newcastle on March 9.

Immediately after the Queen landed, the treasonable designs in the East Riding began to make head. The Cholmleys and Hothams and Bushells were unprincipled, and were actuated by none but personal motives; and the history of the acquisition of Scarborough by the Royalists comprises an amount of complicated treachery which has rarely been equalled. Sir Hugh Cholmley began, towards the end of March, by going secretly to the Queen at York, and offering to deliver up Scarborough Castle, for which he received a commission as Royalist governor.[1] But he remembered that he had some valuable property in Hull, which would be seized, as he thought, by Sir John Hotham, when his treason became known. For these two traitors did not then know the thoughts of each other's hearts. So Sir Hugh sent his cousin, Captain Brown Bushell of Whitby, to Hull in a small ship; but Hotham, rendered doubly suspicious by his own guilty conscience, detained him for a time, and then sent him empty away. Meanwhile Sir Hugh Cholmley announced to one of his officers that he had resolved to hold Scarborough for the King, and accordingly this change was proclaimed on March 25. Sir Hugh then repaired to York, and his cousins, Brown and Henry Bushell, again corrupted the garrison, regained the castle without bloodshed, and restored it to the Parliament. Sir Hugh was expelled the House, and impeached for high treason. Notwithstanding all this, the Bushells,[2] some time afterwards, delivered up Scarborough

[1] Sir Hugh Cholmley in his *Memoir* (privately printed in 1787) says, 'I quitted the Parliament without any diminution to my honour either as a gentleman or a soldier.' He may have satisfied himself on this point, but he did not satisfy others.

[2] Brown Bushell had not done changing. He went over again to the Parliament side, and commanded a ship in Admiral Batten's fleet.' One change more. He mutinied at the Downs in 1648, and betrayed his trust, handing over his ship to

to the Royalists, and Sir Hugh became governor for the King. The conduct of the Hothams was also becoming more than equivocal. Sir Thomas Fairfax had long suspected the younger one of treachery, and the father now refused all assistance from Hull to the army at Selby. Sir John Hotham was jealous of the superior command accorded to Lord Fairfax by the Parliament. He seems to have been a thoroughly unprincipled and ill-conditioned man, and, as his reason for taking the popular side was a personal hatred of Strafford, so his motive for treason to that cause was a mean jealousy of Lord Fairfax.

The Parliamentary army at Selby was thus placed in a most critical position by the conduct of the East Riding traitors; and at last, early in April, the Fairfaxes resolved to undertake one of the most hazardous of military movements—a flank march to Leeds, in presence of a hostile army.

Lord Fairfax's plan was to march direct along the more southerly road, by Sherburn and Garforth, to Leeds, a distance of twenty miles, with the main body of his army, consisting of 1,500 men, ordnance, and baggage-waggons; while Sir Thomas, with a smaller force of horse and foot, was to engage the attention of the enemy, and divert it from the true object of his father's march. Lord Newcastle had intelligence from his scouts that some important movement was contemplated, but he was uncertain as to its object; and he therefore massed his forces on both sides of the river Wharfe, about Thorparch, with outposts at Walton on one side and on Clifford Moor on the other.

The duty assigned to Sir Thomas Fairfax was one of great difficulty and responsibility, but it was one well fitted for that enterprising and gallant spirit, and it placed him where he always loved to be—in the post of greatest danger. There was a detachment of about 300 Royalist soldiers at Tad-

the Prince of Wales. At last his inevitable end came, and he was executed March 29, 1651. But the Bushells were a very honourable family of Ruswarpe, near Whitby, connected with the Cholmleys, and this was their one black sheep. A daughter of the family afterwards married Admiral Fairfax of Newton Kyme, grandson of Sir William.

caster, and Sir Thomas marched rapidly upon them from Sherburn, occupying the town, while they fled along the road to York. His plan was to lead the Royalists to believe that he had the main body with him, and that his design was to make an attempt upon York itself; and he succeeded for a time. He remained at Tadcaster for three or four hours, as if his intention was to follow the fugitives along the York road, which induced Newcastle to send back General Goring with a large body of horse, to get between Tadcaster and York. Sir Thomas then marched towards Newton Kyme, intending to lead his men on to Bramham Moor; while Goring crossed the river by Tadcaster bridge, and followed with vastly superior numbers of horse, he having twenty and Sir Thomas only three troops.

The ascent from Newton Kyme and the banks of the Wharfe to Bramham Moor is gradual, and in those days, as now, it was through lanes with enclosed fields on either side; and thence the distance over the elevated country of the moor to Leeds is about twelve miles. For the first five miles the march was over Bramham Moor, in those days a level open plain 300 feet above the sea. But at the fifth mile the moor is broken by a valley, with the little Potterton beck at the bottom, flowing to the Cock beck at Abberford. Here there were some farm-houses and cottages, and the village of Barwick, about a mile to the left. Between this valley and the next is a distance of two miles, over a high open plain, with a fine view to the left, then called Seacroft, but now generally known as Whin Moor. Then there is the descent to the village of Seacroft, built round a grassy common, with a curious old Elizabethan grange at the entrance coming from Whin Moor. Seacroft is just four miles from Leeds. There is a slight rise, then a descent from the watershed dividing the drainages of the Aire and Wharfe, with the woods and old hall of Temple Newsom to the left; then another rise, and the last mile is a gradual slope down to the banks of the Aire at Leeds.

Sir Thomas Fairfax ordered his foot, consisting mainly of raw levies of countrymen, to march up to Bramham Moor,

and to make the best of their way across it, while he remained with the horse, and did what was possible to interrupt the advance of the enemy along the lanes near Toulston. Here there was a good deal of firing, but Goring's overpowering superiority in numbers forced Sir Thomas to give ground gradually. He, however, calculated that he had gained sufficient time to enable the foot to get well across Bramham Moor. Great, therefore, was his disappointment to find them waiting for him, the enemy being close in his rear, and the whole width of the moor to be crossed. He divided them into two divisions, with the horse in the rear, and commenced the march, the enemy following at a distance of about two musket shots. Although it was only March 29,[1] the day was very hot, and when the men came to Potterton beck, many of them went into farms and road-side houses to get drinks of beer. Meanwhile another large body of Newcastle's army had crossed the Wharfe at Thorparch, and, marching by Clifford, reached Whin Moor from the north side. Sir Thomas's officers had some trouble in getting the men out of the houses, but at last they were formed again, and were close to the descent from Whin Moor to the village of Seacroft, when the Royalists attacked them furiously, both in the rear and on the right flank. Then there was a complete rout. The countrymen threw down their arms and fled, while the musketeers were either slain or taken prisoners. Sir Thomas and Sir Henry Foulis escaped with the horse, the latter being slightly wounded, and reached Leeds about an hour after Sir Thomas's father had marched into the town, unmolested, with the main body. 'So,' says our hero, 'the day concluded with this storm, which fell on me only.'[2]

Captain Hodgson, who was severely wounded at Seacroft, blames Sir Thomas Fairfax for losing so much time at Tadcaster;[3] but, on the whole, the difficult operation of protecting and covering the old lord's hazardous flank march was ably and successfully executed. The rout at Seacroft should have

[1] Heath's *Chronicle*.

[2] The only detailed account of this day's work was written by Sir Thomas himself.—*Short Mem.* pp. 23–28.

[3] *Memoirs*, p. 97.

been avoided if possible, but it is not easy to see how this action could have been prevented, and, at all events, it effected the intended object of covering the main body. The Royalists fully intended to have engaged the whole Parliamentary army at a disadvantage, and they were foiled by the superior generalship of Sir Thomas Fairfax.

CHAPTER XI.

THE VICTORY AT WAKEFIELD, AND BATTLE OF ADWALTON MOOR.

Lord Fairfax had garrisons at Leeds, Halifax, and Bradford, and at Howley Hall, under Sir John Savile of Lupset; but his position was very precarious. At that time the hilly districts round the manufacturing towns were for the most part waste and unproductive, and provisions came chiefly from the vale of York. But the enemy stopped all supplies, both of corn and meat, and there was much suffering, while trade was utterly ruined.[1] Lord Newcastle's troops had seized the towns of Rotherham, Sheffield, and Wakefield, and ranged all the country to the south-west, extorting heavy fines from the supporters of the Parliament, pillaging the villages, and committing outrages on the people.[2] The wives and children of the prisoners taken on Seacroft Moor importuned Sir Thomas Fairfax to obtain their release,[3] but he had none to offer in exchange, and at last he conceived the idea of making an attack upon Wakefield, which was occupied by 3,000 Royalist troops. His intelligence, however, was that the Wakefield garrison did not consist of more than 800 or 900 men, and he easily obtained his father's sanction to lead an expedition against them.

[1] Rushworth, v. p. 269.

[2] *Letter to the Speaker*, May 23, 1643. See also a pamphlet in the British Museum, *Remonstrance of the Present State of Yorkshire.*

[3] I must not omit to mention a good and gracious act of Henriotta Maria during her stay at York, with regard to these prisoners, which is related by Drake. (I. ch. v. p. 163.) Hearing of their miserable condition, and that their wounds would not heal unless they received fresh food, she sent them £20 out of her own purse, and a great quantity of provisions, and got an order from the Earl of Newcastle that each prisoner was to receive 3*d.* a day for his maintenance. Drake quotes from an anonymous manuscript, the writer of which was against the Royalist cause.

It was arranged that, on the night of Saturday May 20, detachments from the Parliamentary garrisons should rendezvous at Howley Hall, the whole force consisting of 1,000 foot, eight troops of horse, and three of dragooners, in all about 1,100 men. The foot was commanded by Serjeant-Major General Gifford and Sir William Fairfax, the horse by Sir Henry Foulis, and Sir Thomas commanded in chief.

The town of Wakefield, on the banks of the river Calder, was just five and a half miles south of Howley Hall. At that time the houses were chiefly of timber, with a few of stone. Two streets, called Norgate and Wrengate, led from the country on the north side to the market-place, the town stretching out to the east and west. The fine parish church is a good specimen of perpendicular architecture, with a tower and spire of an earlier period, 228 feet high. To the south a stone bridge of nine arches spans the Calder, and at its entrance is the beautiful little chapel of Our Lady, built in memory of those who fought in that bloody battle in the south fields near the bridge, during the wars of the Roses.

The Royalists had intelligence of the threatened attack, and lined the hedges on the north side of the town with 500 musketeers. The streets were barricaded and commanded by four cannon, and a reserve was stationed with the horse in the market-place. General Goring and Serjeant-Major Mackworth were in command, and they had six regiments of foot containing 3,000 men, and seven troops of horse. Sir Thomas Fairfax commenced his march from Howley after midnight, and appeared before Wakefield at about four in the morning of Whit-Sunday, May 21. What he then saw led him to doubt the accuracy of his intelligence respecting the numbers of the enemy, but it was too late. He led his men to the charge, and soon dislodged the Royalist musketeers from the hedges, and drove them into the town. He then ordered his little force to assault the barricades at the heads of Norgate and Wrengate, in two divisions. They were met by well-sustained volleys both of musketry and cannon, but after an hour's sharp fighting the Parliamentary foot carried and cleared away the barricades. Sir Thomas Fairfax then

dashed into Norgate at the head of his troop, followed by those under Colonel Alured[1] and Captain John Bright.[2] He found the street full of Royalist foot, whom he routed, and was then charged in his turn by General Goring at the head of a body of horse. A fierce struggle ensued; several were slain on both sides, but the Royalists eventually gave way, and Goring himself was taken prisoner by Colonel Alured. Fairfax, with his usual impetuosity, had rushed into the thickest of the fight, taking several prisoners; and when the Royalist horse broke, he found himself in the market place entirely separated from his own men, with a regiment of the enemy's foot facing him, and two Royalist officers, who had sworn to be his true prisoners, by his side. He turned down a lane with his prisoners, in the hope of getting back to his men, but came upon a *corps du gard* of the enemy, under a serjeant. This was embarrassing. The Royalist officers, however, were men of honour, and said not a word, giving time to Sir Thomas to put his horse at a gap in a stone wall at the end of the lane, which he cleared in good style and thus rejoined his own men. Meanwhile General Gifford had captured the enemy's guns, and, planting one of them in the churchyard, threatened the Royalist regiments in the market-place, who thereupon surrendered as prisoners of war. Most of the Royalist horse escaped over the bridge; but Sir Thomas found, at the end of the day, that he had taken 1,400 prisoners, including eighty officers, twenty-eight colours, and a large quantity of ammunition.

[1] The Alureds were originally of Suffolk, but Thomas Alured bought the Charter House at Hull in the time of Henry VIII., and married Eleanor daughter of Ralph Constable. His grandson, Henry Alured of Charter House, had ten children. The eldest, John, born in 1607, was the Colonel serving under Sir Thomas Fairfax. He was member for Heydon in Holderness in the Long Parliament, was a King's Judge, and signed the death-warrant, but died before the Restoration. He married twice, and had six children. His brother Matthew, with whom John is sometimes confounded, also served on the side of the Parliament.

[2] John Bright of Badsworth afterwards distinguished himself at Nantwich and Marston Moor as a colonel of foot. He was Governor of York during the Commonwealth, High Sheriff in 1654 and 1655, and was created a baronet at the Restoration. His only son married a daughter of the Earl of Manchester, but died childless. His daughter, Catherine, married Sir Henry Liddell, of Ravensworth. Sir John Bright's estate of Badsworth passed, through this daughter, by inheritance, into the hands of Lord Fitzwilliam. Sir John died in 1688.

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He was thus enabled to effect exchanges for the poor fellows who had been taken on Seacroft Moor. He was far too weak to think of occupying Wakefield permanently, so he returned at once to his father's head-quarters with the fruits of his victory.[1]

Looking to the great superiority in numbers on the side of the Royalists, and to the advantage they had in selecting their own position, this was certainly a most brilliant feat of arms. Oliver Cromwell, no ordinary judge in such matters, was much struck by it;[2] the two Houses of Parliament expressed their admiration in the strongest terms; and it would seem that the rising fame of Sir Thomas Fairfax as a general received an impetus from his Wakefield victory, which went on continually increasing until men came to the conclusion that he was the officer that should be selected from among a host of able veterans to finish the war.

Lord Fairfax still felt that he was quite unable to cope successfully with the great army of Newcastle. He earnestly begged that Colonel Oliver Cromwell might be sent to his assistance from Lincolnshire, and when this was declared to be impossible, he resolved to fight to the last single-handed. At all events he was keeping the Popish army employed, and preventing it from marching south to join the King. As soon as Newcastle had escorted the Queen out of Yorkshire, on her way to join her husband, he led his whole army, numbering 10,000 men, to attack the few places garrisoned by the Fairfaxes in the West Riding, and on June 20 he laid siege to Howley Hall.

[1] See the letters from Lord Fairfax and his son in Rushworth, v. p. 269; and Sir Thomas's own account of the action in his *Short Memorial*, p. 30. See also May's *History of the Long Parliament*, book iii., chap. iv. p. 199. He says, 'Such a victory, against so much odds, and so many disadvantages, may serve to teach how much success may possibly crown bold attempts, and justify the old saying, *Audaces fortuna juvat.*' Hodgson only notices the Wakefield action very briefly, *Memoirs*, p. 98. The letters in Rushworth were also published separately in a pamphlet, entitled *A Miraculous Victory gained by the Right Hon. Ferdinando, Lord Fairfax, against the Army under the Command of the Earl of Newcastle at Wakefield, and sent in Two Letters to the Hon. W. Lenthall, Speaker.* London, 1643, 4to. This pamphlet was reprinted at Leeds, by Moxon and Walker, in 1853. The Duchess of Newcastle says very little about this action, p. 28.

[2] *Letter to the Mayor of Colchester*, Carlyle, i. p. 120.

Howley, the magnificent seat of Lord Savile, just half way between Leeds and Wakefield, was built by Sir John Savile in 1590. It was sixty yards square, with an interior court, and two gateways. On the south side there was a projecting centre, ornamented with columns and capitals, the windows were large and divided by stone mullions, and cupolas surmounted by weathercocks rose amongst the tall chimneys. On the west side there was a fine bowling-green, on the north a parlour-garden, on the east a cherry-orchard with many very old trees, and on the south a kitchen-garden.[1] The house was on a hill, and the ground sloped away to the well-timbered park, on every side. The unworthy owner[2] of this princely mansion was with the King at Oxford, and was created Earl of Sussex in 1644. But the place was garrisoned for the Parliament by his cousin, Sir John Savile of Lupset, and a few musketeers, who made a gallant defence against the whole Royalist army. Newcastle battered the house for several days with his two heavy guns, and finally took it by storm, ordering no quarter to be given to the governor, and reprimanding the officer who had spared his life. He refrained, however, from causing him to be killed in cold blood.[3]

The Royalists then advanced towards Bradford, and came out upon Adwalton[4] Moor, four miles south-east of the town, in the evening of June 29. Here Newcastle halted, and got his artillery into position, including the heavy guns, carrying thirty-six pound balls, which were known as 'Gog and Magog,' or the 'Queen's pocket-pistols.' Lord Fairfax, with

[1] See Whitaker's *Loidis and Elmete*, and Scatcherd's *Morley*, p. 247. Only a few crumbling walls now remain.

[2] Not unworthy because he was a Royalist, but because he was a man without honour, an habitual liar, and had committed forgery.

[3] Mr. Scatcherd, in his *History of Morley*, would acquit the earl of having given this barbarous order, and tries to show that the statement arose from some mistake; but Newcastle's own wife tells the story herself, without any shame.—*Life*, p. 30.

[4] This is the correct spelling. At the time of the civil war, as now, it was pronounced Adderton and Atherton, and so it was frequently spelt. Sir Thomas Fairfax and Heath (*Chronicle*) have Adderton. Rushworth spells it Atherston; Hodgson and the Duchess of Newcastle have Atherton; and Lister, who was a native of Bradford, gives the correct spelling—Adwalton.

only 3,000 men,[1] determined to march out of Bradford and give battle to an army four times as numerous as his own; for the Fairfaxes never counted odds, and often commanded success by the skilful audacity of their movements. On this occasion, however, fortune was against them.

Adwalton Moor is about a mile across, on an elevated ridge, with a somewhat steep ascent to it, along all the four miles from Bradford. From the moor, looking to the north, there is a glorious view, the high ridges of Tong and Pudsey, and the hills beyond the Aire, rising one above the other; and there are also high hills to the south. But the country is for the most part bare of trees, except in the bottoms of the deep glens, and the stone houses and walls dividing the fields give a bleak cheerless look to the scene. On that warm summer's morning, however, it was clear and bright. At the north-west corner of the moor, towards Bradford, there is a rounded eminence called West-gate Hill, by the side of which a lane, known as Hodgson's Lane, led across the moor to Birkenshaw. On the south-west side another country track, called Warren's Lane, along which five or six men might walk abreast, opened on the moor and led thence, between enclosed fields, to the village of Gomersal. Adwalton itself is a hamlet to the south-east, and somewhat below the ridge of the moor. Newcastle formed his army in line of battle a little in front of this hamlet, and about half a mile from West-gate Hill, which he occupied by an advanced detachment, or 'forlorn hope,' as it was called. Lord Fairfax intended to have marched out of Bradford at four in the morning, with his little force consisting of the garrisons of Halifax, Leeds, and Bradford, and a small re-inforcement of musketeers, that had just arrived from Lancashire; but Major-General Gifford, who was afterwards suspected of treachery, delayed the march by one excuse and another, so that it was nearly eight before they were clear of the town.

[1] Her Grace of Newcastle multiplies them to 5,000 musketeers and eighteen troops of horse. Sir Thomas Fairfax, who, to superior knowledge, added a stricter regard for truth, gives the number at 3,000.

Lord Fairfax led his troops gallantly up the road, carried West-gate Hill at a rush, driving the 'forlorn hope' back on the main body, and formed in line of battle across the western skirts of the moor. Sir Thomas Fairfax commanded the right wing, consisting of a thousand foot and five troops of horse. He formed his men behind the enclosures, at the head of Warren Lane. The old lord commanded in chief, and Gifford led the left wing down Hodgson's Lane and out on the moor. Cavalry was the Earl of Newcastle's most powerful arm, and he commenced the action by ordering twelve troops to charge across the moor, and attempt to enter Warren's Lane, where Sir Thomas's musketeers opened fire from the hedges on either side, and forced them to retreat, with the loss of their commander, Colonel Howard. In a second charge another Royalist commander, Colonel Herne, was slain, and Sir Thomas chased the Royalists back to their guns, and then returned to his former position.

In the thick of the fight four rascally soldiers managed to strip the body of Colonel Herne without being observed, and returned to their ranks; but, by a curious coincidence, a shot from one of Newcastle's culverins killed two of them, and wounded the others, although they were not together, but dispersed in different parts of their troop. Their young general heard of the outrage immediately afterwards, and, addressing the other men of the troop, he indignantly warned them that God would punish them for such base acts, when men wanted the power to do so.

Such a commander as this could not fail to excite the enthusiasm of the youthful chivalry of the county. The vivid picture sketched by Mr. Kingsley, of a gallant young gentleman drawing his sword against the tyrant King, and in defence of the liberties of his country, is true to the life. Thoresby is a type of the young warriors who flocked to the standard of Sir Thomas Fairfax, and there were many such who displayed their prowess on Adwalton Moor. One of these was Joshua Greathed, then aged twenty-eight, who behaved with extraordinary gallantry. Wherever the work was hottest, on that fateful day, there was young Greathed's

sword gleaming in the sunlight; and when at last he was forced down Warren's Lane in the press of fugitives, he took away with him more than one honourable wound. His hat, pierced with two bullets, and with the brim literally cut into shreds by cavalry swords, was long preserved by his family.

The repulse of the Royalist horse by Sir Thomas on the right, and similar success gained by Gifford's foot on the left, made Newcastle look upon the battle as lost, and he had actually given orders for a retreat, when some unaccountable change turned the fate of the day. On such occasions few know exactly what has taken place, and no two eye-witnesses ever tell the same story. The reverse to Lord Fairfax's army took place on the left wing, far from Sir Thomas's position; but the account he afterwards heard, and which he believed, was that, at the most critical moment, a Royalist colonel, named Skirton, led a resolute charge with a stand of pikes,[1] Gifford did not properly support his men with the reserves, and the Parliamentarians gave ground and broke, the rout of their left wing being completed by a charge of Royalist horse. Hodgson says that his friends were routed by the enemy's horse, and does not mention the pikemen; while Lister lays the disaster at the door of General Gifford, whom he calls Jeffries, and accuses of treacherously withholding ammunition from the soldiers.

The rout was complete, about 700 horse and foot were slain, most of the surviving infantry were taken prisoners, and Lord Fairfax fled into Bradford with the shattered remnant of his army. The same night he escaped with a small force, and made his way to Leeds. Meanwhile Sir Thomas Fairfax, not knowing what had happened in the left wing, stood his ground against repeated charges of Royalist cavalry, until an order came for him to retreat. It was then no longer possible to join his flying comrades,

[1] The Duchess and Sir Philip Warwick, who both, no doubt, got their information from Newcastle, also attribute the sudden change in the fortune of the day to a charge of pikes; as also does Slingsby, who was present.—*Diary*, p. 96.

for the victorious Royalists intervened. So he marched in good order down Warren's Lane to Gomersal, and thence to Halifax. But fiery young Tom was not one to abandon such good men and true as the bold Bradforders had proved themselves to be until the last extremity, and he managed to get into the town during the night, taking command of the besieged at dawn of the morning of July 1, with 800 foot and 60 horse.[1]

Newcastle occupied the next day in completely investing the town of Bradford, and getting his artillery into position. He fixed his head-quarters at Bowling Hall, a seat of the Tempest family, consisting of two square stone towers of great antiquity, connected by a fine old Elizabethan mansion, which was surrounded by a park extending to the outskirts of Bradford. It then belonged to one Richard Tempest, a weak imprudent man—a Royalist and a gamester. The earl found it unnecessary to raise batteries, as the hills, within half musket shot, completely commanded the town. He posted his guns in two positions and opened a heavy fire, which was returned by Sir Thomas with volleys of musketry. The streets were barricaded, and woolpacks were hung round the church tower to protect the musketeers, but a shot from the hill cut the cord and brought them all down by the run, amidst the loud cheers of the enemy. On the night of the 1st Newcastle offered conditions to Sir Thomas Fairfax, and sent in commissioners to treat; but while the parley was going on the Royalists treacherously assaulted the town, and there was a sharp fight for nearly an hour, when the assailants retreated. There was now only one barrel of

[1] The Battle of Adwalton Moor is not mentioned by Lord Clarendon; but it appears that there are two pages blank in this part of his manuscript, intended for transactions he was about to relate, but which he never did.—(See *Oxford Edition of* 1849, vol. vi. p. 417, App. 3 M.) The best account of the battle is given by Sir Thomas Fairfax himself (*Short Memorial*, p. 37–44), which agrees exactly with the brief notice in Rushworth, v. p. 279. See also the Duchess of Newcastle's life of her husband, Lister's *Autobiography*, Hodgson's *Memoirs*, Sir Philip Warwick's *Memoirs*, and Slingsby's *Diary*, p. 96. Fairfax, Slingsby, and Hodgson were eye-witnesses. The best topographical account of the ground will be found in Scatcherd's *History of Morley*, p. 277, the correctness of which I have tested by personal observation.

powder left, and no match. The last extremity had arrived, and Sir Thomas must either cut his way through the Royalist army or surrender with the town. There could be no doubt which course he would adopt. He determined to fight his way through the besieging force with about fifty horse, while his infantry, under a Colonel Rogers, took a different route through some narrow lanes, and beat up the quarters of the Royalist dragoons.

During all these perils and hardships Sir Thomas Fairfax had been accompanied by his noble-spirited wife, 'not from any zeal or delight in the war,' as Sir Thomas simply remarks, 'but through a willing and patient suffering of this undesirable condition,' for his sake. She was indeed a devoted loving woman. His delicate frame and constant ill-health increased the danger of the life of excitement and exposure that he was now leading, and his wife, worthy daughter and niece of the heroic Veres, had resolved to share these hardships with her husband, and to face all danger by his side.

Placing Lady Fairfax on a horse, behind a servant named Will Hill, in the centre of his small party, Sir Thomas rode out of the town a little before dawn, accompanied by Sir Henry Foulis and Major-General Gifford. As the morning broke they were met by three hundred of the enemy's horse. Sir Thomas led a desperate charge, and fought his way through, but many of his troop were slain, and the rest, with Lady Fairfax, were taken prisoners. He found himself alone, but clear of the enemy. By returning he would only have been made prisoner too. His wife was, he well knew, in the hands of gentlemen—his own neighbours and cousins. He therefore turned his horse's head, and rode across country to Leeds.

The foot were attacked by the Royalist dragoons, and, retreating back into Bradford, were all taken prisoners the next day, except about eighty, who seized some of the dragoons' horses and, riding into Leeds, found to their great joy that their beloved commander was also safe.

It is said that the Earl of Newcastle had given orders that

the inhabitants of Bradford should have no quarter; but that, during the night, a lady in white apparel pulled his bed-clothes off several times, crying out, with a lamentable voice, 'Pity poor Bradford!'[1] The room in Bowling Hall, which was the scene of this ghost story, is still shown. Certain it is that the final orders were that the people should be spared, although many were wounded and ill-treated when the Royalists broke into the town, and the place was given up to pillage.[2] Our old friend Captain Hodgson was taken prisoner and stripped to the shirt.[3]

Sir Thomas Fairfax found a council of war sitting at Leeds, and that a despatch had just arrived from Mr. Raikes, the Mayor of Hull, reporting the seizure of the Hothams, and that the town was ready to receive Lord Fairfax and the remnant of his defeated army. This was indeed good news, for they were quite unable now to face the Royalists in the open country; and, besides Hull, they had not a single garrison left in Yorkshire.

The open defection of the Hothams thus occurred at a most opportune moment. Sir Thomas had long suspected the younger one of treasonable designs. Notwithstanding the dash and gallantry of this unprincipled soldier of fortune, Fairfax was glad to be rid of him as a companion in arms. In May young Hotham had joined Sir Miles Hobart and Colonel Oliver Cromwell in Nottinghamshire, and his conduct became so outrageous that at last he was arrested. Mrs. Hutchinson says that he had a great deal of wicked wit, and would make sport of the miseries of the poor country. He told her husband the colonel, who had protested against his plundering the villagers, that he fought for liberty and expected it in all things, and that if Colonel Hutchinson did not like it he might complain to the Parliament.[4] He seems

[1] Lister, p. 13.

[2] Mr. Hailstone, of Horton Hall, has an interesting manuscript in his possession relating to the defence of Bradford. It is a '*Certificate of monies paid by John Lister the father, and Joseph Lister, inhabitants of Horton, towards the expenses of the Parliamentary army, at the taking of Bradford by the Earl of Newcastle's army on July* 2, 1643.'

[3] *Memoirs*, p. 100.

[4] *Memoirs*, i. p. 228.

to have looked upon the war as a mere marauding expedition; he plundered both sides alike, and even turned his guns upon Cromwell himself on one occasion, owing to some quarrel about feeds of corn for the horses. His father's guilt was deeper. He had long corresponded with Lord Newcastle, and at last some of his letters were intercepted.

Young Hotham escaped from arrest and came to Hull, just at the time when Sir John's treason was discovered. The town and garrison were true to the cause, so the two traitors fled to Beverley, and Sir John Hotham was stopped and made prisoner by his relation Sir Matthew Boynton.[1] They were shipped on board the *Hercules* at Hull, sent to London, lodged in the Tower, tried, and beheaded in January 1645, in spite of the strong efforts that were made to save them.[2] The father was a thoroughly selfish, unprincipled man. But it is impossible not to feel some pity for his son—that young dare-devil who was always ready for any dashing affair of outposts, who frightened the archbishop out of his bed at Cawood, and who had the audacity to dispute the passage of the Tees with Newcastle's whole army. But he looked on the war as an opportunity for good sport and wild raids rather than as a serious piece of work, and he could brook no superior. So he shared his father's fate. Had he lived he would have made a glorious cavalry officer.

Lord Fairfax determined, while there was yet time, to collect the remains of his broken force, make a rapid retreat to Selby, cross the Ouse, and throw himself into Hull, where he hoped to collect another army and resume the war.

[1] Boynton and the younger Hotham married two sisters, daughters of the Lord Fairfax of Gilling.

[2] They had had no less than eight wives between them, the father five and the son three, so that their relations by marriage were numerous and influential.

CHAPTER XII.

CAVALRY ACTIONS AT SELBY AND WINCEBY, AND SIEGE OF HULL.

In the first week of July, 1643, Lord Fairfax retreated from Leeds to Hull, crossing the Ouse at Selby; but this flight was not effected without opposition, and before describing the sharp encounter at the passage of the river it will be well to give some account of Selby and its neighbourhood, with a view to a clearer understanding of the nature of the ground on which both this and a far more important engagement, in the following year, were fought.

The little town of Selby gradually grew up round the wealthy monastery, the head of which was the only mitred abbot but one north of Trent; so that its chief feature was the glorious Abbey Church, with its old Norman nave and beautiful decorated choir. The tall central tower, between the two transepts, was supported by four grand and massive arches, and was a landmark for miles round.[1] The superb west front faced the market-place, and at the time of the civil war the great gateway was still standing—a noble arch flanked by buttresses, with a chamber above.[2] But all the other monastic buildings had been demolished. From the market-place a long street called the Gowthorpe led to the Leeds road, and on the north side of the Abbey Church a narrow lane, known as Finkle Street, opened on Micklegate. The only other street was Ousegate, which stretched along the banks of the river and continued to the Cawood road. South of the Gowthorpe and the Abbey Church was the 'Park' where stood the Abbey tithe barn,

[1] The tower fell in 1690, and destroyed the south transept.
[2] It was pulled down in 1792.

313 feet long by 29 wide, with walls three feet thick, supported by buttresses.

A lane from the south side of the Gowthorpe led to the village of Brayton, through the park, a distance of a little over a mile, where there is a fine church with a lofty tower and spire. From Brayton Common a narrow lane turned sharp to the right, running parallel with the Selby and Leeds road, and separated from it by fields and hedge-rows, on the south of which are two remarkable isolated hills, the only ones for miles around, called Brayton Barf and Hambleton Hough. The former is overgrown with underwood and whin cover, the latter with trees, and they are 140 feet above the sea. These round hills loomed on the horizon in the view from Sir Thomas Fairfax's windows at Nunappleton; they are visible from Bramham Moor, and were landmarks for ships coming up the Humber. With the exception of the two hills the country round Selby is perfectly flat, the road down the Gowthorpe leading through the villages of Thorpe Willoughby, Hambleton and Monk Fryston, to Leeds, and that beyond Ousegate passing north through Westow to Cawood, a distance of three miles and a half. Much of the land was even then under cultivation, but there were large patches of whin cover, and the extensive Bishop's Wood stretched away north of the Leeds road, just opposite Hambleton, which is three miles from Selby.

Lord Fairfax made a rapid march from Leeds to Selby, his son taking the post of danger in the rear, and following with an interval of about a mile between them. His lordship found a good number of ferry-boats at the *staiths* or wharves along Ousegate, and was embarking his horses when news came that the Royalist garrison at Cawood was upon him. Sir Thomas received the same tidings, and putting spurs to his horse, galloped up the Gowthorpe with about forty troopers, just as three troops of Royalist horse entered the town from Cawood. He drew up by the Abbey gateway, and the enemy came thundering down Micklegate and Finkle Street into the market-place. Sir Thomas at once charged and routed them, and chased them down the long

lane leading to Brayton. When the fugitives reached Brayton Common, they turned into the narrow lane that passes along the foot of Brayton Barf, where they were crowded together, and, mingling with their pursuers, there was some hot work. Sir Thomas received a bullet through his wrist, and the wound bled so profusely that he fainted, and would have fallen from his horse had not his men caught him and laid him on the grass, where the surgeon bound up the wound. In a few minutes he was on horseback again, and saw the enemy making their way across country to regain the Cawood road. This engagement enabled his father to embark in safety, and cross the Ouse with the main body. Sir Thomas had now been twenty hours in the saddle, and as he rode back into Selby a woman brought him out a cup of ale to drink, at the same time telling him to go to York. 'You say well,' he answered, 'but I must not go thither yet.'[1] To add to his anxiety, his little daughter Moll, then only five years old, had accompanied him in his flight, being placed before her nurse on a horse, and the poor little thing was nearly dead with terror and fatigue. But there was no rest yet, for from some unexplained reason the ferry had become impassable, and Sir Thomas was obliged to make his way along the right bank as best he could. He succeeded in crossing the Trent, and sent his swooning child to seek shelter in a farmhouse, with small hope of seeing her alive again, while he rode on to Barton in Lincolnshire, which place he reached after having been forty hours in the saddle. Here at last he tried to get a little rest; but he had not lain down for a quarter of an hour before the place was attacked by a troop of Royalist horse, and hurrying on board a ship that had come for him, with his few remaining followers, he arrived at Hull with his clothes torn to pieces, and covered with blood. Next day he sent a vessel up the river for his daughter, and she arrived safely, having suffered no serious consequences from her terrible day's work.

Soon afterwards Lady Fairfax came to Hull in the Earl of

[1] Slingsby's *Diary*, p. 98.

Newcastle's own coach, escorted by a troop of Royalist horse. She had been treated with respect and civility by the courtly Cavendish; all her wishes had been attended to, and she was sent back to her husband as soon as an opportunity offered. Lord Fairfax was so fortunate as to be able, in some degree, to requite the chivalrous courtesy of his noble antagonist, by protecting and doing acts of kindness to his daughters, who were left at Welbeck when Newcastle himself fled from England, after the battle of Marston Moor.[1]

The difficulties of the Fairfaxes were fully understood by the two Houses of Parliament, and their great services were appreciated. When the news of the crushing defeat at Adwalton reached London, the Speaker at once wrote to Lord Fairfax, to assure him that the Houses would always extend their utmost power and authority to support him,[2] and on July 22 he was formally appointed Governor of Hull. Soon the scattered soldiers of the Parliament began, singly or in small parties, to rejoin their beloved commanders. Lord Fairfax and his son, as Mrs. Hutchinson says, headed all the honest religious Englishmen that were to be found in those parts;[3] and, before long, they found themselves in command of about 1,500 foot and 700 horse; and Sir Thomas was stationed at Beverley, with the horse and about 600 foot to avoid overcrowding within the walls of Hull.

The Earl of Newcastle had now conquered the whole of Yorkshire, excepting Hull, and he marched into the adjoining counties in the belief that at last the Fairfaxes were effectually crushed. He was never more mistaken in his life. After taking and garrisoning the towns of Gainsborough and Lincoln, he received news that Sir Thomas Fairfax was again traversing the country, and that he had even threatened Stamford Bridge, close to the city of York. The Royalist general was urgently requested by his party to return into Yorkshire, and, by the advice of General King,[4] he determined to lay siege to Hull, and so finally put an end

[1] *Fairfax Correspondence*, iii. p. 194.
[2] Letter from Speaker Lenthall to Lord Fairfax, July 19, 1643.
[3] *Memoirs*, i. p. 222.
[4] Slingsby's *Diary*, p. 99.

to all opposition north of the Trent. It is said that, had it not been for this urgent requisition to return, the Earl would have led his army south to co-operate with the King, and the Duchess declares that if he had done so he would have ended the war.[1] But it would seem from what Sir Philip Warwick says, who was twice sent on a mission to Lord Newcastle from Oxford, that his most powerful motive for not joining the King was a purely personal and selfish one, arising from a sense of his own importance, and a preference for retaining a separate command.

The Royalist army marched from York to Beverley, where Sir Thomas Fairfax, with a small and totally inadequate force, had been ordered to hold his ground. This was impossible, but he did his best. The enemy's force consisted of 12,000 foot and 4,000 horse. Sir Thomas ordered his small body of foot to retreat to Hull, while he advanced with his handful of cavalry until the Royalist army was close upon him, and then retreated slowly into Beverley, showing fight here and there in the narrow lanes, and closed the gates. This gave time for the foot to make good their retreat into Hull, and Sir Thomas followed with the horse, having the enemy close behind him all the way.[2] On Saturday, September 2, 1643, the Earl of Newcastle's army laid siege to Hull.

Kingston-upon-Hull was a strong defensible town, and proved to be the Torres Vedras of the Fairfaxes. It stands at the mouth of the river Hull, its southern side facing the Humber, and its eastern being flanked by the Hull; and, as the Parliament commanded the sea, there was no chance of its being reduced from want of supplies. The town was only assailable from the west and north, where there was a strong double wall. The fortifications commenced on the Humber at a point where there was a pier called the West Jetty. On

[1] *Life*, p. 36.

[2] *Short Memorial*, p. 61. Poulson's *Beverlac*, p. 363. Slingsby's *Diary*, p. 100. Hull's, *Managing of the Kingdom's Cause*, p. 13. In this pamphlet we are told that 'there goes along with this army almost 1,000 bloody women, many of whose faces and actions do make them too much to resemble the poet's hellish harpies.'

the west side there were ten flanking towers[1] and a gate, through which the road from Anlaby entered the town; and, at the angle of the west and north faces, there was another bastion, with the Beverley gate on its eastern side. In the northern face there were fourteen flanking towers, and a strong block-house, and, near where the wall touched upon the river Hull, a bridge of fourteen arches was thrown across, over which went the road into Holderness. Here also there was a building called the Charter House, belonging to Colonel Alured, which Lord Fairfax was obliged to demolish. A moat ran round the base of the walls from the Hull to the Humber. The old castle was at the mouth of the Hull, on the opposite bank, and the ships of the Parliament were anchored in the rivers Humber and Hull. The overflowing of the rivers at spring tides was provided against by raised banks.

Newcastle encamped his army in the villages of Hessle, Anlaby, and Cottingham, and a curved line passing through them from the Humber to the Hull formed a semicircle facing the west and north sides of the town. Lord Fairfax planted guns on the walls, and threw up a work on the banks of the Hull, near the Charter House, on which he placed a large brass gun. All the servant-girls of the town helped to carry earth and stones for this and the other works, yet only one ever got hurt during the siege. Lord Newcastle began throwing up earth-works and getting his guns into position; but, on the 14th, Fairfax caused the banks to be cut, which inundated great part of the country during spring tides, so that the Royalists 'were wet-shod in all their works,' except those on the ridges of the banks.

The Parliamentary commanders in Lincolnshire, Lord Willoughby of Parham and Colonel Oliver Cromwell, crossed the Humber on September 26, to consult with Lord Fairfax; and it was arranged that, as the horse was of no use within the besieged town, while several animals died every day for want of good water, they should be sent over the river into

[1] Hollar's plan. [2] Hull's *Managing.*

the neighbouring county, under the command of Sir Thomas Fairfax. The now famous cavalry officer, therefore, went back with his visitors on the same day. This was the first time that Fairfax and Cromwell met; and soon afterwards they were both engaged in a dashing cavalry action, when each was doubtless impressed with the other's military capacity.

The old lord continued to conduct his successful defence of Hull. On the 28th the besiegers began a work half a mile from the north wall, and there were many sallies and much hard fighting to prevent its erection; but at last it was finished, mounted with two brass culverins carrying thirty-six pound balls, and other guns, and named the King's Fort. Red-hot shot were also prepared in furnaces, and a warm fire was opened upon the north wall, the Royalists declaring that they would burn the town, though they fetched the fire from hell.[1] Lord Fairfax strengthened this part of his works by adding two large culverins to the battery on Charter House Fort. Finding that no impression could be made on this side, Lord Newcastle commenced approaches along the banks of the Humber, and planted some heavy guns within half a mile of the walls; upon which Fairfax raised a fort close to the west or ragged jetty, which also protected the shipping, with a half-moon work flanking it. There were incessant assaults and sallies, and on October 3 the spring tide again overflowed the Royalist works, and gave them wet lodgings; but affairs remained in much the same state until the 5th, when the Earl of Manchester sent a reinforcement of 500 foot into the town, commanded by Sir John Meldrum, an experienced and able Scot.

Four days afterwards the Royalists made a general assault upon the works. Captain Strickland, a gallant young officer, led a storming party to attempt the West Jetty Battery and Half Moon, while another detachment attacked the Charter House Fort, on the opposite side of the town. The assailants were not discovered until they began to scale the West

[1] Hull's *Managing*, p. 16.

Jetty Works, when they were received with a galling fire from the Half Moon. Young Strickland then wheeled his men round to make a dash at that smaller work, and had reached the crest of the parapet, when he was shot dead with a brace of bullets in the breast. The townsmen then fell upon the assailants with great fury, and very few escaped.[1] The Royalists were equally unsuccessful on the Charter House side, and they returned disheartened to their own damp unhealthy lines.

It was at this time that Sir Philip Warwick paid his second visit to the Earl of Newcastle. There had been much rain, and finding the men ankle deep in water, he suggested that those without seemed likelier to rot than those within to starve. The Royalist general answered: 'You hear us often called the "Popish Army," but you see we trust not in our *good works.*'[2] This is the best thing Newcastle ever said; there is nothing near so good amongst the eighty-five sapient remarks that are recorded of him by his adoring duchess.[3]

On October 11, Fairfax and Meldrum prepared to make a sally, and assault the enemy's works in great strength. A body of 1,500 men, consisting of soldiers, townsmen, and sailors from the 'Lion,' 'Employment,' and other ships in the Humber, was assembled in two divisions, and at nine in the morning they sallied out. Sir John Meldrum led one party out of the Beverley Gate to attack the enemy's left wing, while the second division advanced from the West Jetty, and assaulted the Royalist forts on the Humber. The camp of the besiegers was a quarter of a mile in rear of their batteries, and in the first rush the Hull men carried all the works, but reinforcements were hurried up from the camp, and they were repulsed. Lord Fairfax and Sir John rallied their men under the walls of the town, and led them once more to the assault. This time they charged with such

[1] Many of them died with a 'God damn me' in the mouth.—Hull's *Managing*, p. 19.

[2] Warwick's *Memoirs*, p. 264.

[3] *Life*, book iv.

fury that they captured most of the besieging batteries, and turned the guns upon the flying Royalists. Upwards of a hundred shots were fired from the cannons on the walls, and the fight raged furiously for three hours. It was decisive. Fairfax captured the famous cannons called 'Gog and Magog,' which had done him such mischief on Adwalton Moor. They weighed 5,790 pounds, and carried thirty-six pound shot. He also took a demi-culverin, four small drakes on one carriage, two large brass drakes, a saker, and much ammunition.

Thus ended the siege of Hull.[1] During the night Newcastle marched off and returned to York, ruthlessly pillaging the unfortunate town of Beverley on his way, and driving off all the cattle in the surrounding country.[2] Like Massena, he had found his Torres Vedras; but he was consoled for the mortification of his reverse by being created a marquis on October 27, 1643.

Meanwhile Sir Thomas Fairfax and his cavalry had been doing good service in Lincolnshire. Sir Thomas Henderson was in command of the Royalists in those parts, and the Earl of Manchester, who had just captured Lynn in Norfolk, advanced by way of Boston to support the cause of the Parliament. Lord Willoughby, Sir Thomas Fairfax, and Colonel Cromwell, met him at Kirby in the Lincolnshire Wolds or highlands, about a mile from the castle of Bolingbroke, where there was a Royalist garrison, and seven from the town of Horncastle. The Royalists collected forces from their garrisons of Lincoln, Newark, and Gainsborough, with a resolution to fight Lord Manchester, advancing against him with seventy-four colours of horse, and twenty-one of

[1] The account of the siege is from Rushworth, the letter from Sir John Meldrum to the Speaker, dated October 14, 1643, in Vicar's *God's Ark*, &c. p. 39, and a pamphlet published in London in 1644, entitled 'Hull's *Managing of the Kingdom's Cause* (King's Pamphlets, 161). There are also accounts of the siege in *Tickell's History of Hull*, and in *Gent's Annales Regioduni Hullini*, 1735. A very creditable new edition of the latter work has been published by Messrs. Peck, printers of Hull, in 1869. An account of the citadel and fortifications will be found in a pamphlet published by Mr. Leng of Hull in 1858, and a good plan was engraved by Hollar, who died in 1677.

[2] Poulson's *Beverlac*, p. 363.

dragoons. Manchester's foot, under Sir Miles Hobart, occupied the village of Bolingbroke on October 11, and next day all his cavalry was drawn up on Bolingbroke Hill.

The wolds extend along the length of Lincolnshire, from the Humber to the Fens of Holland; and from Horncastle to Spilsby they are about ten miles across, consisting of grassy uplands cut by deep glens or dales, which carry off the water to the rivers Steeping and Witham. The road from Horncastle to Spilsby runs along the water-parting, and the little hamlet of Winceby, consisting of a church and a few cottages, is about half way. A mile further on is another village called Lusby. Both are on the ridge of the water-shed. A deep dale runs off on the north side to the Steeping, and another opens out on the south to the Boston fens, with Bolingbroke village and castle in its bottom. Bolingbroke hill is the high land on the west of this dale. The Royalists advanced from Horncastle to Winceby, while the Parliamentary horse marched up the ridge on the west side of the Bolingbroke dale towards the same point. They encountered each other in a field called Lusby walk,[1] close to Winceby, at the point where the roads to Bolingbroke and Lusby separate.

Quartermaster-General Vermuyden led a forlorn hope of dragoons, Cromwell had the van, and Sir Thomas Fairfax followed in support. They rode on at a trot as soon as they descried the Royalists, the fierce troopers singing psalms as they advanced. The watchword of the Parliamentarians was 'Religion,' that of the Royalists 'Cavendish.' The dragoons gave the first charge, and had a very sharp encounter; then Cromwell came on at the head of his men. His horse was killed and fell over him, and as he rose on his feet he was knocked down by a blow from the Royalist Sir Ingram Hopton. He never was in greater danger, but a soldier remounted him, and he again dashed into the fight. The Royalist van fell back on the main body, and put it into disorder. There was another half-hour's hand-to-hand fighting, at the end of which Sir Thomas Fairfax fell upon

[1] Seven bodies were recently dug up in this field, one with a steel cap on the skull. They were buried in the churchyard.

the enemy's flank and completed the rout. 'Come let us fall on,' said he; 'I never prospered better than when I fought against the enemy three or four to one.'[1] The Royalists fled down a lane towards Horncastle, and were chased by Sir Thomas for nearly five miles. Sir Ingram Hopton and my ancestor Colonel Markham[2] were among the slain. The part of the lane, just beyond Winceby, where the greatest execution was done, has ever since been called 'Slash Lane.' In those days a gate led from it across a field called 'the Pingle' to Hammeringham, and local tradition has it that some of the Royalists, attempting to escape that way, were clubbed owing to the gate opening inwards, and thus overtaken and slaughtered to a man. Manchester's foot came up too late to join in the action. Winceby fight[3] took place on the same day as the great sally which led to the raising of the siege of Hull, and as Sir Thomas returned from the chase he could distinctly hear the boom of his father's guns.[4] This brilliant cavalry action finished the campaign, and Sir Thomas returned to Hull and went into winter quarters; where, however, he was not allowed long to remain, for the Parliament required his services in the depth of winter for a very important operation in Cheshire. Indeed, while he was stationed at Hull, he led an expedition across the Humber, accompanied by Sir John Meldrum, and retook Gainsborough by storm on December 20.

Thus ended, with the year 1643, Sir Thomas Fairfax's first campaign. He and his father had to hold their ground against an army which was more numerous and better provided, and it was of the first importance to the cause that

[1] *Scottish Dove*, October 20, 1643.

[2] He was second in command to Colonel Charles Cavendish, who was slain some little time before in a bog near the Trent; and one account says that Colonel Markham lost his life then, and not at Winceby.

[3] Sometimes called Horncastle fight. The Duchess of Newcastle splits the difference by calling it Hornby, p. 38.

[4] There is an '*Exact Relation*' of Winceby fight in the *Fairfax Correspondence*, iii. p. 62, and another account in Rushworth, v. p. 282. John Vicars gives a version in his *God's Ark overtopping the World's Waves*, London, 1644, p. 42; and there is another in the Scottish newspaper called *The Dove*, October 13–20, 1643. Sir Thomas Fairfax furnishes a short account of the fight in his *Memorial*, p. 66. See also Ludlow's *Memoirs*, p. 30.

they should do so, for if they had been crushed Lord Newcastle would have been free to march south, and co-operate with the King. Had this taken place—had the Fairfaxes been one jot less resolute and less active—in all probability the tyrant would have recovered his old irresponsible power, and the fate of England would have been changed. She would have had to pass, like France, through a fiercer and more terrible revolution at some later period. The course of the campaign may be recapitulated in a few lines. Newcastle came from the north with a large well-appointed army, having a good port in his rear whence he received supplies of arms and ammunition. The Fairfaxes held the manufacturing towns in the west, and two posts on the Ouse, while Hull was commanded by a treacherous rival. They first attempted to hold the line of the Wharfe, to prevent Newcastle from marching south. Driven from that, they fell back on the line of the Ouse, and were thus separated from their friends in the west. But Sir Thomas dashed across the intervening country, and recovered Leeds by a brilliant assault, which combined audacity with judgment. Then the treachery of Sir John Hotham at Hull obliged Lord Fairfax to make a flank march in face of a vastly superior number of the enemy; and again the audacity of Sir Thomas, amounting almost to recklessness, enabled this hazardous movement to be effected with trifling loss. The victory of Wakefield, thoroughly characteristic of Sir Thomas Fairfax, was only an episode. At last Newcastle marched against the Fairfaxes with his whole army. They might probably have avoided a general engagement by retreating into Lancashire, but this was not their habit. A crushing defeat ensued, and the Royalist commander was apparently master of the situation, and free to end the war by overrunning the associated counties. But in the Fairfaxes he had men of the true English type to deal with. They retreated into Hull, at once began to rally their scattered but faithful troops, and Newcastle soon found that it would be impossible to leave such an enemy in his rear. He sat down before Hull, and when he was forced to raise the siege and retreat to York, the fruits of all his

successes were virtually gone, and the campaign had practically been in favour of the Fairfaxes.[1] They had held their own, and had neutralised a powerful Royalist army.

The most striking quality of the Fairfaxes was a thoroughly English one—the inability to understand that they had been beaten. Every reverse only inspired them with fresh resolution to persevere, and no attempt was too daring, no odds too great, for the enterprising spirit of Sir Thomas Fairfax. But he also acquired military experience during this arduous service, his judgment was matured, and he was now well known to the Parliament as a most distinguished officer.

After the raising of the siege of Hull Lady Fairfax and little Moll went to London, to pay a visit to old Lady Vere at Hackney. The brave and affectionate wife had shared all her lord's dangers and hardships, and he now insisted that she should have some necessary rest and relaxation. Who could tell how much she might need her strength in the future, which then seemed sufficiently dark and lowering?

[1] Lord Fairfax 'doubted not but in a while to visit his dearly beloved West Riding again.'—Slingsby, p. 99.

CHAPTER XIII.

BATTLE OF NANTWICH, AND SIEGE OF LATHOM HOUSE.

WHILE the Fairfaxes were struggling for existence in Yorkshire, the affairs of the Parliament were faring no better in the south, and the leaders of the nation resolved to make a treaty with Scotland that should produce such assistance as would ensure the final success of the cause. Sir Harry Vane the younger—the purest patriot and ablest statesman of that age—was appointed by the Parliament to conduct the negotiations with the Scottish nation, and he went by sea to Edinburgh in July 1643. There were four commissioners, but, as Clarendon says, 'the others need not be named, since Sir Harry was all in any business where others were joined with him.' He had a very difficult service to perform, and it required a man of his consummate ability to carry it to a successful issue. The Scots were more bigoted than Laud himself, they were devoted to a narrow exclusive form of Presbyterianism, and they wished to make the adoption of their system of church government by the English Parliament a condition of their assistance. Sir Harry Vane was determined to secure their aid, but he was equally resolved not to endorse their condition.

A Solemn League and Covenant was agreed to between the three kingdoms for the reformation and defence of religion, the honour and happiness of the King, and the peace and safety of the kingdoms. All who subscribed it swore to preserve the reformed religion in the Church of Scotland, and to promote the reformation of religion in England and Ireland, according to the Word of God and the example of the best reformed churches. Sir Harry Vane, by insisting

upon the insertion of the clause '*according to the Word of God*,' secured freedom of conscience and liberty of judgment to each subscriber. The subscribers also swore to bring the churches of God in the three kingdoms to the nearest uniformity, to endeavour the extirpation of popery and of church government by bishops, to preserve and defend the rights and liberties of the Parliaments of the two kingdoms, and the person and authority of the King, to endeavour the discovery and judgment of incendiaries, and to assist and defend all those who entered into the Covenant. A subsidiary treaty was also negotiated, in which it was provided that the League and Covenant should be subscribed in both kingdoms, that a Scotch army should be levied to march into England, subject to orders mutually agreed to by the contracting parties, to consist of 18,000 foot, 2,000 horse, 1,000 dragooners, and a due proportion of artillery; that this army should be paid on account by Scotland, all sums so advanced being repaid on the establishment of peace; that England should also pay down £100,000 at once, and £30,000 a month; and that no peace should be made without the mutual consent of both parties.

This Covenant was subscribed by the English Parliament on September 22, 1643, and in January 1644 the Scottish army, under the command of the Earl of Leven, crossed the Tweed in a heavy snow-storm, appearing before Newcastle on February 3. On receiving tidings of this invasion, the Marquis of Newcastle marched into Northumberland and occupied its capital, taking Sir Thomas Glemham with him, and leaving Colonel John Bellasis Governor of York. Leven declined the siege, but crossed the Tyne on February 28, followed by the Marquis, and passing over the Wear by Newbridge, near Lumley Castle, occupied Sunderland on March 4. It was a severe winter, and the constant snow-storms obliged Newcastle, with his army of 14,000 men, to retire to Durham, enabling Leven to forage over the country between Sunderland and Shields. On the 19th the Scots surprised a Royalist detachment at Chester-le-Street, and

occupied the place, upon which some fighting ensued.[1] We must leave Newcastle and Leven watching each other in this position, in order to follow the events which led to their hurried march into Yorkshire.

Sir Thomas Fairfax was able fully and conscientiously to accept the League and Covenant in the form in which it had been agreed to by Sir Harry Vane, and he signed it when a fitting occasion arrived.[2] But he had other work cut out for him amidst the snows and floods of that severe winter of 1643–4; and while Newcastle was failing to stop the progress of Leven and his Scots, Fairfax was pouncing down upon a Royalist army of invasion from Ireland, and scattering it to the winds.

In the autumn of 1643 Charles determined to bring over from Ireland the troops that had been sent to quell the insurrection of the Roman Catholics. A cessation of arms for a year was therefore agreed upon between the Royalist Earl of Ormond and the Roman Catholic Irish under Viscount Muskerry,[3] on September 15, against which the two Houses protested, but measures were at once taken for sending the troops over to England to reinforce the Royalists. Clarendon says that no Irish came with them, but this is certainly untrue;[4] and at all events the troops had been brutalised by service in Ireland, and their invasion of England excited just indignation, even among numbers of the King's friends. It alienated the affections of several peers and others, and Sir Edward Dering especially published his reasons for making

[1] Sir Philip Warwick says that the Scots were reinforced by 2,000 men from Hull, many of them stout seamen, which enabled Leven to attack and gain an advantage over Newcastle at a place called Hilton.—*Memoirs*, p. 298.

[2] Copies of the Covenant were ordered to be sent to all generals and governors of towns, that it might be taken by the soldiers under their command; and it was also to be read to the people by the ministers in all churches.

[3] This was Donogh M'Carty, Lord of Blarney, a wild Irishman, to whom, however, Ormond gave his sister in marriage. He was created Earl of Clancarty in 1658.

[4] Lord Inchiquin landed 800 Irish at Weymouth, and 'these wretches brought the same savage disposition as they had discovered in their own country; they plundered and killed people in cold blood, observing neither the rules of honour nor the laws of arms.'—Neal's *Puritans*, iii. p. 85. See also *Godwin*, i. p. 281, *note*, and *Whitelocke*, p. 81.

his peace with the Parliament on this occasion. A portion of this Irish force was landed at Mostyn in Flintshire, in November 1643, and placed under the command of Lord Byron, or 'Bloody Byron' as he was called, who declared, with reference to the feeling against the Irish invasion, that 'he knew no reason why the King should make any scruple of calling in the Turks, if they should serve him.'[1] After taking Hawarden and Beeston Castles, they invaded Cheshire, where Sir William Brereton drew together his forces to oppose them.

Sir William Brereton, an able and zealous officer of an ancient Cheshire family, had been sent down by the Parliament in the beginning of the war to secure his native county, and had fortified Nantwich, which town he made his head-quarters; while the Royalists, under Sir Nicholas Byron, held the city of Chester. In March 1643, Brereton had defeated Sir Thomas Aston at Middlewich,[2] and Clarendon acknowledges that he 'executed his command with notable sobriety and indefatigable industry,' and that the common people were devoted to him, and gave him intelligence, because he paid for everything, whereas the Royalists lived at free quarters.

Lord Byron's Irish army advanced into Cheshire, bragging and boasting, and despising their enemy; and, if a certain Captain Byrch, whose letter is in the Ormond Collection, may be taken as a type of its officers, they were puffed up with insolence and self-sufficiency, and likely to collapse at the first reverse. Hearing that Sir William was encamped at Sandbage, a place famous for strong ale, Byron marched in that direction, and afterwards fell upon Brereton's horse at Middlewich, and killed 300. He then laid siege to Nantwich in the depth of winter, and on January 14 assaulted the town in five different places, but was gallantly repulsed at all points. Nevertheless he continued the siege, and the affairs of the Parliament were in a very critical position in

[1] *Carte*, i. p. 36.

[2] Ormerod gives a copy of a pamphlet entitled *Cheshire's Successe*, London, March 25, 1643, comprising the events from the arrival of Sir William Brereton to the affair at Middlewich.

Cheshire, Nantwich being the only place of importance that was held by their forces.

Under these circumstances, the two Houses turned to young Sir Thomas Fairfax to retrieve their affairs in the west. When he received orders to undertake this service his men were sickly, worn out with the fatigues of the trying Yorkshire campaign, and half naked. But, in spite of all this, he prepared to obey his orders. He raised money on his own credit, which enabled him to buy cloth sufficient to clothe 1,500 men, and on December 29 he set out from Falkingham in Lincolnshire, at the head of 2,800 horse and 500 dragoons, with power to draw together all the regiments of foot in Lancashire and Cheshire. He requested Colonel Hutchinson to send him the horse quartered at Nottingham, who, however, refused to join him, 'not out of cowardice, but because they had the general fault of all the Parliament party, and were not very obedient to command.'[1] Passing through Derbyshire and Staffordshire, he reached Manchester, where he soon increased his force by an addition of 3,000 foot, which enabled him at once to march to the relief of Nantwich. Among these levies were some of his old comrades in arms, who had been scattered after the rout of Adwalton. They were collected into companies by our brave old friend Hodgson, who marched them from Craven in Yorkshire to Manchester; but they were haggard from imprisonment, and half naked, and when Sir Thomas saw them he burst into tears.[2] He recognised among them many a familiar face—Nunappleton tenants doubtless—who had marched and fought with him ever since that first brave stand on Tadcaster Bridge; and 'Black Tom,' as they called him in their loving familiarity, could not look unmoved on their destitute condition. Brave as a lion in battle, he was tender-hearted as any woman where the welfare or comfort of his soldiers was concerned, and their necessities were at once attended to.

[1] *Mrs. Hutchinson*, i. p. 306.

[2] *Memoirs*, p. 101. 'The good man wept when he looked upon us,' says Captain Hodgson.

Nantwich is in a low flat country, about twenty miles south-east of Chester, on the banks of the river Weaver. It was an old-fashioned place in those days, with timber houses having large bay windows and projecting stories. It had been surrounded by earth-works, and the garrison was commanded by stout Sir George Booth. Lord Byron's army surrounded the town, and was encamped on both sides of the Weaver, his head-quarters being at the village of Acton, about a mile north-west of Nantwich, on the Chester road. The troops found quarters in Acton church, a stone edifice of richly pointed Gothic, with pinnacles and buttresses; while the officers were lodged at Dorfold House, the old seat of the Wilbrahams, a lofty pile of dark brick, having bay windows and groups of massy chimneys, with an avenue leading to it from Acton. But these Irish invaders spread themselves into the surrounding villages, robbing and plundering all they could lay their hands upon. Lord Byron's army consisted of 3,000 foot and 1,800 horse. Under Byron, a Sir Michael Earnley was lieutenant-general, and his colonels were Monk, Fleetwood, Butler, Gibson, Warren, his brother Sir Robert Byron, and Sir Fulk Huncks. Lord Byron acknowledges that the country people were ill-affected, and that he never could procure intelligence.

Sir Thomas Fairfax marched from Manchester on Jan. 21, 1644, and, forming a junction with Sir William Brereton, he was able to lead 2,500 foot and twenty-eight troops of horse to raise the siege of Nantwich. He had with him his cousin, Sir William Fairfax, Colonels Lambert and Copley, commanding regiments of horse; and among the infantry officers was Colonel Bright, who had served through the Yorkshire campaign, and into whose regiment the companies brought by Captain Hodgson were incorporated. Sir Thomas encountered a party of the enemy in Delamere Forest, and six miles further on they attempted to hold a narrow part of the road against him with 200 men; but he dismounted some dragoons, who carried the position with little loss. He then formed his army in the order in which he intended to fight, and advanced towards Nantwich, across

a country cut up by ditches and hedgerows. This was on January 28.

During the previous night there had been a thaw, with very heavy rain, which swelled the river Weaver, and carried the ferry-boat away, so that communication was cut off between the two parts of Byron's army, and the force on the further side was obliged to march round for six miles before it could join the main body. Lord Byron formed his troops across the country a mile north of Nantwich, with his brother's regiment on the left wing, Gibson's on the right, and Warren's and Earnley's in the centre. Sir Michael Earnley being sick, Colonel Gibson was entrusted with the arrangement of the details which formed the duty of a major-general, and he stationed the regiment of Sir Fulk Huncks in the rear, to watch the Nantwich garrison. The nature of the ground made it very difficult for cavalry to act.

After the action became general along the line of battle, the Royalist wings forced their opponents to give ground in the fields, when Sir William Fairfax opportunely dashed down some flanking lanes with his horse, cleared them of the enemy, and thus so encouraged the foot soldiers, that they rallied and drove the Royalists back from hedge to hedge; but there was some hard fighting, and the regiments of Sir Robert Byron and Colonel Gibson behaved very gallantly. The conduct of Byron's centre was the immediate cause of his defeat. Warren's regiment, though led by the much-vaunted Colonel Monk, no sooner charged than it broke, was rallied by its officers, and, at the next charge, broke altogether and ran away. Earnley's regiment also fled, so that Sir Thomas Fairfax found his centre disengaged, and, wheeling it in divisions to right and left, he fell upon the flanks of the Royalist wings, and completed the victory. Meanwhile the din and confusion were increased by both armies being attacked in the rear. The detachment of Byron's force that had been on the further bank of the Weaver did not come round until the battle had commenced, when they attacked Fairfax's rear, but were kept in check

by two regiments of foot and Sir Thomas's own troop of horse, under Major Rokeby. At the same time Governor Booth sallied out of Nantwich with 600 musketeers to attack the Royalist rear. They routed the reserve under Sir Fulk Huncks, and captured the artillery in Acton churchyard.

Fairfax's victory was complete. The fight had commenced at half-past three in the afternoon, and was over by six. Lord Byron and the cavalry escaped to Chester, but the other officers took refuge in Acton church and cried for quarter, while the soldiers fled in all directions, many of them taking service under the victorious general. All the Royalist colonels, including the subsequently notorious Monk, 1,500 soldiers, six pieces of ordnance, and quantities of arms, were captured; 200 Royalists were slain, and among the prisoners were found 150 wild Irish women, armed with long knives. Nantwich was relieved amidst great rejoicings. It was on a Thursday—St. Paul's Day—and for many years the anniversary was kept by the citizens, who wore sprigs of holly in their hats in token of victory, and called it holly-holiday.[1]

The county was thus recovered to the Parliament, and the moral effect of the victory was very great, for Byron's brigade was composed of veterans who had never before been defeated.

The young conqueror's first act, after having entered Nantwich, was to write to his wife, announcing his great victory over the Irish army, and alluding to the hardships he had undergone, marching day and night in frost and snow,

[1] The accounts of the Battle of Nantwich are to be found in Sir Thomas Fairfax's official despatch to Lord Essex, dated January 29, 1644 (Rushworth, v. p. 302), and in his *Short Memorial*, p. 72. The original manuscript of the despatch to Lord Essex is in the Tanner Collection at the Bodleian, vol. lxii. p. 528. The Royalist version is in Lord Byron's letter to the Earl of Ormond, dated from Chester on January 30, and Sir Robert Byron's of the same date. (*Carte*, i. pp. 36–40.) Ormerod, in his history of Cheshire, gives copious extracts from a scarce pamphlet entitled *Providence Improved*, written by Edward Burghall, the zealous Puritan Vicar of Acton, who gives a detailed account of the action. Ormerod also quotes from Partridge's *History of Nantwich*. See also *God's Ark*, by Vicars, p. 142; *Whitelocke's Memorials*, p. 86; *Echard*, ii. p. 467; *Hodgson's Memoirs*, p. 102; *Clarendon*, and *Rapin*, ii. p. 486. Partridge and Clarendon say that Byron's forces were permanently divided by the flooding of the river; but Lord Byron himself implies that this was not the case, and it appears from Fairfax that the missing portion attacked his rear.

and suffering from ill-health, which had been aggravated by the worry caused by bickerings and disputes amongst his officers. He sent his love to Lady Vere, to his sister Lady Craven, who was also staying at Hackney, and to his little Moll.[1] He then wrote his modest official despatch to the Earl of Essex, announcing his great success.[2]

Having thus recovered Cheshire for the Parliament, Sir Thomas Fairfax returned into Lancashire, detaching Colonel Lambert with a small force to attempt the recovery of the faithful clothing-towns in the West Riding. At this time the armies of Newcastle and Leven were facing each other near Chester-le-Street, in Durham; all the open country in the East Riding of Yorkshire was overrun by Colonel John Bellasis, the Royalist governor of York, and it was of the utmost consequence that Lord Fairfax should be enabled to come out of Hull and take the field. Yet, in the face of these urgent considerations, Sir Thomas, to his great annoyance, received positive orders to remain in Lancashire, and besiege an unimportant country house, instead of at once joining his father and commencing a second Yorkshire campaign.

Lathom House, belonging to the Earl of Derby, had been secretly garrisoned and put into a posture of defence by his countess, who now defied the power of the Parliament, while her husband was absent in the Isle of Man. The house stood in flat boggy ground, with hills rising all round it, and was defended by a moat eight yards wide and two deep, with a strong palisade along its banks. The walls were two yards thick, with nine towers, besides a high central one, called the Eagle Tower, and a strong lofty gate-house. The garrison consisted of 300 soldiers, with experienced officers to command them, one of whom was Captain Halsall, who wrote a diary of the siege, and for artillery they had six sakers and two sling pieces. But the awkward part of this service was that the Countess of Derby, who was a stout strong-minded Frenchwoman past forty, chose to conduct the defence in person; and the fear of exposing

[1] *Fairfax Correspondence*, iii. p. 74.
[2] Rushworth, v. p. 302.

this heroic lady to any danger made the work exceedingly distasteful to Sir Thomas Fairfax. On February 28 he sent her a letter requesting her to yield up the house upon honourable conditions, and she asked for a week to consider, merely wanting to gain time. Meanwhile his troops took up their quarters round the house, and opened trenches. He then proposed that she should leave Lathom, and go in her own coach to another house of the earl's called New Park, about a quarter of a mile off, where conditions might be arranged. Further correspondence followed—fair and honourable on the part of Fairfax, alternately violent and equivocating on the part of the countess; and it was not until March 12 that the patience of the Parliamentary commander was worn out, and the first shot fired. But before that date Sir Thomas had been relieved of this irksome and distasteful duty. In the first week of March he received an order from the Committee of both Kingdoms to march into Yorkshire and form a junction with his father,[1] taking with him all the horse and two regiments of foot. He at once joyfully obeyed, leaving the conduct of the siege in the hands of his cousin Sir William Fairfax, with Colonels Ashton and Rigby under him.[2]

Never had gallant knight a more disagreeable duty forced upon him than the besieging of this courageous and defiant lady. Sir Thomas gladly escaped to more congenial work, and he was so fortunate as not only to secure the good opinion and esteem of her whom he had been obliged to act

[1] Letter from the Committee of both Kingdoms to Lord Fairfax, dated March 8, 1644.

[2] Royalist writers, who have described the siege of Lathom House, confuse Sir Thomas with Sir William Fairfax. They say that Sir Thomas did not leave Lathom until March 24, whereas he marched into Yorkshire in the first week, and it was Sir William who remained until the 24th, and conducted both the siege operations and the correspondence between those two dates, which have been put down to Sir Thomas. On the 24th Sir William also marched into Yorkshire, leaving the siege in charge of Colonel Rigby. See the *Journal of the Siege of Lathom House in* 1644, printed in 1823 from a manuscript in the Harleian Collection, and the *Lady of Lathom*, by Madame Guizot de Witt, 1869. The siege was raised by Prince Rupert, when he marched into Lancashire in the spring, and Lathom House did not finally surrender until December 6, 1645. See *Short Memorial*, p. 76.

against, but in after years to confer upon her benefits which excited her gratitude.[1] The countess was a fanatical bigoted Royalist, and not apt to allow any merit to her enemies, yet she afterwards said of Sir Thomas Fairfax, that though there were 'various opinions about his intellect, there was no doubt about his courage, and that he was a man of his word.'[2]

[1] The Isle of Man was granted to Sir Thomas Fairfax by the Parliament, and he caused the revenues which would have been due to the Derby family to be regularly paid to the countess. She gratefully acknowledged that she had never had a better agent.

[2] *Lady of Lathom*, p. 127.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE VICTORY AT SELBY, AND SIEGE OF YORK.

WHILE Newcastle and Leven were facing each other amongst the snow-drifts of Durham, Colonel John Bellasis, the temporary Royalist governor of York, for a short time had it all his own way. He was a cousin of the Fairfaxes,[1] and a younger brother of Henry Bellasis, who represented the county with the old lord. His sisters were married to red-hot Royalists—Sir Henry Slingsby, Sir Edward Osborne, Sir Thomas Ingram[2] of Temple Newsam, and Sir Walter Vavasour of Hazlewood (who was a recusant into the bargain), all Yorkshiremen. Colonel John had done good service at Edgehill and Newbury and Bristol, and was rewarded by the King with a peerage and the title of Lord Bellasis of Worlaby, the patent being dated January 27, 1644.

The first expedition of the new governor was against Bradford, where Colonel Lambert[3] had arrived from Nantwich with his own regiment and Bright's, and the companies under Captain Hodgson,[4] and so had once more liberated the brave little town. Just as Lord Bellasis was setting out

[1] It will perhaps be remembered that his grandmother, Ursula, sister of the first Lord Fairfax, was godmother to our hero, as well as great-aunt.

[2] He and John Bellasis were the sitting members for Thirsk in the Long Parliament, but were disabled for signing the Yorkshire petition.

[3] John Lambert was descended from a long line of country squires who were seated at Calton, near Malham tarn, in Craven. He was born in November, 1619, and married Mary, sister of that Captain Lister of Thornton who was slain at Tadcaster fight. Lambert was a good officer, and afterwards became famous as one of Cromwell's most distinguished generals.

[4] Here we part company with the gallant Halifax captain, who has accompanied us so far, and given us much help to a clear understanding of the story. He afterwards served with Cromwell in Scotland, and was alive in 1683. Mr. Carlyle calls him an honest-hearted, pudding-headed Yorkshire Puritan. He was honest-hearted, but certainly not pudding-headed. No Yorkshireman ever was.

from York, that dashing unprincipled soldier Sir Charles Lucas arrived from the south, to reinforce Lord Newcastle with a thousand horse and dragooners, which the governor diverted from their destination to accompany him to Bradford. He met with no better success than did his predecessor Sir William Savile. These Bradforders fought in right good earnest. They gave the Royalists such a salute with shot as made them run for it, and Bellasis retreated to York to try his luck, with like success, elsewhere. Lucas and the cavalry next went into the East Riding with no better fortune. For old Sir William Constable of Flamborough, the brother-in-law of Lord Fairfax, had come out of Hull garrison with the horse, and, as Slingsby tells us, was 'making caracols upon the Wolds,'[1] having been heard of as far as Pickering. Suddenly he fell upon the camp of Sir Charles Lucas at Coldham, scattered the regiment of Sir Walter Vavasour, and returned to Hull.

But now there was more serious work on hand. Bellasis intercepted a letter, from which he learnt that Sir Thomas Fairfax had received orders to abandon the siege of Lathom, form a junction with his father at Selby, and march to the assistance of Lord Leven and the Scots in Durham. This the Governor of York thought he could prevent. So he occupied Selby himself with upwards of 3,000 men (1,500 horse and 1,800 foot), commanded by several leading Yorkshire gentlemen, and barricaded the streets, waiting for his formidable cousins.

In obedience to the orders received from the Committee of both Kingdoms, Lord Fairfax marched out of Hull at the head of 2,000 horse and dragoons, and as many foot, crossed the Ouse ten miles below Selby, near Goole, and met Sir Thomas at Ferrybridge in the first week of April 1644. Sir Thomas's instructions were to reinforce the Scots with all his cavalry at once; but it was evidently so important to finish the work at Selby first, that he remained with his father. On April 10 the united forces marched from Ferrybridge, and encamped for the night at Thorpe Willoughby,

[1] *Diary*, p. 103.

a short mile from Selby on the Leeds road, intending to assault the place next morning. The Fairfaxes knew every inch of the ground. They divided their foot into three brigades, the first commanded by Colonel Needham, to attack the barricade across Gowthorpe; the second, under Sir John Meldrum, to advance by Brayton Lane to the market-place; and the third, led by Lord Fairfax in person, to march up the river bank and assault the barricade at the south end of Ousegate. Sir Thomas Fairfax, in command of the horse, was to second the assaulting parties. Meanwhile the Royalists were not idle. Colonel Strickland told Lord Bellasis that, with 200 men, he would undertake to make good that part of the defences which was judged to be weakest, and he and his men were at work on the barricades all night.[1]

Early next morning the attack commenced at the three points, the Royalists defending their barricades with great bravery during two hours. At last they were driven from their position by the river-side, but the assailants could not advance, owing to a dense column of horse which occupied Ousegate. Then the Parliamentary foot opened right and left to make room for Sir Thomas Fairfax, who, as was his wont, turned the fortune of the day. Thundering down Ousegate, between the houses and the river, at the head of his troop, he met the regiment of his Royalist cousin in mid career. In the first crash Sir Thomas was dismounted, and separated for a minute or two from his own men, but this only made them charge again with redoubled fury; the Royalists broke and fled, a few across a bridge of boats and the rest down the Cawood road. Finding a portion of the enemy victorious in their rear, the Royalist soldiers who had gallantly defended the barricades across Gowthorpe and Brayton Lane up to this time, gave ground, and the Parliamentary foot, under Meldrum and Needham, poured into the town. The victory was complete. Lord Bellasis himself was wounded and taken prisoner in Ousegate; and among the other prisoners were Sir John Ramsden of Byrom near

[1] Slingsby's *Diary*, p. 108.

Ferrybridge, Sir Thomas Strickland, Captains Grimston, Cholmley, Wentworth, Lister, and Conyers (all good Yorkshire names), besides inferior officers, and 1,600 soldiers. Lord Fairfax also captured 4 brass guns, 2,000 stand of arms, 500 horses, 7 barrels of powder, 16 bundles of match, all the enemy's baggage, and many boats in the river.[1] The consternation in York was extreme, and message after message was sent to the marquis to come at once to the rescue, for the main strength of the garrison was scattered, the surrounding country open to the victorious Fairfaxes, and the governor a prisoner.

The victory at Selby was the immediate cause of the battle of Marston Moor, and the destruction of the Royalist power in the north. It at once raised Sir Thomas Fairfax to the first rank among the generals of the Parliament, in the estimation of the ruling men at Westminster; and the two Houses marked their sense of the importance of his services by ordering a public thanksgiving for the victory, on April 23.[2]

When the news reached Durham, both armies instantly advanced into Yorkshire by forced marches: Newcastle, in the greatest anxiety, fearing the worst until he was safe within the walls of York, and the Scots treading close on his heels and rejoicing to escape from the starvation and snowstorms of the county palatine.

'The countrymen,' says Slingsby, 'were glad that Newcastle came with the Scots at his back, for now they said they should pay no more sessments; which was but the hope to ease a galled horse's back by shifting the saddle.'

The marquis arrived at York on the 19th, but the Scots beat him in the race southward, and got to Wetherby on the

[1] We only have two accounts of this important action: one by Sir Thomas Fairfax in the *Short Memorial*, p. 78, and the other by his father, being the official report in Rushworth, v. p. 618. Slingsby says very little, p. 105. See also *The History of Selby by James Mountain* (*York*, 1800), and *The History and Antiquities of Selby by W. Wilberforce Morrell* (1867).

[2] Clarendon observes: 'This was the first action for which Sir Thomas Fairfax was taken notice of, who in a short time grew the supreme general under the Parliament,' iii. p. 321. This untrustworthy historian is very confused in this part of his narrative, and places Selby fight *before* the battle of Nantwich. Vicars merely gives Lord Fairfax's report, in his *God's Ark*, &c., p. 204.

17th. The next day Lord Fairfax and his son reviewed the army of the Earl of Leven on Bramham Moor, and on the 19th the two forces joined each other at Tadcaster, and marched to York. The Scots encamped at Middlethorpe and Bishopthorpe, and blockaded the part of York west of the river called Micklegate Ward; while the Fairfaxes crossed the Ouse by a bridge of boats, and, quartering their men in the villages of Fulford and Heslington, threatened the walls of York from the Ouse to Walmgate bar. But the united forces were insufficient to complete the blockade, the north side of the city being left open, and remaining so for a fortnight. The united Scottish and Yorkshire forces made up 16,000 foot and 4,000 horse.

Sir Thomas Fairfax, accompanied by Lord Lindsay, was despatched to the Earl of Manchester to request him to co-operate in the siege of York, with the army of the associated counties. He had just taken the city of Lincoln, and at once agreed to join his forces to those of Leven and Fairfax, marching by Thorne and Selby to Tadcaster, and reaching the leaguer on June 2, with 6,000 foot, 100 horse, and twelve field-pieces. He crossed the Ouse at Poppleton on a bridge of boats, and, encamping about Clifton, completed the blockade of the city. The greater part of his horse was stationed round Halifax to watch the Royalists in the west, and they took Walton House, with Sir Francis Wortley in it, on the same day that Manchester arrived before York. Sir John Meldrum had also been despatched with a body of foot to reinforce the Parliamentarians in Lancashire; and Newcastle sent out his horse under Sir Charles Lucas, to keep open communications and reduce the number of mouths within the city.

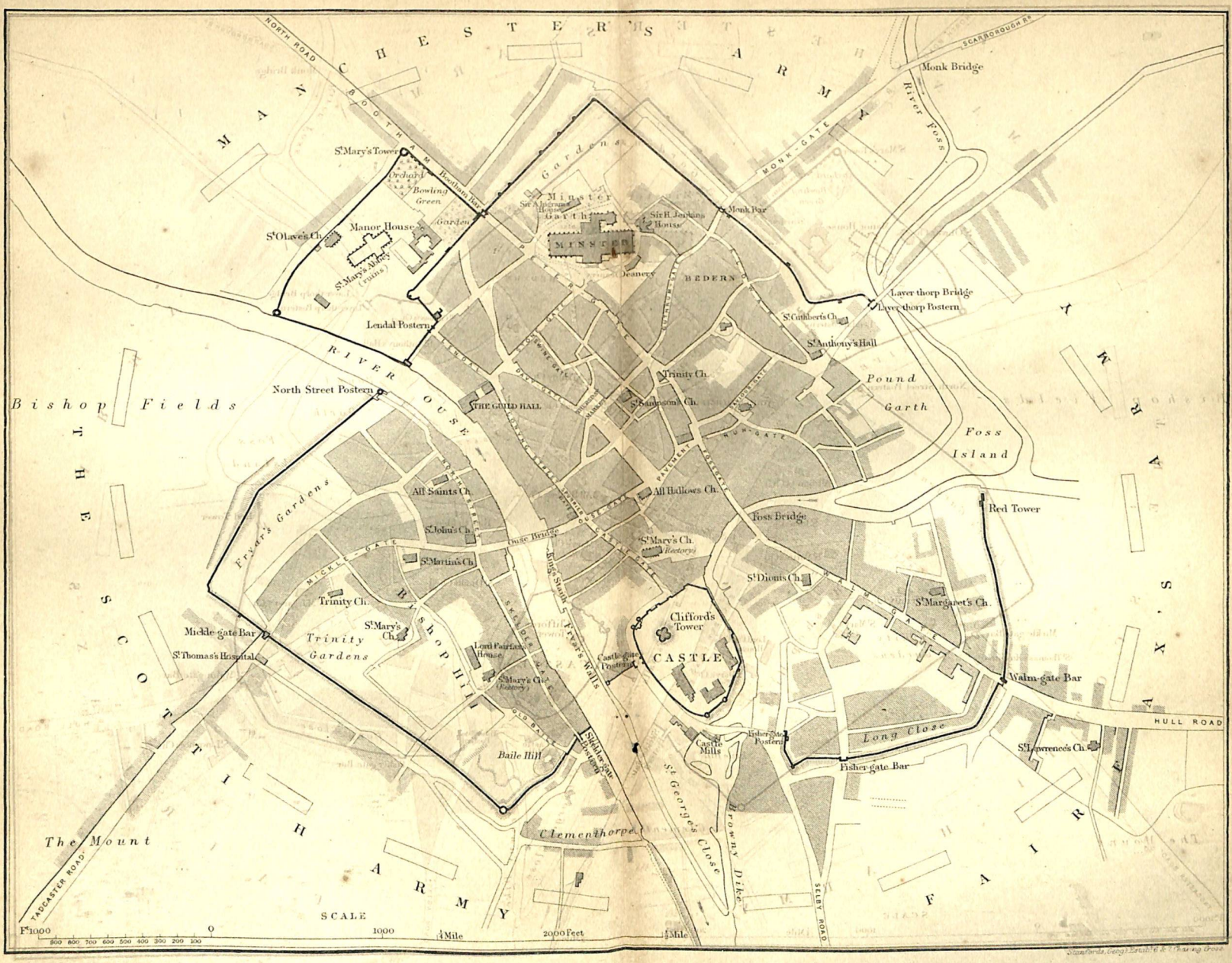
Thus commenced the siege of York, then considered the second town of England, and upon the preservation of which Charles believed that the safety of his crown mainly depended. The old place had been the scene of much of the exciting negotiation and debate which preceded the contest, and now the horrors and miseries of war had surged up to its very gates. It was a memorable siege, and, for the more

clear understanding of it, a hasty glance at the city and its defences, as they then stood, will not be out of place.

York is built on both sides of the river Ouse, and is divided into four wards, named from its four gates: Mickle-gate on the west side of the river, and Bootham, Monk-gate, and Walm-gate on the east; and besides the Minster, it contained twenty-one parishes, each with its church. The circumference of the walls was exactly two miles five furlongs and seventy-six yards, and there were four principal entrances called bars, besides six posterns. The Ouse flowed through the town, and formed no part of its defences, but its tributary, the Foss, skirted the city on the eastern side, and served as a broad and deep moat.

Coming from Tadcaster by the great north road, the city was entered through famous old Micklegate-bar, a stone gateway with lofty embattled turrets. It was closed by a massive iron chain and portcullis, and a strong double wooden gate. A broad street led thence to a bridge over the Ouse, and there were posterns near the river banks, where the wall came down to them, called North-street Postern at the north end, and Skelder-gate Postern at the south. Although this western side of York contained six churches, a considerable portion of its area was occupied by gardens and open spaces. The Mickle-gate, running from the bar to the bridge, was then a street with tall timber houses having projecting stories, and richly carved corners and portals. A street called Skelder-gate crossed it at right angles, with lanes leading down to the staiths or wharves on the river; but all the space near the walls was occupied by the Trinity and Friar's gardens, and by the south wall there was an ancient artificial mount called the Old Baile. South of Mickle-gate also was the parish of Bishop-hill, where were the house and gardens of Lord Fairfax, with a courtyard, ornamented by a curious Roman carved altar on a pedestal. The Fairfax family inherited this property of Bishop-hill, as well as Davy Hall, on the other side of the Ouse, from the Thwaits heiress, the fair Isabel, whom Sir William carried off from Nunappleton 130 years before.

SIEGE OF YORK



London: Macmillan & Co.

In those days the tide came up as far as York, where the rise and fall averaged two feet. The old bridge, built in 1566, had five arches, the centre one being eighty-one feet span and seventeen high. There were several buildings on it—a chapel of St. William (then used as a merchants' exchange), a council chamber of the city, and a debtors' prison.

The principal part of the city, consisting of the three wards of Bootham, Monk-gate, and Walm-gate, was on the east side of the river. At the southern end, where the Foss unites with the Ouse, was the castle, with the ancient fort called Clifford's Tower on its high artificial hill. Thence, parallel to the river, led a street called, in its different parts, Castle-gate, Spurrier-gate, Conyng Street, and Lendal, with water lanes leading from it to the staiths or landing wharves. Conyng Street, so called even before the Norman conquest, was the principal street of Old York, very narrow, with high wooden houses; and at its northern end stood the guildhall, a spacious room, supported by two rows of massive oaken columns, each cut out of a single tree. Parallel to Conyng Street, and passing through the centre of the city, was another thoroughfare leading from Bootham-bar, the gateway opening on the great north road, across the river Foss, by a stone bridge of three arches to Walmgate-bar, which opened on the road to Hull. This street was called Peter-gate in its northern part, and Foss-gate and Walm-gate in its southern, and divided York into two nearly equal parts. The two parallel lines were connected by Stone-gate, with its old timber houses, running from opposite the guildhall in Conyng Street to the Minster-garth, and crossing Peter-gate; and Ouse-gate leading from the bridge, dividing Spurrier-gate from Castle-gate, opening into a wider space called the Pavement, where stood All-Hallows Church with its beautiful lantern tower, and ending at Foss-gate. In the space between these four main lines, being the central point of the city, were the open court called Thursday Market, and several small lanes and streets. Here also was Davy or Lardner Hall, which, with some of its peculiar privileges,

came to the Fairfax family through Isabel Thwaits, the Nunappleton heiress. The Lardners held it by grand serjeanty of the King from the time of the Conquest, with right to take a loaf from every baker's window, a gallon of beer from each brewer, meat from each butcher, and a fish from every cartload sold on Foss-bridge, on every Saturday. These privileges, being irksome to the citizens, were remitted for a payment in money; but still the heiress of the Lardners brought extensive property within the city to the Fairfaxes, both here in Davy-gate (as the street was called which passed near the site of the Hall) and in Bishop-hill.

Beyond the northern walls, between the river and Bootham-bar, were the precincts of the once great and wealthy Abbey of St. Mary, the most important institution of the kind north of Trent.

In the old times the monks and citizens had hated each other bitterly, and the abbot had built a wall round the precincts to guard against sudden attacks. This wall, with the church of St. Olave, now formed a sort of outwork which was included in the city defences, though projecting beyond the old walls; and at the north-west angle, beyond Bootham bar, was St. Mary's Tower, where all the records and charters of the suppressed monasteries, and other valuable documents, were deposited. The Abbey Church was in ruins, but on the site of the monastic buildings stood the Manor-house, which was the official residence for the Presidents of the North. It was enlarged by James and beautified by Strafford, and had a large garden, a fine bowling-green, and an orchard attached to it, under the walls.

The yard or garth surrounding York Minster, at the north-east corner of the city, was nearly three-quarters of a mile in circumference, and was formerly separated from the streets by a wall with bars opening on Peter-gate. The old Deanery, where several stormy meetings took place in the summer of 1642, was on the south-east side of the minster garth. Sir Arthur Ingram's house, where Charles lived during his last visit to York, was to the north, with a large garden extending to the city walls; and that of Sir Henry

Jenkins, built round a quadrangle, was the old college of St. William on the east. Here Charles set up his printing press. The glorious old Minster, with its three incomparable towers, rose high above the many steeples of the city, and offered a tempting mark to the besiegers.

Before the civil war the suburbs of York, beyond the walls, were of considerable extent.

Outside Mickle-gate, on the Tadcaster Road, was a large stone building called St. Thomas Hospital, formerly occupied by a religious guild, and beyond it there was a street of houses leading to the Mount. Beyond Skelder-gate Postern was the hamlet of Clementhorpe, the property of the Fairfaxes. Along the Hull road, beyond Walmgate-bar, were a street of houses, St. Lawrence's church, and the church and hospital of St. Nicholas. A street led from Monkgate-bar to the other bridge over the Foss, and another street of good houses straggled along the north road from Bootham-bar and St. Mary's Tower.

When the Marquis of Newcastle arrived at York on April 19, 1644, he found everything in the greatest confusion; no governor, and a defeated garrison; while the towns-people were divided in their allegiance. He brought with him about 6,000 men to guard the walls and serve the guns; among them that gallant regiment of white-coats raised in the border lands, who were nicknamed Newcastle's 'lambs' from their dress. The marquis, not being able to get enough red cloth, took up undyed cloth for this regiment, until he could get it dyed. But the men asked to be allowed to keep their coats undyed as they were, promising to dye them in the blood of their enemies; hence they were known as the 'white-coats.'[1] Newcastle was seconded by two very able officers, General King,[2] now Lord Eythin, and Sir Thomas Glemham; but the poet laureate, Sir William Davenant, was a strange man to appoint as general of the ordnance. The truth

[1] Newcastle's *Life*, p. 110.

[2] Eliot Warburton accuses General King of cowardice and inefficiency during his service in Germany, but on insufficient evidence, and Sir Philip Warwick says that during the siege of York 'he showed eminency in soldierly and personal stoutness.'

was, that the marquis himself cared more for poetry than for gunnery.

Heavy guns were planted round the walls and on the bars; and two outlying forts, one beyond Micklegate-bar and the other in Bishop's Fields, were garrisoned and armed. Clifford's Tower was in ruins in 1642, but the Earl of Cumberland had caused it to be repaired. A deep moat was dug round it, with a drawbridge, and a platform was fixed on the top for guns.

Newcastle planted two demi-culverins and a saker on this platform, and gave the command of Clifford's Tower during the siege to Sir Francis Cobbe. York had been well stored with salt meat and biscuits, and there was no want of beer and other liquor, but the price of all fresh vegetables rose very high. Each citizen had to support a certain number of soldiers according to his means, either to find them in food or in money to buy it; and there was no remedy, for the soldier knew the man that was appointed to pay him, and if he refused he was roughly laid hands on, or anything he had.[1]

The Scottish troops, under the veteran Earl of Leven, were remarkably well officered, for nearly every colonel had served in the continental wars. Their line extended round Micklegate Ward from the Ouse below Poppleton, to the same river above Bishopthorpe, each wing resting on a bridge of boats, by which communication was kept up with the other besiegers.[2]

The Earl of Manchester's troops of the associated counties extended their line from the Ouse, along the Manor-house wall, and St. Mary's Tower, to Bootham-bar, and thence by Monk-bar to the Foss. Lord Manchester's second in command was Oliver Cromwell. His major-general was a Scotchman, named Laurence Crawford, son of Hew Crawford of

[1] Slingsby's *Diary*, p. 108.

[2] These Scots were very expensive people to keep. One of the villages in which they were quartered was Acaster Malbis, where they wasted all the corn, and ate all the sheep, kine, and swine, to the value of £2,000. The unfortunate landlord, young Viscount Fairfax of Gilling, was obliged to forgive his Acaster tenants a whole year's rents, in consequence of this visit from the Scots. *Fairfax Correspondence*, iii. p. 210.

Jordan Hill in Renfrewshire, who had served for many years under Gustavus Adolphus. He was a brave man, but self-sufficient and arrogant, and had already quarrelled bitterly with Cromwell.

The Fairfaxes, with their Yorkshire levies, took the line from the Ouse, by Fisher-gate Postern and Walmgate-bar, to the Red Tower, while their horse watched the two bridges over the Foss. This siege of York must have brought the horrors of the war home to Sir Thomas Fairfax, more almost than anything he had yet witnessed. Where he was encamped by Walm-gate, he could almost see the roof of his father's house in Bishop-hill. Facing Lord Manchester's leaguer was that old Manor House, with its gardens and bowling-green, where he had passed many of the happiest days of his childhood, in the time of his grandfather Sheffield; and the Fairfax property of Davy Hall was in the centre of the city. Towering above all, too, was that glorious old Minster, which he, in common with all true Yorkshiremen, felt to be the chief pride and ornament of the county. The siege must have been a mournful duty; but it was most fortunate for York that Sir Thomas was among the besiegers, for his exertions were unceasing to prevent damage being done to any of the public buildings. Hildyard even goes so far as to assert that Fairfax made it death for any soldier to level a gun against the Minster.[1] Such an order was beyond his competence, but there is no doubt that he used all his influence to get stringent orders against injuring the Minster issued by the other generals.

The three generals—Leven, Fairfax, and Manchester—held independent commands; though Leven, as the senior and most experienced, usually received precedence by courtesy. The siege operations were commenced on June 3.

A heavy fire was opened on the besiegers from Clifford's Tower and from the walls, before they could get their guns into position. On Wednesday the 5th Lord Fairfax completed a battery on a hill, by the side of the road to Hes-

[1] In the dedication of the *Antiquities of York*, by Christopher Hildyard and James Torr, to Admiral Fairfax, 1719.

lington, where a windmill formerly stood, and planted five guns on it, which played all the afternoon on Walmgate-bar. The Scots assaulted and took the forts outside Micklegate, and Manchester captured the houses outside Bootham: so that the besiegers established themselves comfortably in the suburbs, extending along all the main roads into York. Seeing this, the garrison sallied out, and set the whole of the suburbs on fire in the evening of the 6th. Great but ineffectual efforts were made to put out the fires by the besiegers, who wished to preserve the houses for their own shelter, and there was some hot skirmishing. Pious Mr. Simeon Ash, Lord Manchester's chaplain, amongst others, was burnt out of his lodging, and this brought the horrors of war very forcibly home to him. He wrote word of 'a lamentable fire, most doleful and dreadful to many of us, who, with sad hearts, saw that fearful fruit of wasting war.'[1]

On the 8th Newcastle, who had news that Prince Rupert was coming to his assistance from Lancashire, tried to gain time by opening negotiations. He wrote letters to each of the three generals, asking them their intention in besieging him, and received identical answers, telling him that they came to reduce the city to obedience to the King and Parliament, and begging him to submit, and thus spare the effusion of innocent blood. After some correspondence it was agreed that commissioners should be appointed; two by each of the besieging generals, and five by the marquis, to treat for a surrender. There was to be a cessation of hostilities during the conference, and for three hours before and after. Lord Fairfax nominated Sir William Fairfax, who had arrived from the siege of Lathom, and Colonel White; Manchester sent Colonels Hammond and Russell; and Leven's commissioners were the Earl of Lindsay and Sir Adam Hepburn. Newcastle sent Sir Thomas Glemham, Sir William Wentworth, Lord Widdrington, Sir Richard Hutton, and Sir Robert Strickland. On June 14 they met in a tent

[1] Mr. Ash was Lord Manchester's chaplain. See a pamphlet (King's Pamphlets, No. 161), entitled *Particular Relation of Occurrences at the Leaguer before York, from June 1st to 10th*, by Simeon Ash.

half way between the city walls, and the lines of the besiegers, with a secretary and a guard of musketeers on each side. They were unable to agree to terms, and the besiegers came to the conclusion that the negotiation was only a device for gaining time, so it was broken off on the 15th.

The three generals then resumed their operations. Lord Fairfax built huts for his men, as all the suburbs outside Walm-gate had been burnt, together with the beautiful hospital and church of St. Nicholas on the Heslington road. Sir Thomas Fairfax, however, preserved the wonderfully carved porch, which was afterwards removed to the church of St. Margaret, within Walm-gate. He also saved the fine peal of bells, which was eventually taken to the church of St. John's by Ouse bridge. Still, in the midst of these good works, he proceeded vigorously with the siege. He planted two field-guns in the street, and another on a place called the Dovecote, within a stone's throw of Walmgate-bar, opening a heavy fire; and also commenced mining in two places. One of his shots went through the steeple of St. Sampson's Church, another through that of St. Dionis; and a third killed a maid in Thursday Market, went into the house of Mr. Clerke the writing-master, cut the string by which some dried fish were hung to a rafter, and they came down and knocked old Mrs. Clerke under the table.

The Scots battered the top of Micklegate-bar down as low as the gate, and worked hard at a mine under it, while the besieged countermined, but these operations were stopped by water.

Meanwhile Lord Manchester was making progress against the wall round the Manor House. He opened approaches towards St. Mary's Tower, worked a mine under it, and raised a battery against that part of the wall behind which was the orchard. By Trinity Sunday, June 16, all things were ready; and early in the morning he opened fire and made a breach in the wall, which the besieged endeavoured to repair with sods and earth. At about noon, during morning service in the Minster, General Crawford sprang the mine

under St. Mary's Tower; the building tottered, and fell outwards in a heap of ruins, burying the precious collection of historical documents that were stored within it. The rubbish formed an easy breach, and about 500 of the assailants rushed into the orchard, and thence into the bowling-green; while another party got up the breach in the wall by scaling ladders, and entered the Manor House. The alarm was instantly given, and the besieged hurried to the spot. Sir Philip Byron, leading a body of Royalists to the breach, was killed as he opened the doors into the bowling-green; but Newcastle's white-coats, passing out of Lendal Postern and round the ruins of the abbey, occupied the orchard, and thus cut the assailants off from all possibility of retreat. They were surrounded, but they fought bravely until their powder was spent, and then laid down their arms to the number of 200, of whom 60 were wounded. The orchard, bowling-green, and garden were scattered over with dead bodies.

Sir Thomas Fairfax writes of General Crawford's conduct with some severity, and his own countryman, Principal Baillie, speaks of his foolish rashness and vanity.[1] No notice was given to the other generals of the intention to spring the mine, so that there was no concert, and Crawford thus brought the whole strength of the garrison on himself. His ungenerous attempt to monopolise all the honour in the event of success was the immediate cause of the disaster. The loss of the precious stores of historical and antiquarian information which were buried under the ruins of St. Mary's Tower might have been irreparable. But here, again, posterity owes a deep debt of gratitude to the enlightened liberality of Sir Thomas Fairfax. He had for some years paid a salary to the learned Mr. Dodsworth for making copies of these documents, and the laborious task was just completed before York was besieged. Sir Thomas also offered rewards to any soldier who rescued a document from amongst the rubbish, and in that way a great number were

[1] *Letters*, ii. p. 195.

saved, which his uncle Charles [1] took charge of a few months afterwards. Charles Fairfax and Dodsworth themselves searched diligently in the rubbish; and, amongst other precious relics, they recovered the rhyming charter of King Athelstan to St. John of Beverley. A certain Thomas Tomson also made diligent search, and collected thirty bundles of papers from the rubbish.[2]

After this memorable assault the Royalist sentries, who seem habitually to have conversed from the walls with those of the Parliament, had a joke which they were never tired of repeating to them: 'Who tried to steal the King's apples in the orchard, but was caught in the manor?' There were no more sallies or assaults until the 24th, when a party of 600 Royalists rushed out of Monk-bar at four o'clock in the morning, and attacked Lord Manchester's lines, but were forced to retreat after some sharp fighting.

On Sunday, June 30, news arrived that Prince Rupert was marching to raise the siege with 20,000 men, including the horse under Sir Charles Lucas, and that they were that night at Boroughbridge, only twelve miles from York. The besieging generals resolved to draw off all their troops, and by the morning of July 1 Manchester and Fairfax had recrossed the Ouse, by bridges of boats at Poppleton, and above Bishopthorpe, and the whole army of the Parliament was formed on the moor, in the Ainsty, seven miles west of York, ready to dispute the advance of Rupert.

The blockade had been so well kept that no news had come, and Sir Henry Slingsby had never even been able to send a messenger to Red House to find out how his children were. But during Sunday night the Royalist sentries were surprised to find that their enemies had left off talking to them, and did not answer any of their sparkling jokes. So,

[1] This was grandfather Fairfax's youngest surviving son, of whom he said, 'I sent him to the Inns of Court, and he is a good divine, but nobody at the law.' Nevertheless he turned out to be a successful lawyer, a ripe scholar, and an indefatigable antiquary. He wrote the *Analecta Fairfaxiana*, a most elaborate genealogical history of his family. He commanded a regiment in Monk's army in Scotland, and was governor of Hull at the time of the Restoration.

[2] *Hunter*, p. 74. *Atterbury Correspondence*, iii. p. 261.

at early dawn, Sir James Dudley, the commander at Walmgate-bar, sent out some troopers, who found that the besiegers' huts were abandoned. A party of Royalist horse then went out of Fishergate Postern, and rode down the Selby road to Fulford. The army of Lord Fairfax had just crossed the Ouse, and half a troop of horse was covering the passage. It was commanded by a brave young cornet, who, the moment he saw the enemy coming down the road, ordered his trumpet to sound a charge, drew his sword, and galloped headlong into their midst. 'In this charge,' says Slingsby, 'we killed a cornet, who they said should have married Sir Thomas Norcliffe's daughter.' The gallant youth died to delay the approach of the Royalists to the bridge-head—died, that the duty he was put to might be the more effectually performed. His name is lost to us, but there must have been sore grief up at Langton when the cruel tidings arrived that evening.

And so the siege of York was raised.[1]

[1] The accounts of the siege of York by eye-witnesses are only three: Sir Thomas Fairfax in his *Short Memorial*, Sir Henry Slingsby in his *Diary*, and the Rev. Simeon Ash in his *Particular Relation*. Mr. Ash only relates the events of the first week of the siege. Mr. Rushworth laments that no diary was kept during the siege. He gives a brief, but very clear account of it, nevertheless. Drake copies from Rushworth, giving a few additional particulars gathered from local tradition or from manuscripts that he had access to; as also does Torr (or Hildyard?) in his little book published in 1719.

CHAPTER XV.

MARSTON MOOR—MARSHALLING OF THE ARMIES.

THE allied army raised the siege, drawing up across the high road from York to Boroughbridge, ready to dispute the passage of Prince Rupert. Save the death of the poor young cornet at Fulford, this hazardous operation was performed without any loss, although both Manchester's and Fairfax's forces had to cross the Ouse, above and below the city, on bridges of boats. They formed on Marston Moor, seven miles from York, and facing Skip bridge over the Nidd, which the Royalists would have to cross, if, as was expected, they advanced to raise the siege by the high road.

Rupert, after having committed a horrible massacre at Bolton in Lancashire, marched over the hills to Skipton Castle, and thence down the valley of the Wharfe. For one night he lodged at Denton Hall, the seat of Lord Fairfax, and it might naturally have been expected that, in accordance with his usual custom, the house of an enemy would have been gutted and destroyed. But in the gallery at Denton there hung a portrait of young William Fairfax, the gallant cavalier who had shed his blood so freely at Frankenthal for Rupert's mother. The Prince may have reflected, too, that not only his mother, but his eldest brother, the Prince Elector, disapproved of his conduct; and that, while two of Lord Fairfax's brothers died fighting for his mother, the queen of hearts, he had drawn his sword in a bad cause without that mother's approval. He could not, for very shame, burn the house of the Fairfaxes, and he gave orders that it should not be injured.[1] The next day he halted at

[1] *Fairfax Correspondence*, i. 1.

Otley, and marched thence, with about 9,000 horse and 8,000 foot, to Boroughbridge. But, instead of advancing down the high road over Skip bridge to York, he crossed the rivers Ure and Swale, and took another route along the left bank of the Ouse, thus avoiding an encounter with the allied army. On the evening of July 1 he entered York with a small party of horse, having encamped his army in Galtres forest, a few miles north-west of the city, and seized the bridge of boats over the Ouse below Poppleton.

The relief was opportune; but, at the same time, the arrival of the Prince was not very welcome to the Marquis of Newcastle. This grand seigneur had exercised viceregal powers north of the Trent, with delegated authority to make knights and to coin money, and his pride revolted at becoming second in command to the young German adventurer. The Marquis was fifty-two years of age, and the Prince under twenty-five. Newcastle's advice was not to give battle to the allies, but to let them retreat, or, at all events, to wait for the arrival of Colonel Clavering, who was marching to his aid from Northumberland, with a reinforcement of 2,000 men. But Rupert declared that he had positive orders from the King to fight at all hazards, and that fight he would. He said that he had a letter to this effect, but he did not show it, and the letter does not bear out his assertion.[1] It urges him to relieve York at all hazards, even if he has to fight a battle, but does not order him to fight if he can relieve York without that risk. Newcastle, however, moodily expressed his readiness to obey the Prince; and so the night passed, and the morning of Tuesday dawned.

The allies waited on the moor all Monday, and a party of Royalist horse crossed Skip bridge, and reconnoitred them for a short time; but it soon became apparent that the main body had avoided the encounter, and was on the opposite side of the Ouse. Towards night the allied army marched to Long Marston, where very few had either lodging or food, the horse encamping on the open moor.[2] Next morning a

[1] Clarendon. [2] Ash.

party of Royalist cavalry appeared for a while, and then wheeled away out of sight, which gave rise to an idea that Rupert was marching to Tadcaster to cut off the retreat of the allies.[1] A council of war was then held. The English commanders were for fighting, the Scots for retreating, to gain time and a more advantageous position; and the opinion of the veteran Earl of Leven prevailed.[2] The foot and artillery marched towards Tadcaster, by Wighill and Healaugh, while the horse of the three armies, under Sir Thomas Fairfax, David Leslie, and Oliver Cromwell, remained on the rising ground between Tockwith and Marston, to bring up the rear.[3]

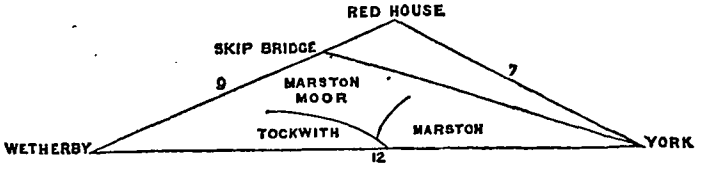
Soon these officers observed parties of the enemy arriving on the moor, which increased in number during the forenoon, and at last there could be no doubt that the whole Royalist army was in full march to the moor, in chase of the allies. It appears that a portion had crossed the Ouse at Poppleton during the night. At about noon Sir Thomas despatched a hot alarum to Lord Leven, reporting that the enemy was in strength on the moor,[4] but that he hoped, owing to the advantage of the ground, to hold his own with the cavalry until the foot and artillery could return.[5] By this time the Scots were nearly at Tadcaster, and Manchester's foot between Bilton and Healaugh. The whole body was ordered back with all speed, and by two o'clock of that summer's day the allied army was again posted between Tockwith and Marston, while the entire moor to the northward was occupied by the enemy.

Now were brought face to face the two largest masses of men that had met on English soil in hostile array since the wars of the Roses. It was the first great battle in which Sir Thomas Fairfax was engaged. It virtually decided the fate of the war, and this memorable event will repay careful and accurate study. Let us first get a clear and definite notion of the ground.

The scene is in the northern part of the Ainsty—a triangle, the base of which is the road running east and west

[1] Ash. [2] Fairfax. [3] Ibid. [4] Ash. [5] Fairfax.

from York to Wetherby; the two sides, the rivers Nidd and Ouse; and the apex, the junction of those rivers near poor Sir Henry Slingsby's home—the Red House. In those days the greater part of the western half of this triangle was moor-land, overgrown in places with gorse cover, and was called in its different parts Monkton, Hessay, Tockwith, or Marston Moor. The Wetherby road, after passing through the villages of Acomb and Rufforth, crosses Long Marston village at the sixth mile, and continues west, by Bilton and Bickerton, to Wetherby. The north road to Boroughbridge, also leaving York at Micklegate-bar, crosses the Nidd by Skip bridge, eight miles from the city. Here the roads, parting outside Mickle-gate, have diverged three and a quarter miles, the distance from Skip bridge to Bilton, and the battle-field lies between them. Long Marston is a village of brick and thatch cottages, built along a road crossing the



high road to Wetherby, and extends for a mile and a half, with gardens and small enclosures behind the cottages. From the west end of Long Marston to the hamlet of Tockwith is a distance of a mile and a half. The road runs along a gentle slope rising to the south. Going westward to Tockwith, the hill to the left hand was unenclosed arable land, covered with wheat and rye crops. The highest part—150 feet above the level of the sea—where, in those days, there was a clump of trees, was a mile south of the road. This hill, in rear of Long Marston, forms the watershed of the Ainsty, the drainage to the south finding its way, by Catterton Beck, to the Wharfe, and the streams flowing north across the moor—such as the Foss and White Syke Beck—emptying into the Nidd and Ouse. Wilstrop wood, on the other side of Marston Moor, and two miles from the hill-top, is fifty feet above the sea, so that the slope is a foot

in thirty-five yards. This is a very easy gradient, but, such as it is, it was in favour of the allies.

Turn we now to the moor itself, on the north side of the road. Just at the west end of Long Marston a lane branches off on the right to the village of Hessay, called Atherwith lane. A quarter of a mile further on there is another called Moor lane, which crosses the moor to the Boroughbridge road. For the first three quarters of a mile it had a ditch and hedge on either side, but after that it came out upon the open heath; and the space between these two lanes was covered with gorse. Where the hedges ceased there was a meeting of the four lanes, those crossing Moor lane to the right and left, going the one to Hessay, and the other to a square enclosure in the middle of the moor, with a ditch round it, called White Syke close. This spot is in the centre of the battle-field, and due north of a point on the road just half way between Tockwith and Marston, from which it is half a mile distant. A quarter of a mile north of White Syke close, again, is an extensive plantation called Wilstrop wood, which formed the northern extreme of the royal position. The moor was then quite open, except at White Syke close, though now divided into fields, and the area of the battle covered a space a mile and a half long, from Long Marston to Tockwith, and three quarters of a mile across from the ditch to Wilstrop wood. A quarter of a mile before reaching Tockwith a lane turned to the left, leading to Bilton, and at the angle thus formed there was a large field called Bilton Bream, with a rabbit warren on the other side of the lane. Bilton Bream bordered on the corn-fields of Marston hill. There were small gardens and enclosures behind the cottages at Tockwith. Syke Beck, a little stream or drain, flowed down to them from Bilton, on its way to the Nidd, receiving a ditch extending between Tockwith and Marston, which divided the arable land on the hill from the then unenclosed moor. This deep and wide ditch, with a hedge along its southern side, was a quarter of a mile north of the line of the present road. It formed an important feature in the battle. On that warm July day the corn was fast ripening

on the hill-sides, and the hedges were well adapted for concealing and affording shelter for musketeers.

As soon as the allied army had returned to Marston fields, the Earl of Leven, to whom the place of honour was conceded by the other generals, proceeded to marshal the troops for the battle.[1] This veteran, as Alexander Leslie, had had long experience in the art of war, and was a pupil of the great King of Sweden. He commenced his military career in the Low Countries, under Sir Horace Vere, Lady Fairfax's father, and afterwards served under Gustavus Adolphus. He forced Wallenstein to raise the siege of Stralsund, and drove the Imperialists out of the Isle of Rugen. Gustavus made him a field-marshal, and had a very high opinion of his military capacity; so that when he returned home in 1639, the Scots at once gave him command over their army. But he appears to have been a man of no originality. He fought his battles in the way he had been taught to fight them by men of the old school, and does not seem to have adopted any of the innovations even of his own master Gustavus. He was the oldest of the commanders on either side, his age being then about fifty-five.[2]

Leven had with him nine Scottish foot regiments of twenty companies each, about 9,000 men in all; and he selected four of these to form his centre or 'battle,' as it was called, the rest serving as a reserve. He drew them up in solid squares or *tertias*, the pikemen in the centre and the musketeers on either flank, according to the old system of Prince Maurice of Orange; neglecting to avail himself of the improved system of a reduced number of files, introduced by the great Swede; but perhaps his reason for this was the limited space at his command along which to form his line of battle. On the right was the Fyfe regiment, commanded by Lord Lindsay, a staunch and uncompromising Covenanter. Next came the regiment of Mid Lothian, under Lord Maitland, then a tall red-haired young man, aged twenty-eight, with a

[1] Stewart.

[2] He would have been considered much too juvenile to command a modern English army.

tongue too big for his mouth, who afterwards, as Duke of Lauderdale, achieved an infamous notoriety in the reign of Charles II. The third regiment was formed of the men of Kyle and Carrick, led by John Kennedy, Earl of Cassilis, 'the grave and solemn earl,' as he was called, a zealous Presbyterian, and a virtuous God-fearing man. The fourth regiment, on the left, was recruited in Annandale, and commanded by William Douglas of Kelhead, a grandson of the Earl of Queensberry. This brigade of four regiments, forming the 'battle,' was under the command of Lieutenant-General David Baillie, of the Lamington family, a brave old officer who had served in the Low Countries. Three regiments of Scots foot were formed up in rear, as a reserve, commanded by General Lumsdaine, another experienced officer who had seen service beyond seas. They consisted of the men of Glasgow, under the Earl of Loudoun, those of Strathern under James Elphinston Lord of the Abbey of Cupar in Angus, and another Fyfe regiment under the Earl of Dunfermline.

Manchester's army of the associated counties was stationed on the left. His foot consisted of a brigade, commanded by Major-General Laurence Crawford, 'a headlong audacious fighter of loose loud tongue,' as Mr. Carlyle calls him, whom we saw last blowing up St. Mary's Tower, and causing much useless bloodshed in the Manor-house orchard. The brigade, numbering 3,000 men, consisted of three regiments, led by Colonels Russell, Montague, and Pickering. Young Edward Montague (the future Earl of Sandwich) had embraced the cause of his country against the tyrant king with chivalrous fervour when only eighteen, and had raised this regiment in Cambridgeshire, of which he was colonel. He was now not quite twenty. John Pickering, of the Pickerings of Tichmarsh, in Northamptonshire, and cousin of Dryden the poet, was also an enthusiastic young champion of freedom. 'He was a little man,' Sprigge tells us, 'but of great courage,' and had done good service for the Parliament before the war broke out, by carrying despatches between London and Scotland. Colonel Pickering was connected with his brother

in arms, Montague's sister having married Pickering's brother, Sir Gilbert, and they afterwards stood side by side on many a hard-fought field.

The Yorkshiremen of Lord Fairfax, also numbering about 3,000 men, formed the right centre. Sir William Fairfax of Steeton commanded the brigade, with three colonels under him, who are already known to us. These were John Bright of Badsworth, who distinguished himself at Wakefield fight; Needham, who fought so well at Selby; and Forbes, the hero of the brilliant affair at Leeds bridge. In rear were stationed the two remaining Scots regiments as a reserve, being the force recruited in the city of Edinburgh, and led by Colonel Rae; and the men of Tweeddale, under the boy Earl of Buccleuch, then only eighteen years of age. The whole of the Scots foot regiments had experienced lieutenant-colonels and majors, who had served in Germany or the Low Countries, except that of Lord Cassilis, though none of the lords who commanded them had seen service out of Scotland.

The cavalry was, according to the established rule of those days, formed on the wings. The left wing consisted of Manchester's horse of thirty-eight troops (about 2,280 men), under Lieutenant-General Oliver Cromwell, three regiments of Scots horse, containing twenty-four troops (1,440 men), led by Major-General David Leslie, and the Scots dragoons on the extreme left under Colonel Frizell, with William Crawford of Nether Skeldon as his lieutenant-colonel. The dragoons numbered about 400 men, in eight troops. Thus the whole cavalry of the left wing consisted of some 4,200 men, in seventy troops. David Leslie (no relation of Leven), who, with Cromwell, commanded the left wing, was a son of Patrick Leslie, Commendator of Lindores, and grandson of the Earl of Rothes. He had served beyond seas, had risen to be a colonel of horse under Gustavus Adolphus, and was an able and dashing cavalry officer.

The right wing of horse was commanded by Sir Thomas Fairfax. It consisted of his own faithful old regiment of 500 men, in five troops, of some regiments composed chiefly

of raw recruits under Colonel Lambert, consisting of 2,200 men in fifty-three troops, and of three Scots cavalry regiments. The first of these were the Lancers of Ayrshire, under the Earl of Eglinton. This lord, then aged fifty-three, had been a leading agent in negotiating the League and Covenant, and was surnamed *Grey-Steel* from his intrepid courage. His kindred were with him. A Montgomery was his lieutenant-colonel, and his gallant young fifth son Robert was his major. But the eldest, Hugh, in accordance with the astute policy of hedging so well known in Scotland, was serving in this very battle in the Royalist army, in case of accidents. The second regiment was under William Lord Ramsay of Dalhousie, and the third was led by Lord Balgony, Leven's eldest son. The three Scots regiments numbered about 1,320 men in twenty-two troops; so that the whole right wing consisted of about 4,220 horse.

Sir Thomas Fairfax had been suffering from ill health brought on by exposure and overwork, but his intrepid spirit always overcame the weakness of his body on the day of battle, and on this occasion, as Mr. Ash says, 'his heart continued stout and undaunted, like the heart of a lion.' He had with him his young brother Charles, who had been summoned from Holland, where he was studying, to take part in the war, and had just arrived in time for this momentous battle.

Leven found the whole moor occupied by the enemy up to the ditch, so he was obliged to marshal his line of battle in the fields some quarter of a mile south of it, where the height of the corn, with some showers of rain, caused a little inconvenience while the regiments were forming. Fairfax's right wing was opposite the gorse-covered part of the moor between Atherwith and Moor lanes, with his extreme right resting on the houses of Long Marston; while the Yorkshire foot brigade was just facing the end of Moor lane. The left wing was formed on Bilton Bream and the rabbit warren, with the Scots dragoons on its extreme left, almost in Tockwith street. The artillery, commanded by Sir Alexander Hamilton, was brought to the front, while the army was forming its order

of battle. The whole allied force thus numbered some 23,000 men; 15,000 foot and 9,000 horse, besides gunners. The baggage was placed under a guard round the clump on the hill-top.

Meanwhile the Royalists were making their preparations on the moor itself. They were quite as late as the allies in getting into position; for not only was part of Rupert's foot on the other side of the Ouse, so that it had to be brought across at Poppleton, but there was great trouble in inducing some of the regiments belonging to Newcastle's garrison to come out of York at all. Old Fuller's excuse for them is that 'soldiers newly relieved from a nine weeks' siege will a little indulge themselves;'[1] but it appears, from Mr. Trevor's account, that they were in a raging mutiny for their pay, and that both Rupert and Newcastle were 'playing the orators' to them all the forenoon, to induce them to join their comrades, which they at last agreed to do, but with much unwillingness.[2] This was not a hopeful beginning; and another disadvantage under which the Royalists laboured was, that their nominal commander was an incapable self-sufficient boy; that they had no experienced officer to form their line of battle, and that the commanders of the different divisions were obliged to draw up their men without any general plan, or any one head to arrange and organize the whole.

Lieutenant-General King, now Lord Eythin,[3] the Marquis of Newcastle's right-hand man, appears to have commanded in the Royalist centre. He drew up a brigade of Newcastle's foot to face the four regiments of Scots which formed the 'battle' of the allied army. It was led by Major-General

[1] *Worthies*, p. 225.

[2] Carte's *Letters of Ormond*, i. p. 56.

[3] Sir James King of Barracht and Birness, Newcastle's lieutenant-general, had been created a peer by patent dated York, March 28, 1642, with the title of Lord of Eythin. The Parliament of Scotland passed a decree of forfeiture against him in July 1644, directly after the battle, but an Act was passed rescinding the forfeiture in 1647. The title was probably taken from the river *Ythan*, in Aberdeenshire, although it is spelt *Eythin* in the patent. It became extinct on General King's death. (*Douglas*, p. 557.) In the list of persons to receive no pardon, in the propositions presented to the King at Newcastle, it is spelt *Itham*.

Porter, a son of Mr. Endymion Porter, of the King's Bedchamber, who accompanied Charles to Madrid. This General Porter was afterwards taken prisoner in Somersetshire; and, seeing that the King's was a losing cause, he went over to the Parliament in 1645. Rupert's regiment of foot, commanded by Colonel O'Neil, fronted Manchester's brigade of infantry; and Newcastle's famous white-coats formed across Moor-lane, and faced Sir William Fairfax's brigade. Some reserves, consisting of Irish foot under Major-General Tilyard and Lord Bellasis, and a body of men called the 'Blue Regiment,' were in the rear, near Wilstrop wood.

The Royalist right wing of horse was commanded by Prince Rupert in person, and consisted of about 5,000 men in three brigades. These were Rupert's own life guards, led by Sir Richard Crane, a Norfolk man related to the Walpoles and to John Bellasis, who had served with the Prince ever since his first successful skirmish at Worcester in 1642;[1] the Newark and Irish horse under that most unlucky and imprudent officer, Lord Byron; and a body of cavalry led by young Lord Grandison, whose good and brave elder brother was slain at Bristol the year before.

The left wing of horse, facing Sir Thomas Fairfax, also numbered about 5,000 men, and was commanded by that daring worthless villain Goring. In drawing a comparison between Wilmot and Goring, after the manner of Plutarch, Lord Clarendon says that they both drank to excess, but that while Wilmot kept sober in action, Goring put no restraint upon himself at any time. So we shall probably not be far wrong in supposing that Goring was half drunk, and, though ready to lead a wild charge, quite incapable of drawing up his troops or of performing any of the duties of a general. His second in command was Sir William Urry, a very different man. Urry was a Scotchman, and a mere mercenary soldier of fortune; but he was an excellent cavalry officer, and had had much experience abroad. At the beginning of the

[1] He was slain at the siege of Bristol in the following year. Sir Richard was of Woodrising, in Norfolk. He had no children by his wife Mary, daughter of Lord Widdrington, and left everything to his niece and adopted child, Mary Bond.

war he joined the Parliament, and did important service on that side at Edgehill. But, considering that the Houses of Parliament did not value him at the rate he set on himself—no easy matter, we are told by Clarendon—he went over to the King at Oxford, betrayed all their plans, and was knighted for his villany. In the autumn after Marston Moor he got tired of the King's service, deserted to the Parliament again, and told Lord Manchester all Charles's plans. Finally he changed sides a third time, landed with Montrose in 1649, and was hanged at last. He was a licentious unprincipled scoundrel, but a very able and intelligent officer in the field. The horse of the Marquis of Newcastle was also in the Royalist left wing under Goring, and was commanded by Sir Charles Lucas. This officer was of an Essex family, brother of Lord Lucas and of Margaret, Duchess of Newcastle, whose life of her husband has been so often quoted. He had served for a short time in the Low Countries. His sister tells us that he seldom hunted or hawked, and never danced, looking upon such pursuits as too effeminate for a man.[1] He was 'brave in person,' says Clarendon, and 'on a day of battle a gallant man to look upon and follow. But at all other times and places of a nature not to be lived with, of an ill understanding, and a rough and proud nature.'

Sir William Urry had served under Gustavus Adolphus; and, among the generals of either side, he alone adopted one of the favourite innovations of that great master of the art of war, with very notable success.[2] The King of Sweden had invented the plan of placing musketeers in the intervals between the troops of horse and on their flanks, especially when acting against lancers, with the object of checking a hostile charge and doing execution among the ranks of soldiers whose cuirasses were proof against pistol but not against musket-balls.[3] Urry formed the left wing of the Royalist army on this principle, receiving some commanded

[1] *True Relation of my Birth, Breeding, and Life*, by Margaret, Duchess of Newcastle: at the end of her tales in verse and prose.

[2] Sir T. Fairfax, p. 85. Fuller's *Worthies*, p. 225.

[3] Hart's *Gustavus Adolphus*, ii. p. 25.

bodies of infantry from Porter's brigade for the purpose.[1] But the English soldiers of those days hated all new foreign fashions. One of the regiments under Urry's command was 'the King's old horse,' and the troopers declared they had always charged together as a whole regiment, and understood no other system. There were even whispers of treachery and foul play, and hints that there must be some evil design in thus breaking the horse up into small bodies,[2] which, in soldiers who knew Urry's history, and had probably never heard of Gustavus Adolphus, was, it must be confessed, not altogether unnatural.

The Royalist foot had got possession of the line of the great ditch before Leven could bring his men to the front, and they not only lined it with musketeers, but planted several of their cannon along its edge; so that, as Cromwell's scout-master remarks, 'their foot was close to our noses.' This 'forlorn hope' of Royalist musketeers was commanded by the brave Colonel John Russell, the Earl of Bedford's younger brother.[3] Rupert had twenty-five pieces of ordnance, and such guns as were not in use at the ditch were placed in a battery that was hurriedly thrown up on the Royalist extreme right.[4] The Prince found it was so late when he reached the moor, after his oratorical labours at York, that he resolved not to fight that night, and the line of the ditch was thus strengthened with guns to defend his foot against attacks until morning.

The Marquis of Newcastle, with his brother Charles Cavendish, 'a man of the noblest and largest mind, though the least and most inconvenient body that lived,'[5] came out to the moor late in the afternoon in a coach-and-six, and in an exceedingly bad humour. He applied to Rupert for orders as to the disposal of his own most noble person, and was told that there would be no battle that night, and that he had better get into his coach and go to sleep, which he accordingly did. But Rupert had not the decision in his hands, and the leaders of the opposing army were fully

[1] In the military language of the day, commanded men were picked men taken from different regiments, for a special service.

[2] Fuller. [3] Fuller. Collins's *Peerage*. [4] Ludlow. [5] Clarendon.

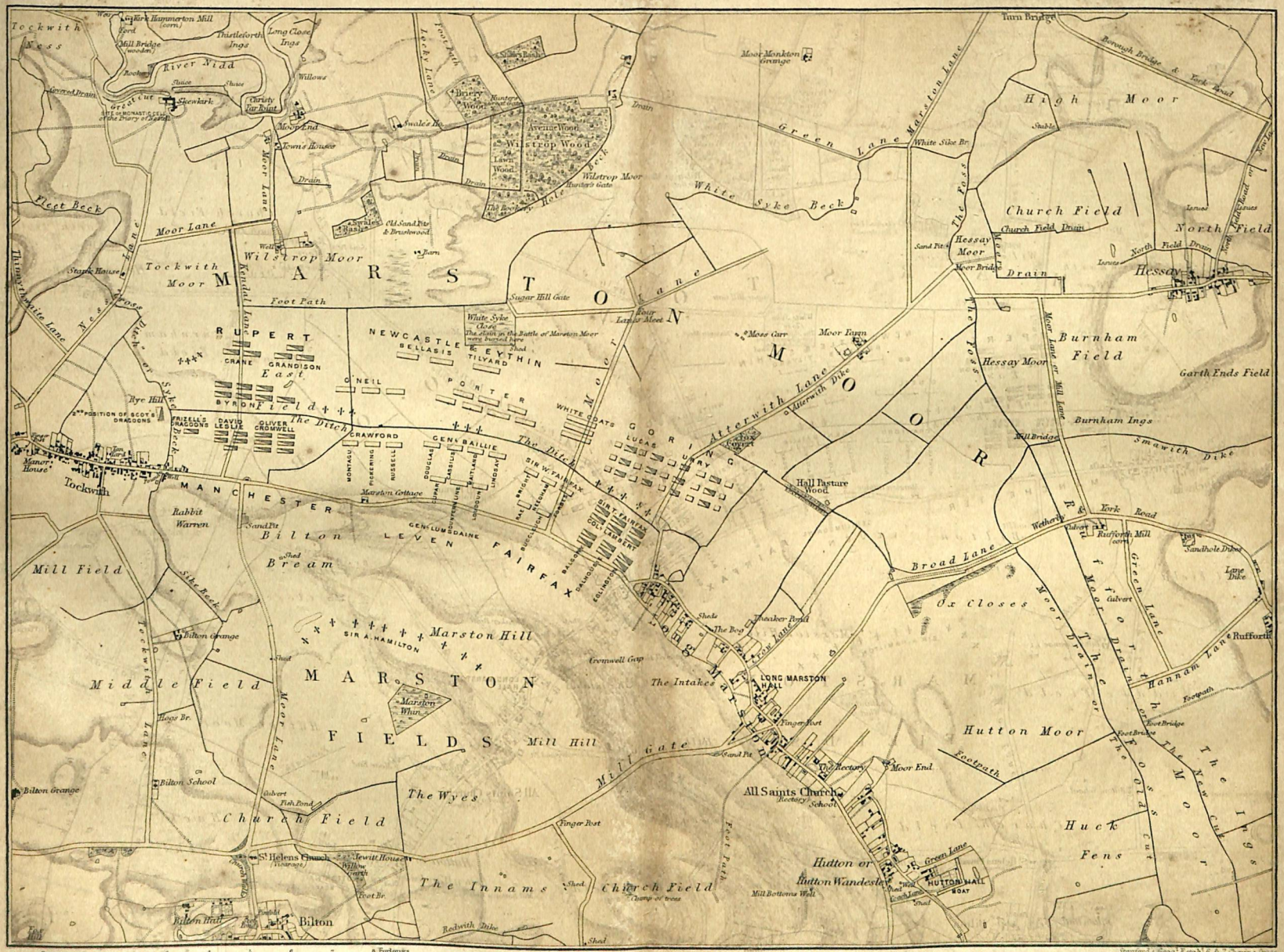
resolved that, with the help of God, there should be a battle that night.

The vulgar idea of Roundheads and Cavaliers is that one side wore close-cropped hair, steeple hats, and clothes of sombre hue; while the other flaunted in dancing plumes and flowing locks. But there were no such marked differences in reality. A soldier could not distinguish a Parliamentary from a Royalist officer,[1] and it was necessary to have some mark or sign. The allies wore a white handkerchief or piece of paper in their hats, and the Royalist token was the absence of bands or feathers. The pass-word of the Royalists was 'God and the King;' that of the allies, 'God with us.' Altogether there were close upon 50,000 men on that memorable ground, waiting for the signal to join battle; for the Royalist army, though slightly inferior in numbers to that of the allies, counted about 22,000 men.

Sir Thomas Glemham remained in command at York with his own regiment, that of Lord Bellasis, and the city bands, of which Slingsby was colonel; but both Lord Bellasis and Sir Henry Slingsby, like true and brave knights as they were, went out to the moor themselves to do battle for their cause.

[1] At the battle of Naseby Prince Rupert was mistaken for Sir Thomas Fairfax.

BATTLE OF MARSTON MOOR



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CHAPTER XVI.

MARSTON MOOR—THE BATTLE.

HERE, then, were the two great armies drawn up in battle array; a deep ditch, and a strip of land covered with waving corn, a few hundred paces across, alone dividing them. We may picture to ourselves the long lines of horsemen, with their breast-plates glittering in the afternoon sun; the solid masses of shouldered pikes, such as Velasquez has made us familiar with in his glorious picture of *Las Lanzas*; and the hundreds of fluttering pennons above them, of all shapes and colours. The standard of Prince Rupert, with its red cross, was nearly five yards long.

Between two and three, while the generals were marshalling their armies, Sir Alexander Hamilton opened fire with his artillery, which was returned from the Royalist drakes and demi-culverins along the ditch. One of these shots struck young Walton, Cromwell's nephew, on the leg, and killed his horse.[1] Then some commander in the Royalist army, with a quick observant eye, detected a most important post unoccupied, which would flank the ditch, and give the advantage of sun and wind. It seems to have been a rising ground behind the cottages at Tockwith, just where the ditch joined Syke beck, flowing from Bilton. A regiment of red-coats and a party of horse took ground to the Royalist right, with a view to the occupation of this position,[2] called in some accounts the 'rye-hill,' which would have enabled them to pour in a flanking fire when the allies attempted to carry the ditch. But the old Earl of Leven was too quick for them. He ordered Colonel Frizell, with his regiment of

[1] Cromwell's letter to Valentine Walton. *Correspondence*, i. p. 152. [2] Stewart.

dragoons, to beat off the Royalist detachment, and occupy this post of vantage on the extreme left, which was accordingly done.

Then, at about five in the afternoon, there was a silence—no movement on either side. A fearful ominous pause.[1] The tension of such silence, at such a moment, was more than the men could endure, and soon 'in Marston corn-fields they fell to singing psalms.'[2] Leven paused, in the hope that the Royalists would advance to attack him, for there would be an evident disadvantage to the army that crossed the ditch, as such a movement must necessarily somewhat break and confuse its line. But there was no sign of any such intention on the part of the enemy; and old Leven, seeing that they would not charge him, resolved, by the help of God, to charge them. It was seven o'clock before the order for a general advance was sounded, but a 'summer's evening is as long as a winter's day,'[3] and there was time to join battle before night, when a bright harvest moon would give light enough for the victors to complete their work.

The whole allied line came down through the corn in the bravest order,[4] the solid squares of foot and masses of cavalry looking like so many thick clouds.[5] They joined battle with their foes along the line of the ditch, and then truly the silence was exchanged for a deafening noise of fire, clashing of steel, and loud defiant shouts. The Royalists were forced back at all points. Manchester's foot, led on by General Crawford, drove the enemy out of the part of the ditch in their front with some slaughter, capturing four drakes.[6] This enabled the main battle of Scots foot to pass the barrier with little opposition,[7] the dragoons having already gained the line of Syke beck, or the 'cross ditch,' as they called it.[8] Sir William Fairfax also, on the right centre, with his Yorkshire foot, beat off the enemy from the hedge in his front, captured a demi-culverin and two drakes, and began to lead his men up Moor-lane.

[1] Watson.
[2] Slingsby
[3] Fuller.
[4] Watson.
[5] Ash.
[6] Ash. Stewart.
[7] Stewart.
[8] Ibid.

Thus the allies had carried the ditch, and gained a position on the moor along their whole line. The musketeers in the ditch fell back, and the battle commenced again on a new line, nearly as far north as White Syke close.

Meanwhile the wings had delivered their charges. David Leslie and Cromwell fell upon the Newark horse under Lord Byron close along the ditch, and, after some sharp fighting, routed and dispersed them. But, as they opened to right and left, the main body of the Royalist wing, consisting of Rupert's life guards and Grandison's regiment, appeared in the gap, ready to charge, some few hundred yards away on the moor. Here there was a check of some kind, respecting which we shall never know the exact truth; but it is certain that something happened, and all we can do is to weigh probabilities. Manchester's horse, led by Cromwell, which until now had been in the van, drew rein and paused. Laurence Crawford, leading on Manchester's brigade of foot on Cromwell's right, declared that he came up to the cavalry in a great passion, reviled them for poltroons and cowards, and asked them if they would stand still and see the day lost. Cromwell, alleges Crawford, then came forward and answered that he was wounded and was unable to charge, so Crawford caused him to be led off the field, and took command himself.[1] William Crawford of Skeldon (no relation to the other),[2] who was on Cromwell's left with the dragoons, afterwards declared on oath that Cromwell got a little wound in the back of the neck, which made him retire, so that he was not so much as present at the battle, and that his troopers were led on by David Leslie.[3] Sir Adam Hepburn, Lord of Humbee, the Commissary-General of the Scottish army, also asserted that Cromwell and his troopers were so humbled that he would have fled if David Leslie had not supported him.[4]

[1] Holles's *Memoirs*, p. 16.

[2] Laurence Crawford was of the Jordanhill family, and had four brothers: Cornelius, of Jordanhill; Thomas and Daniel, in the Russian service; and John, a clergyman. William of Skeldon was no relation, and, being in a different army, is not likely to have had much intercourse with his namesake. Godwin confuses the two, and Baillie's editor helps to increase the confusion.

[3] Baillie, ii. p. 218. [4] Ibid.

These three accounts differ sufficiently to show that they are independent, and not derived from one source, and yet they all agree that there was something wrong with Cromwell and his horse. Against them we have the absence of any allusion to such a mishap in the account written by Cromwell's own scout-master, which was to be expected; and the general reputation of Oliver's cavalry, which goes for nothing against positive testimony.[1]

On the whole we must conclude that, from some cause or other, Cromwell and his men did pause at a critical moment, when David Leslie dashed on to the charge,[2] and met Rupert's horse in full career, giving the troopers of Manchester's brigade time to recover themselves and support him. A desperate conflict ensued. For some time the two bodies of horse stood at swords' point, hacking one another.[3] Ludlow heard a story that, having discharged their pistols, they flung them at each other's heads, and fell to with their swords.[4] Young Lord Grandison received as many as ten wounds.[5] At last the Royalists wavered, broke, and fled in irretrievable rout, riding over and dispersing their own reserves of foot. Yet they had bravely disputed every inch of ground for nearly an hour.[6] They fled along Wilstrop wood side as fast and thick as could be,[7] hotly pursued by the victorious allies, who chased them down the York road for three miles, committing fearful slaughter, to which the bullets found long afterwards in the heart wood of Wilstrop trees bore silent

[1] Cromwell himself, in the letter to his brother-in-law, assumes the whole credit of the defeat of the Royalist right, certainly at the expense both of truth and honour. He says: 'The left wing which I commanded, being our own horse, saving a few Scots in our rear, beat all the Prince's horse. God made them as stubble to our swords.' (Letter to Valentine Walton, *Correspondence*, i. p. 152.) Now the 'few Scots' consisted of 1,920 men out of 4,200, and Cromwell's assertion that they were in the rear is contradicted by every other eye-witness who mentions them. Principal Baillie, who received a long account of the battle from his namesake, and had other sources of information now lost, says that David Leslie, in all places that day, was Cromwell's leader (ii. p. 209). See also Somerville's *History of the Somervilles*, where it is said that 'Cromwell disdained not to take order from David Leslie.'

[2] Rushworth says that Leslie's regiments behaved very well, v. p. 633.

[3] Watson. Rushworth. [4] Ludlow's *Memoirs*. [5] Vicars, p. 275.

[6] Captain W.H. Watson. Rushworth. [7] Slingsby's *Diary*.

testimony.[1] Rupert himself would have been taken prisoner if he had not hid himself in some 'bean-lands.'[2] He played the 'creep-hedge,' as John Vicars spitefully puts it. The brigade of Manchester's foot, under Crawford, advanced by the side of the horse, dispersing the enemy's infantry as fast as they charged,[3] and utterly routing Rupert's foot regiments, under O'Neil, which formed the right of the Royalist line.

All this time the Scots brigade, forming the centre, was bearing the brunt of the action, and repulsing the assaults of Porter's division, led on by Lord Eythin; while the Fairfaxes were suffering a great disaster on the right.

Sir William Fairfax, after crossing the ditch, gallantly led his men up Moor-lane through a terrific cross-fire. But, as they emerged on the moor in column, they were received with murderous volleys from Newcastle's white-coats,[4] so that there was more slaughter here than on any other part of the field.[5] They wavered, and just then large bodies of their own flying cavalry, routed by Sir William Urry, galloped over them in wild disorder. They were thrown into confusion, and, with the two regiments of Scots reserves, broke and fled towards Tadcaster.

At the same time as the foot advanced up Moor-lane, the engagement had commenced between the horse of Fairfax and Goring on the extreme right. Sir Thomas was given the most difficult ground on the whole battle-field. Besides several ditches, there was a dense undergrowth of furze in that part of the moor, which threw the cavalry into some disorder before reaching the enemy. Notwithstanding these inconveniences, he saw his right wing properly formed, and then, placing himself at the head of his own regiment, charged the enemy in most gallant style.[6] He was opposed to

[1] 'Cutting down the wood belonging to Lord Petre, on one side of Marston Moor, a few years ago, the sawyers found many bullets in the hearts of the trees.' Hargrove's *Knaresborough*, 1798, p. 351.

[2] Ash. [3] Watson. Rushworth, v. p. 633. [4] Ash.

[5] Sir T. Fairfax.

[6] The sword worn by Sir Thomas Fairfax, in this charge, is preserved at Farnley, the seat of Mr. Fawkes, near Otley. It is a straight sword with a basket hilt inlaid with silver. It is described in Meyrick.

Sir William Urry's alternate bodies of horse and musketeers,[1] and was a long time hotly engaged at swords' point,[2] suffering terribly from the galling fire of the muskets; but at last he routed this part of the Royalist wing, and his regiment chased the fugitives some way along the road to York. This was the most desperate fight in the whole battle, and many of the officers and men were killed and wounded. Sir Thomas himself received a deep sabre cut across the cheek, the mark of which he took with him to his grave.[3] Rushworth says that he carried himself with great bravery, but that he was unhorsed, flung on the ground, and wounded on the head and face, but rescued and carried off by a party of his own regiment. His major had at least thirty wounds, of which he died at York. The captain of his own troop was shot in the arm; his cornet had both his hands cut, which maimed him for life; and Captain Micklethwait, another of his officers, 'an honest stout gentleman,' was slain.

Young Charles Fairfax, with Colonel Lambert, charged in another place, and was mortally wounded. Here there was a panic amongst the newly-levied regiments, who rode over Lord Fairfax's infantry in their flight, and caused the rout of the right wing. Urry and Lucas, pressing hotly forward, then attacked the Scots horse; and Lord Eglinton's lancers alone stood their ground. They behaved most gallantly, and both the lieutenant-colonel and young Robert Montgomery were severely wounded.[4] But at last they, too, were broken; so that the whole right wing was utterly defeated, except Sir Thomas's regiment.[5]

Sir Thomas Fairfax, like a good commander, as soon as the success of his own regiment was assured, left the chase, and returned to look after the other troops of his wing. But

[1] Sir T. Fairfax, p. 85.

[2] Sir Thomas's *note* to Fuller.

[3] The scar is shown in the portrait by Walker at Newton Kyme, in the picture at Leeds Castle, and in the miniature by Cooper.

[4] 'I long to hear of the cure of Robert's wound, also of Lieutenant-Colonel Montgomerie, that brave and gallant gentleman.' Principal Baillie to Lord Eglinton, ii. p. 209.

[5] Captain W.H. Sir Thomas Fairfax. Captain Stewart. Ash. Watson. Slingsby.

he found that they had been hopelessly routed, and that he himself was surrounded by bodies of Royalist horse. So he took the white handkerchief out of his hat, and rode right through the enemy without being recognised, joining Manchester's horse in the other wing,[1] with whom he acted, at the head of his victorious regiment, for the rest of the day.

Old Lord Fairfax was carried off the field with the fugitives of his brigade and of the Scots reserve, as far as Tadcaster. But he returned the same night, and wrote off the intelligence of the victory to the mayor of Hull, which was the first that reached London, and the first that was written.[2]

Mr. Trevor met the fugitives as he was coming to York. Horse and foot were mingled together—speechless, breathless, and full of fear: shoals of the Scots crying out, '*Wae's us! we are all undone*;' ragged troops, consisting of four men and a cornet; foot officers, without hat or sword, or indeed anything but feet and so much tongue as would suffice to inquire the way to the next garrison.[3] 'It was a sad sight to behold many thousands posting away amazed with panic fears,' observes Mr. Ash, who took the fugitives severely to task afterwards, in a sermon.

The left wing of the Royalists was now completely victorious. Part of the troops galloped up the hill, and began plundering the baggage round the clump of trees. The rest, consisting of Newcastle's white-coats, and the cavalry led by Lucas and Urry, made a furious attack upon the right flank of the allied centre, which was already hotly engaged with Porter's division in front. The fate of the battle now de-

[1] *Short Memoria'.*

[2] Lilly, who was a great liar and was then in London, says that Lord Fairfax fled through Tadcaster to Cawood Castle, and that, as there were neither fire nor candles, he went to bed. 'At midnight,' continues Lilly, 'news of the victory arrived, and the old lord got up, procured a light, and pen and ink, with some difficulty, and wrote the news to the mayor of Hull, going back to bed again as soon as it was despatched.' This story bears a falsehood on the face of it; and the date of the letter to the mayor proves that it must have been written from the field of battle. See Lilly's *Life and Times*, p. 177.

[3] Carte's *Letters of Ormond*, i. p. 56.

pended upon the valour and steadiness of this brigade of four regiments of Scots foot, under General Baillie, with its reserves under Lumsdaine. 'They had,' says Principal Baillie, 'the greatest burden of the conduct of all.' If they could hold their own until the left wing could come to the rescue, the day was won; if not, utter ruin was inevitable.

Both sides saw this, and the struggle became desperate. One eye-witness declares that there was such noise with shot and clamour of shouts, that it was quite deafening, and the smoke of the powder was so thick that no light could be seen but what proceeded from the mouths of the guns.[1] Twice the Royalist cavalry charged furiously, and twice were they gallantly repulsed, the Scotch regiments in alternate *tertias* of pikes and muskets maintaining their ground for nearly an hour. At a third charge they wavered, and some of the reserves broke and fled. But Lumsdaine and Lord Lindsay[2] rallied two or three regiments, and at that moment David Leslie and Manchester's foot appeared on the scene, and the day was won.[3] Sir Charles Lucas's horse was killed, and he himself taken prisoner when he charged the third time.[4]

When the reserves of the centre broke, the old Earl of Leven urged them to stand their ground. 'If you fly from the enemy,' he exclaimed, 'at least stand by your general.' But it was all in vain. They were panic-stricken, and fled; and he, thinking, like Lord Fairfax, that all was lost, fled with them. We can tell the time of his flight by the direction he took. Instead of following Lord Fairfax to Tadcaster, he turned sharp to the right, because Marston Fields were already overrun by the victorious left wing of the Royalists, and rode away to Wetherby, or, as some say, as far as Leeds. Both Scots and English, friends and enemies, seem to have taken special pleasure in retailing numerous versions of the poor old veteran's mishap or mistake, not remembering how

[1] Captain W.H.

[2] 'Lindsay had the greatest hazard of any.' Baillie, ii. p. 204

[3] Stewart. He says, 'Our main battle all this time standing firm.' See also *Spalding's Troubles*, ii. p. 245.

[4] Stewart. Also *Letter from Hull.*

ably he formed the line of battle, and how hard he strove to rally the fugitives.[1]

It was at this juncture that the Marquis of Newcastle woke up, got out of his coach, and proceeded to join in the combat, followed by his brother, a page, and a few gentleman volunteers. He had an independent encounter with a pikeman; and, after performing other prodigies of valour, was, according to the Duchess, the last to ride off the field, leaving his coach-and-six behind him. It was taken, with all his correspondence, some of which criminated poor Sir John Hotham.

The left wing of the allies heard of the reverses on the right from Sir Thomas Fairfax, when he joined them with his regiment as they were chasing the Royalists along Wilstrop wood side. He and David Leslie, with Crawford and Cromwell, then led the troops across the moor, to the support of their centre, now sorely pressed in front and flank. When the plundering Royalists saw their approach, they hurried down from Marston Fields. For a time the renewed conflict was sharp,[2] but it did not last long. The Royalist cavalry of their left wing, demoralised by success, were routed by Manchester's horse; while David Leslie and the Scots dragoons charged the Royalist foot that still held their ground.

Newcastle's regiment of white-coats resolved to die rather than submit, and retreated into White Syke close; where, as the Duchess describes it, 'they showed such extraordinary valour that they were killed as they stood, in rank and file.' Captain Camby, who came up with some of Manchester's horse in support of Leslie, and was one of the first to enter the close, describes it as 'a small parcel of ground ditched in.' For a whole hour, after the day was utterly lost, did these brave

[1] Fuller says he 'ran away more than a mile and a wee bit' (*Worthies*, p. 225). Turner (*Memoirs*) declares he did not draw bridle till he got to Wetherby, twenty-four miles from the place of battle (Wetherby happens to be only four miles from Marston). See also Lilly, p. 177; Ludlow; Slingsby; Baillie, ii. p. 204; Warwick, p. 280; Spalding, ii. p. 285, &c. Lilly says 'Leven, the Scot, asked the way to the Tweed.' The story of his having gone as far as Leeds is given in Somerville's *History of the Somerville Family*, ii. p. 287.

[2] Rushworth, v. p. 633.

border men continue to fight, repulsing the charges of the cavalry, and of Colonel Frizell's dragoons, at near push of pike. They would take no quarter, and when the allied horse did enter the close, there were not thirty white-coats alive. Captain Camby protested that 'he never, in all the fights he was ever in, saw such resolute brave fellows, and that he saved two or three against their wills.'[1]

Long before this the battle was won. The horse of Manchester and Leslie charged every party remaining in the field until all were fairly routed and put to flight, and by nine that night the field was cleared of all but prisoners and dead. There would have been many more slain in the heat of the pursuit, had not Sir Thomas Fairfax galloped up and down, calling to the soldiers to spare their enemies. 'Spare the poor deluded countrymen,' he cried, 'O spare them who are misled, and know not what they do.'[2] The whole Royalist army fled in utter rout to York, Lord Eythin covering the flight to some extent with a small body of horse. At Micklegate-bar there was a harrowing sight. The street was thronged up to the gates with wounded and exhausted men, who made a pitiful outcry for help or some relief to their sufferings.[3]

But on the battle-field the scene was still more shocking. Besides wounded, there were no fewer than 4,150 bodies buried by the country people, either in White Syke close or along Wilstrop wood side. Prince Rupert's favourite dog 'Boy' was among the slain. The prisoners were Sir Charles Lucas, Generals Goring, Porter, and Tilyard, about a hundred other officers, and 1,500 soldiers. Sir Henry Slingsby lost his nephew, Colonel Fenwick,[4] and his kinsman Sir Charles. Sir William Wentworth, Sir Thomas Metham, and young Lionel Carey, the Earl of Monmouth's eldest son, were also killed. Sir Charles Lucas was taken to view the dead bodies, but he would not say whom he knew among them. There was one Cavalier, however, with a bracelet of hair round his wrist, whom Sir Charles recognized. He

[1] Lilly's *Life and Times*, p. 179. [2] Vicars, p. 284. [3] Slingsby.
[4] Son of Sir Henry's sister Katherine.

desired the bracelet to be taken off, saying that he knew an honourable lady who would give thanks for it.[1] The allies captured twenty-five pieces of ordnance, 130 barrels of powder, many thousand stand of arms, and about a hundred colours, some of which were sent to the Parliament in charge of Captain Stewart. One eye-witness writes that they took colours enough to make surplices for all the cathedrals in England, were they white.[2]

After the battle was over, the Earl of Manchester, who was the senior general in the absence of Leven, rode about amongst the soldiers at eleven o'clock that night, and gave thanks for their exceeding good service.[3] They indeed had to endure severe hardships besides the fighting. Very few ate the quantity of a penny loaf from Tuesday until Saturday morning; there was actually no beer at all; the wells had been drained to the mud, and the men had to drink water out of the ditches, or out of places puddled with the horses' feet.[4]

Many had to mourn the loss of friends and relations on that fatal day, but few had so sad an affliction as Sir Thomas Fairfax, in the death of his brother Charles. The poor lad was deserted by the raw levies whom he led to the charge, and received a severe wound, of which he died three or four days afterwards. He was buried at Marston,[5] having but returned to England to fall in his first battle. His grandfather, the venerable Earl of Mulgrave, thus wrote to his father:—'He hath made the public cause the whetstone of his fortitude. Military valour, which carrieth with it much renown, hath been glorious in him; yet but a small ray of that perfection which dear Charles hath showed in his great encounter with death. This I mention not to beget a sigh, but as his nearness binds me to rejoice with you in the assurance he is gone to Him that gives and takes at His pleasure.'[6]

In general estimation, at the time, the honours of the day were given to Sir Thomas Fairfax, Cromwell, and David

[1] Vicars, p. 276. [2] Two letters, &c., in *King's Pamphlet*, No. 164.
[3] Ash. [4] Ibid. [5] Sir T. Fairfax, *Short Memorial.*
[6] *Fairfax Correspondence*, iii. p. 131.

Leslie; but Generals Baillie and Lumsdaine deserved at least equal credit for their resolute and gallant conduct in command of the centre. If they had given way before the left wing could come to their support, the fate of the day would probably have been very different. As it was, the victory was complete and decisive. The Fairfaxes, by holding out through the previous year so gallantly, had led the way to this result. Their victory at Selby was the immediate cause of the siege of York, and the great battle of Marston Moor was the crown of their patriotic exertions.

NOTE ON THE AUTHORITIES FOR THE BATTLE OF MARSTON MOOR.

Several eye-witnesses wrote an account of the battle of Marston Moor. I think the best is that by the Rev. Simeon Ash. Educated at Cambridge, he was ejected from his living by Laud for refusing to read the 'Book of Sports' in church. When the civil war broke out he became chaplain to the Earl of Manchester, and was present in that capacity at the siege of York and at Marston. But he vigorously opposed the Commonwealth, and went to Breda to congratulate Charles II. on his restoration. He had an independent fortune, and was a thoroughly sincere honest man. He died in 1662. His account of the battle, and of the events which led to it, is lucid and interesting. It was published in a newspaper of the day, called 'True Intelligence,' No. 5; and Principal Baillie, who was in London at the time, says: 'For the man's known integrity, Mr. Ash's every word is believed.' ('Letters,' ii. p. 209.) Mr. Ash's account is bound up in *King's Pamphlet* No. 166, in the British Museum, but is now indexed under the head of 'Periodical Publications,' E $\frac{2}{7}$.

Next we have a full relation of the victory by Captain Stewart, a Scottish officer; which is the authority for the operations in the centre. It was published at London in 4to, on July 11, 1644, and is in *King's Pamphlet* No. 164; but indexed under 'Leven,' E 54.

Leonard Watson, Oliver Cromwell's scout-master, published 'A more Exact Relation of the late Battle near York, London, 1644,' which is one of the authorities for the operations on the left wing. It is in *King's Pamphlet* No. 166. Respecting the left wing, we also have Laurence Crawford's statement to Denzil Holles ('Memoirs,' p. 15); and the accounts given to Principal Baillie by

Crawford, of Skeldon, and Lord Humbee ('Letters,' ii. p. 218). Also Cromwell's own letter to Valentine Walton ('Carlyle,' i. p. 152).

There are also a 'True Relation,' published by authority, 'Two Letters,' written the third day after the fight, 'A Relation of some Remarkable Passages in the Fight,' in a letter from Hull; 'The Weekly Intelligencer' of July 9, No. 62; and 'A Letter from a Captain there present, to a Friend in London,' signed W. H.

Rushworth gives an excellent condensed account of the battle, evidently based upon the narratives of Ash, Watson, and Stewart ('Collections,' v. p. 632). The Official Despatch of the Generals to the Committee of both Kingdoms, dated from the Leaguer before York, on July 5, is in Rushworth, v. p. 636; but it is brief, and enters into no particulars. The same may be said of Lord Lindsay's Official Letter to the Committee of Estates at Edinburgh, dated from York on July 6; which is printed in Thurloe's 'State Papers,' i. p. 38.

For the operations on the right wing the chief authority is Sir Thomas Fairfax's own straightforward modest account, in his 'Short Memorial,' p. 84. Baillie says something touching Lord Eglinton's regiment ('Letters,' ii. p. 209). Sir Henry Slingsby gives a short notice of the battle, with a few local particulars ('Diary,' p. 114).

The gallant stand of the white-coats is related by the Duchess of Newcastle (Life of the Duke, p. 49); and by Captain Camby to Lilly the Astrologer ('Life and Times,' p. 179). Mr. Trevor was somewhere on the outskirts of the battle, and gives an amusing account of the fugitives; but his version of the battle itself is about as accurate as if he had lived at the antipodes a thousand years after the event. (*See* 'Carte's Letters of Ormond,' i. p. 56.)

General Ludlow was not at the battle, but he gives a short account of it ('Memoirs,' p. 53). The version in 'Whitelocke's Memorials' contains as many mistakes as lines.

Old Fuller gives a quaint version of the battle, which contains two or three new points, but we are chiefly indebted to him for having written it ('Worthies,' p. 225) because it gave rise to some additional information from Sir Thomas Fairfax himself. The great general appears to have been a little hurt at the total omission of his name, and he wrote a note in the margin of his copy of 'Fuller's Worthies,' giving a few more particulars respecting the operations of the right wing. This note was communicated to the 'Antiquarian Repertory,' a miscellaneous collection published in 1808, and is printed at p. 31 of vol. iii. The note is headed 'A Modest Refutation of an Error published in Print by Mr. Fuller, in his Book of Worthies.'

There is nothing in Clarendon. Vicars quotes from Mr. Ash's narrative, adding a few particulars that he gathered from others. ('God's Ark,' &c., p. 268.)

General Baillie wrote an account of the battle to his namesake the Principal, for which the latter thanks him in a letter dated July 16, and Lord Eglinton wrote a letter at large to Sir John Seaton. But I have not seen these accounts of the battle, and, so far as I know, they do not now exist.

Eliot Warburton, in his 'Memoir of Prince Rupert,' has not taken much pains in writing of Marston Moor, and merely describes an imaginary charge of his hero on the Royalist *left* wing, where Rupert never was.

Mr. Sandford has written an admirable account of the battle of Marston Moor in his 'Studies and Illustrations of the Great Rebellion,' 1858, p. 580, for which he has carefully studied the best authorities; but he seems to be mistaken respecting the complete rout of the allied centre after the third charge of the Royalists. Captain Stewart distinctly asserts that the main battle stood firm all the time; and Spalding, who was a contemporary, says that two of the regiments, under Lindsay and Lumsdaine, stood their ground and fought it out stoutly.

Mr. Herman Merivale, after a visit to Marston in 1862, wrote a pleasant account of the battle in 'Macmillan's Magazine.' He, however, omits all mention of the gallant stand made by the Scots in the centre, which is fully described by Mr. Sandford, and which, whether they broke or not afterwards, was one of the principal features of this memorable day's work.

Mr. Robert Lawley delivered a very interesting lecture on the battle, in the school-room at Marston in 1865; which was afterwards published by Sampson of York.

The list of Scottish officers in the Earl of Leven's army will be found in Rushworth, v. p. 606.

CHAPTER XVII.

SURRENDER OF YORK—TICKHILL CASTLE—SIEGE OF HELMSLEY—SIR THOMAS FAIRFAX DANGEROUSLY WOUNDED—SIEGE OF POMFRET—DEATH OF SIR WILLIAM FAIRFAX.

THE victory at Marston Moor was decisive, and the Royalist commanders abandoned the idea of attempting to retrieve the affairs of their unfortunate master. The Marquis of Newcastle, seeing all the fruits of his expenditure and trouble destroyed in a single day, and being utterly destitute of that noble perseverance which shone forth so brightly in his opponents when their fortunes were at their lowest ebb, resolved to leave the kingdom. He asked his steward how much money he had left, who answered that he had but 90*l.* With this sum, and escorted by a troop of horse, Lord Newcastle set out for Scarborough early on the morning of Wednesday, July 3. Two vessels were got ready by the governor, and, sailing on the 5th, the Marquis reached Hamburg on the 8th, accompanied by several of the leading Royalists of the north. In one ship were Newcastle himself, with his brother Charles and two sons; Dr. Bramhall, Bishop of Derry, a creature of Laud's and Strafford's; Lord Falconberg, Lord Widdrington, Sir William Carnaby, and his brother Francis. In the other were the Lieutenant-General Lord Eythin, and Lord Carnwath. Lord Newcastle had only 90*l.* in money; but he appears to have had credit, for he bought a coach and nine horses of the Holsatian breed for 160*l.* soon after he landed, with which he set out for Paris; and we shall hear no more of him in this history.

Young Rupert, having entirely ruined his uncle's affairs in the north, left the city of York to its fate, marching away through Monkbar to Middleham, and thence into Lancashire.

So, on the very day after the battle, brave Sir Thomas Glemham, deserted by both Rupert and Newcastle, prepared to defend the town with about a thousand half-mutinous troops; and, in order to induce the garrison to stand by him, he was obliged to circulate false reports that Rupert had again attacked the allied army and routed it. As it was, a great number of soldiers deserted, not liking to endure the hardships of another siege.[1]

The allied army rested in the villages near the moor on the day after the battle, and resumed its original position round York on Thursday, July 4.[2] The approaches were pushed forward with great vigour. The Scots threw up a battery in Bishop-fields to the left of Micklegate-bar, while the Fairfaxes prepared another between Walmgate-bar and Layre-thorp Postern. By the advice of Sir Thomas Fairfax it was determined that a general assault should be delivered at the Layre-thorp Postern, where the wall ended, and the only obstacle was the river Foss. A bridge was got ready to throw across it, and a large supply of hurdles had been collected,[3] when Sir Thomas Glemham offered to capitulate, and commissioners were appointed to arrange the articles of surrender—namely, Sir Adam Hepburn on the part of the Scots, Sir William Constable for the Fairfaxes, and Colonel Montague for Lord Manchester.[4]

Glemham, as he deserved, obtained most honourable terms. He was to deliver up the city, with the forts, Clifford's Tower, and all munitions of war, on the 15th; he and his garrison were to march out with all the honours of war, and be safely conveyed to the nearest Royalist garrison; no officer or soldier was to be stopped or plundered on the march; the citizens were to enjoy all their privileges, and no soldiers were to be quartered within the walls.[5]

On Tuesday, July 16, Sir Thomas Glemham, with Sir Henry Slingsby, and about a thousand men, marched out of York, most of the soldiers being half drunk.[6] The besiegers were drawn up in line on both sides of the road, extending for a mile

[1] Slingsby's *Diary*.
[2] Rushworth, v. p. 637.
[3] Slingsby.
[4] Rushworth.
[5] Ibid.
[6] *God's Ark*, p. 292.

from Micklegate-bar. As soon as the Royalists were clear of the town, the three allied generals went to the Minster, where a psalm was sung, and thanksgiving offered up by Lord Leven's chaplain. No cathedral in England suffered less from the civil war than York Minster, and this immunity was due to the unceasing watchfulness of Sir Thomas Fairfax, to whom Yorkshire owes a debt of gratitude for his thoughtful care of her proudest monument.[1]

The work of the Allies in Yorkshire having been completed, the armies at once marched in directions where they might be more serviceable to the cause. The Scots went north to reduce Newcastle, Manchester led the army of the associated counties south to reinforce Lord Essex, and Sir William Brereton and Sir John Meldrum, who had arrived just too late to take part in the battle, with the Cheshire forces, at once returned to watch the movements of Prince Rupert. They were reinforced by a body of 1,000 Yorkshire cavalry, under the command of Sir William Fairfax of Steeton.

Lord Fairfax was appointed Governor of York, and the only work that remained for him to do was the reduction of the castles which were still held by Royalist garrisons.[2] Some of this work was performed by Lord Manchester during his march south. From Doncaster, where he arrived on July 23, he detached Major-General Crawford to invest Sheffield Castle, which surrendered on August 10; and the reduction of Tickhill Castle was entrusted to Colonel Lilburne.

Tickhill Castle was the property of the Crown, and formed part of the jointure of Henrietta Maria, but it was leased to the Hansby family. A broad moat and counterscarp surrounded a hill covering an area of six acres, and within the moat there was a wall, on the line of which stood the keep, a solid circular tower on a mound, with sixteen buttresses supporting its base. The entrance to the castle was over a

[1] The famous horn of Ulphus was stolen during the siege; but Sir Thomas rescued it, and it was restored to the Minster by his cousin Henry, fourth Lord Fairfax. See the account of the horn of Ulphus by Samuel Gale (*Archæologia*, i. p. 186).

[2] Lord Fairfax to Sir S. D'Ewes, *Autobiography*, ii. p. 306.

drawbridge across the moat, and then through a fine old gateway tower with a large chamber above, defended by four doors and a portcullis. The old hall, which was standing in Leland's time, was on the left side of the gate tower, and there were also the chapel built by Queen Eleanor, and other buildings, within the walls.

Sir Ralph Hansby garrisoned Tickhill Castle for the King at the breaking out of the civil war, but he died and was buried there in December 1643, and Major Monckton succeeded to the command. Situated on the borders of Yorkshire and Nottinghamshire, Tickhill was well placed for levying black mail. The garrison consisted of about eighty musketeers and a troop of horse, and Monckton managed to do much mischief by extorting heavy contributions from the farmers, and interrupting the trade between the manufacturing towns of the West Riding and the South. The troop of horse patroled the roads, and brought all the pack animals laden with cloth into the castle, where they were not released without payment of twenty shillings per horse-load. On being summoned by Lilburne, Major Monckton agreed to surrender on honourable conditions. Lord Manchester, attended by Generals Crawford and Oliver Cromwell, rode from Doncaster on the 26th of July with a troop of horse, and arrived in front of Tickhill Castle in the afternoon. The drawbridge was then let down, and the garrison marched out between two lines of Parliamentary dragoons; leaving behind one iron field-piece, a hundred muskets, and great store of grain, salt butter, cheese, and powdered beef. Lord Manchester furnished a horse to each of the wives of the Royalist officers, and rested one day in the castle before resuming his march.[1]

Some other important castles remained for the Fairfaxes to reduce—Helmsley, Pomfret, Sandall, Knaresborough, and Scarborough; besides Skipton, in the hills of Craven.

Sir Thomas Fairfax undertook the siege of Helmsley

[1] In 1647 the Parliament ordered Tickhill, with other castles, to be dismantled and rendered untenable. The hall and the old gateway remained. See Vicars and Hunter's *Doncaster*.

Castle in person. This strong place, about twenty miles nearly due north of York, belonged to the Duchess of Buckingham, the heiress of the Earl of Rutland, and Baroness de Roos in her own right. The Lords Roos took their title from this castle of Helmsley or Hamlake. The garrison was commanded by Sir Jordan Crosland, who made a most resolute defence; and there were several desperate sallies. In one of these Sir Thomas Fairfax was very dangerously wounded, a ball passing through his shoulder, and another breaking his arm. He was carried to his father's house at Bishophill in York, where for a long time his life was despaired of.[1] But he gradually recovered during the autumn, and in October the London newspapers reported that he was 'on the mending hand.'[2] Helmsley surrendered on November 22;[3] Knaresborough at about the same time; and on Christmas Day, long before he was properly recovered from his wounds, the gallant young General invested the far stronger and more formidable castle of Pomfret.

The ancient castle at Pomfret stands on an elevated rock south of the town, whence there is a splendid view across the valley of the Aire. It consisted of a strong wall with a parapet, built round a castle-yard, and the wall was flanked by seven tall and massive towers, called the Round Tower, the Pix or Treasurer's, the Red, the Swillington, the Queen's, the King's, and the Constable's Towers. The Round Tower at the east end was sixty-four feet in diameter, and was used as a lodging for the Governor. In the yard there was a trap-door over a flight of forty-three steps cut out of the solid rock, conducting to a subterranean chamber six yards long by three, with six recesses, used as a magazine. The entrance to the castle-yard was through a strong machicolated gateway with a portcullis, between two towers where the corps du gard was stationed, beyond which there was a barbican with a drawbridge.

[1] *Short Memorial*, p. 89. Carte's *Letters of Ormond*, i. p. 61.

[2] *Country Foot-post* of October 2, 1644.

[3] *Additional Manuscripts*, 18.979. Propositions desired by Colonel Croslard for Helmsley Castle. The only accounts of Helmsley Castle I know of will be found in Gill's *Vallis Eboracensis*, and Eastmead's *Historia Rievallensis* (1824).

The castle was well provisioned and garrisoned by a strong force under the command of Sir Richard Lowther, who refused to surrender on summons, and the siege commenced. Batteries were planted round the castle, and a heavy fire was opened, which was continued for several days. Sir Thomas Fairfax here had another very narrow escape, being slightly wounded by a ball which passed between him and Colonel Forbes, his old companion in arms at the taking of Leeds. Soon afterwards his ill health, and weakness arising from half-healed wounds, obliged him to return to York, and the siege was converted into a blockade,[1] the conduct of which was entrusted to Colonel Lambert.

Sir Thomas Fairfax had now completed his novitiate in arms. His military exploits since that first affair of outposts at Wetherby, only two short years before, had made his name famous throughout England, and the time had arrived when he was to receive the highest trust that the representatives of his country could confer upon him.

But just as Sir Thomas was thus called to fill the most important post in the kingdom, his cousin and dear friend Sir William, who had fought by his side on so many battle-fields, met a soldier's death. Sir William has occupied too honourable a place in this first part of our hero's life history to admit of the closing scene of his career being passed over with no more than a few words. Moreover it was fated that his descendants should continue the line of the Fairfaxes in England to our own time. I will therefore conclude this chapter with some account of his last and most glorious action.

Sir William Fairfax, with a body of Yorkshire horse, was engaged, with Sir John Meldrum, in the siege of Liverpool;

[1] In February Sir Marmaduke Langdale, with 2,000 horse, raised the siege, Lambert retreating before him to Ferrybridge; but it was resumed when Langdale retired again to Newark, and pressed vigorously forward by Sir John Savile of Lupset, and the Scots. Pomfret Castle surrendered on July 21, 1645. See Tetlow's *Historical Account of Pontefract* (1762). There is a manuscript diary of the siege of Pomfret, by Nathan Drake, a gentleman volunteer, written in 1644. Francis Drake, his grandson, and the author of *Eboracum*, desired that it might never go out of the family. See also Boothroyd's *Pontefract*.

and Sir William Brereton had resumed the siege of Chester. Then there came a call for help from the Welsh marches. Sir Thomas Middleton, who was commanding for the Parliament in Shropshire, had intercepted the whole of the gunpowder which the Royalists were sending from Bristol for the use of Chester and Liverpool. He deposited it, with a suitable garrison, in Montgomery Castle, remaining outside with his horse. This was a serious blow to the Royalists; and Lord Byron, collecting the remains of Prince Rupert's horse, and of the infantry sent over from Ireland by Lord Ormond, laid close siege to the castle, with the determination of recovering the powder. Middleton appealed for support to the Parliamentary commanders in Cheshire and Lancashire, and his call was promptly answered.

Sir William Fairfax declared that, for the service of the Parliament, he was ready to lead his Yorkshire horse to any part of the kingdom; and the united forces formed a body of 3,000 horse and foot under the chief command of Sir John Meldrum. They arrived before Montgomery Castle on September 17, and Lord Byron retreated to the slope of a mountain on one side with his besieging troops, which numbered about 5,000 men.

Next day the Royalists came down into the plain, and, attacking their enemies with great resolution, the action became general, at a time when a third of the Parliamentary horse was away foraging and collecting supplies for the revictualling of the castle. Byron's pikemen advanced with desperate bravery and drove back the troops of horse that were opposed to them; but Sir William Fairfax led his men again and again to the charge, and at last, when a third time they wavered and fell back, he dashed single-handed into the thick of the enemy's ranks, his good sword flashing right and left, and the plumes of his beaver waving like a beacon amidst the hostile pikes and steel caps. It was a deed worthy of one of Arthur's fabled knights, and it won the battle. The sight of their gallant chief thus surrounded by his enemies aroused the spirit of the Yorkshire yeomen. Again they charged furiously upon that line of pikes,

resolved to rescue their beloved commander or to die. This final charge was decisive. The Royalists broke and fled in all directions, and Montgomery Castle was relieved. But the victory, important as it was, cost very dear—it cost the life of one of the truest and bravest knights in England. Sir William Fairfax was literally covered with wounds,[1] more than one of which was mortal.

Sir William Fairfax lingered for sixteen hours, and died covered with glory, asking Sir William Brereton, with his last breath, to tell the Parliament that he thought his life well bestowed in its service, and to desire them to have a care for his wife and children. Sir William wore a gold bracelet and a diamond ring, which were taken as perquisites by the surgeons who attended him. But Sir John Meldrum was determined that they should be sent to his wife; and when the greedy doctors refused to restore them, he drew out a troop of horse and enforced compliance by threatening to charge the whole medical department as enemies. With these memorials Sir John Meldrum and Sir Thomas Middleton sent letters of condolence to Lady Fairfax; and all the London newspapers were full of praise of the heroic valour, and regret at the untimely death of her gallant husband.

Lady Fairfax, in the midst of her sorrow, was able to reply to the words of comfort from her husband's companions in arms by saying that 'she grieved not that he died in the cause, but that he died so soon that he could do no more for it.' She went, with her four young children, to live with her husband's cousin, Lord Sheffield, in Lincolnshire,[2] and Sir Thomas Fairfax at once advanced her some money, while the Parliament, mindful of the great services of her husband, voted her a sum of £1,500 on January 11, 1647.[3] As soon as her affairs were brought into some order, after the pacification of Yorkshire, she removed to Steeton, where she died in 1692,

[1] The *Weekly Intelligencer* says he had twelve or thirteen wounds, Vicars says fifteen, and Whitelock eleven.

[2] *Fairfax Correspondence*, iii. p. 141.

[3] Whitelocke's *Memorials*, p. 234.

and was buried in Bolton Percy church, having been mistress of the old hall for nearly sixty years.[1]

[1] The accounts of the death of Sir William Fairfax, and of the raising of the siege of Montgomery Castle, will be found in Rushworth, v. p. 747; Whitelocke, p. 104; *The Burning Bush*, by John Vicars, p. 33; Carte's *Ormond*, i. p. 64; the official despatches to the Committee of both Kingdoms from Sir William Brereton, Sir John Meldrum, and Sir Thomas Middleton, in King's *Pamphlet*, No. 174; and the newspapers of the day, especially the *London Post*, No. 5; *Weekly Account*, No. 56; and the *Weekly Intelligencer*. The *London Post* compared Sir William Fairfax to Epaminondas, in having the happiness to know he was a conqueror before he died. Mr. Trevor, in his letter to Lord Ormond, says: 'My Lord Byron is infinitely unfortunate, and has now finished with your Excellency, that is to say made an end of all your lordship's army unto a man, without any the least service. And truly, my lord, people now begin to speak out, and say those forces were trifled away by my Lord Byron.'

CHAPTER XVIII.

SIR THOMAS FAIRFAX COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE ARMIES OF THE PARLIAMENT—ORGANIZATION OF THE NEW MODEL ARMY.

THE war had now been raging in all parts of England for two years; mourning and desolation were spreading over the land; but there seemed to be no prospect of any termination to a state of things which was becoming more unendurable every day. The Fairfaxes alone, thanks to their indomitable perseverance and enterprise, had attained any permanent result in the north. In the winter of 1644–45 negotiations were opened with the King at Uxbridge, but there was no sincere desire to come to terms, and both the operations of war and the discussions at Uxbridge were carried on in a half-hearted way, which boded no present settlement. The leading statesmen at Westminster clearly saw that either the war must be brought to a successful termination promptly and vigorously, or that all the great ends for which it was undertaken would be lost in a disgraceful peace.

On December 9, 1644, the House of Commons took into consideration the sad condition of the kingdom in reference to its grievances by the burden of the war; and Cromwell spoke out from his place in Parliament, in a speech which was at once emphatic and conciliatory. 'I am far from reflecting on any,' he said; 'I know the worth of those commanders, members of both Houses, who are yet in power; but, if I may speak my conscience without reflecting upon any, I do conceive if the army be not put into another method, and the war more vigorously prosecuted, the people can bear the war no longer, and will enforce you to a dishonourable peace. But this I would recommend to your prudence, not to insist upon any complaint or oversight of any

commander, upon any occasion whatsoever; for as I must acknowledge myself guilty of oversights, so I know they can rarely be avoided in military affairs. Therefore, waiving a strict enquiry into the causes of these things, let us apply ourselves to the remedy which is most necessary, and I hope we have such true English hearts and zealous affections towards the general weal of our mother country, as no members of either House will scruple to deny themselves and their own private interests for the public good.'[1] A motion was then proposed by Mr. Zouch Tate, and seconded by Sir Harry Vane, by which no member of either House should enjoy any office or command during the war. Whitelocke made a long speech against the motion, grounding his objection on the loss of such generals as Essex, and Denbigh, and Manchester; but on the 19th an ordinance embodying Mr. Tate's motion, which was called the 'Self-denying Ordinance,' passed the House, and was sent up to the Lords, who rejected it on January 13. The House of Commons were, however, resolved that in some shape or other their ordinance must pass, though it was set aside for the present. There was a strong feeling that those who sat at Westminster ought not to hold lucrative appointments in the army; that they should be above the suspicion of profiting from the war which was waged under their orders; and that military commanders should be their servants, and not members of their own body.

Meanwhile the Commons proceeded to the consideration of measures for the complete reconstruction of the army on a new model, as it was called. It was resolved that this new force should consist of 22,000 men, divided into 6,600 horse, 1,000 dragoons, and 14,400 foot; the horse being formed into eleven regiments of 600 men each, the dragoons into ten companies of 100 men, and the foot into twelve regiments of 1,200 men each, in ten companies. The army was to cost £44,955 a month, to be raised by assessment throughout the kingdom. But the most momentous question was the selection of a Commander-in-Chief for this new model army,

[1] Rushworth, vi. 4.

whose military genius should speedily put an end to the disastrous civil war, and restore the blessings of peace to his bleeding and distracted country.

With all the Parliament men excluded, there could not be much doubt of the man—the victor of Leeds and Wakefield and Nantwich and Selby; he who had scattered the Irish army to the winds in one month and led the way to the mighty duel at Long Marston in the next; the gallant young chief who, worn with illness and covered with wounds, was still ready at the first call: he it was that at once seems to have occurred to all minds. The country needed the clear head and stout heart of Sir Thomas Fairfax to save it from a long and wasting war.

The first news that came down to Yorkshire was that Sir Thomas was to be called up to be general of the horse in the new army.[1] But this was short of the truth. On January 21 the House of Commons voted that Sir Thomas Fairfax should be Commander-in-Chief of the army of the Parliament; and on February 4 the Lords passed the ordinance appointing him, and agreed that the officers should be nominated by the General, subject to the approval of the two Houses.

It is right that his motives for accepting this great appointment should be given in Sir Thomas Fairfax's own simple and manly words. He says: 'By votes of the two Houses I was nominated to command the new modelled army; and so far from desiring it, that, had not so great an authority commanded my obedience, and had I not been urged by the persuasion of my nearest friends, I should have refused so great a charge. But whether it was from a natural facility in me, that betrayed my modesty, or the powerful hand of God, I was induced to receive the command. Then was I immediately voted by the Parliament to come to London and take my charge, though not fully recovered of a dangerous wound which I had received a little before at

[1] James Chaloner to Lord Fairfax, January 14, 1645. *Fairfax Correspondence*, iii. p. 155.

Helmsley. I took my journey southward, hoping it might be someways serviceable to the public.'

Sir Thomas arrived in London on February 18 in a private manner, accompanied only by his brave old uncle Sir William Constable, by Colonel Alured who had fought so gallantly by his side at Wakefield, and by two or three other officers. His brother-in-law, Sir Thomas Widdrington, met him at Ware, and rode with him to the house in Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn, which had been hired for the new General during his stay in London. Next day the Commons sent four of their members to wait upon him, who conducted him into the House, where a chair was placed for him; but he modestly refused it, and stood bare while the Speaker spoke as he was commanded, first thinking it necessary to air his learning by saying something about Agamemnon and the ancient Romans, which Bulstrode Whitelocke did not care to remember. Mr. Lenthall then announced that 'the House, out of the great experience and confidence they had of the valour, conduct, and fidelity of Sir Thomas Fairfax, had thought fit to confer the great trust of commanding their armies in chief upon him; and, giving him thanks in the name of the House for his great services past, encouraged him to go on as he had begun, assuring him of the care and protection of the Parliament in the discharge of that weighty trust which the kingdom reposed in him.'

Sir Thomas Fairfax had entered upon a work of great difficulty—one which would tax his physical powers to the uttermost, while it required the full exertion of all the great mental qualities with which nature had endowed him. At the very outset he had to contend against the obstacles thrown in his way by 'those who were disgusted at the alterations, and sought by all means to obstruct his proceedings in this new charge;'[1] and a glance at the state of parties becomes necessary in order to a full understanding of the new General's position.

[1] In the manuscript of the *Short Memorial* there is a passage which is omitted in the printed copies. Sir Thomas Fairfax there says: 'When I went to take my leave of a great person, he told me he was sorry I was going out with the army, for he did believe we should be beaten.'

Since the alliance with the Scots the power of the Presbyterians had become numerically very great. They desired to introduce and enforce the same fanatical narrow form of church government which prevailed in Scotland, to the exclusion of all others, and their predominance would have inaugurated a tyranny more galling and oppressive than that of Laud. They had a majority in the Parliament, and the support of the Scots Commissioners and of the City of London. But the leaders of the Presbyterians were such second or third-rate politicians as Sir Philip Stapleton and Denzil Holles, and were no match for the brilliant representatives of the liberal party, who now began to be known as Independents. Sir Harry Vane, that pure and upright statesman, was the greatest ornament of the Independents. He advocated civil and religious liberty, freedom from illegal exactions, and freedom for every man to worship God in his own way. He was not opposed to monarchy in the abstract; and if the blessings of good government and religious freedom could be secured under kingly rule he would support a king; but he considered the mere form of government to be secondary to its main objects, and that if monarchy was found to be incompatible with those objects, monarchy should be set aside. Sir Harry Vane's friends, the Scots Commissioners, were scandalised at these opinions. Principal Baillie writes in great consternation that, 'our most intime friend is joining with a new faction to procure liberty of sects,' and that 'twice at our table he hath prolixlie, earnestlie, and passionatelie reasoned for a full libertie of conscience to all religions, without any exceptions.'[1]

The Presbyterians wished to introduce a worse tyranny than that of the Bishops; and, if the king would have taken the Covenant, and adopted their special form of intolerance instead of his own, they were ready to make a disgraceful peace and forego all the great and noble ends of the war. The Independents were simply what every English politician in these days is, or pretends to be, advocates of civil and religious liberty. Perfectly willing to tolerate either episco-

[1] Baillie, ii. pp. 231–5.

pacy or presbyterianism, they demanded at the same time freedom to worship God in their own way. They were represented in the House of Commons by Sir Harry Vane, and Cromwell, and St. John; and in the army by all the earnest God-fearing soldiers who preferred their bibles and the praying of gifted comrades to the ministrations of clergymen appointed by law. On the side of the Independents were ranged all the patriotism and genius in the Parliament, and all the valour and enthusiasm in the army.

The Presbyterians could count upon the numerical majority in the two Houses, the fanatical zeal of many preachers, the moneyed dullness of the City and other centres of respectability, and the Scots to a man. The two parties were now united against a common enemy, but sooner or later the struggle for supremacy would come.

Even while he was engaged in organizing the new army, Sir Thomas Fairfax was annoyed by the envious opposition of the Presbyterian party. Denzil Holles, who had commanded a regiment in the old inefficient army of Lord Essex, was boiling over with venomous spite, and prophesied disaster;[1] and the Lords, who were nearly all of the Presbyterian party, manifested their intolerance by inserting in the New Model Ordinance a clause by which no officer or man would have been able to serve in the army without having taken the Covenant. The leaders of the Independent party, in a conference, succeeded in modifying this clause,[2] and on March 18 the Lords concurred in approving the appointments of officers made by Sir Thomas Fairfax. On the 24th the Commons resumed the debate on the Self-denying Ordinance; on the 1st of April Sir Thomas Fairfax's commission passed the Lords; on the 2nd Lord Essex and the other generals who had seats in Parliament sent in their resignations; and on the 3rd the Lords passed the Self-denying Ordinance.

On April 3rd Sir Thomas Fairfax went to Windsor, where a general rendezvous was appointed, and all officers

[1] *Memoirs*, p. 30.

[2] The word *incapable* of serving was agreed to be omitted. Rushworth, vii. p. 8.

and soldiers on leave were ordered to report themselves by the 7th. He at once commenced diligently to organize a thoroughly efficient and serviceable field force.

It has often been asserted that Cromwell was the real mover in all these changes; that the new model army was his creation; and that Fairfax was merely appointed as a tool to do whatever Cromwell would have him, and to further the ambitious designs of his subordinate without any will of his own. The spiteful Holles insinuates that such was the case,[1] and he and others have done their best to falsify history by imputing ambitious personal designs to Cromwell, at a time when he certainly had no other aim but the success of the cause in which he was embarked. The truth is that writers became so wise after the event, that, in order to account for Cromwell's wonderful career, they must needs go back to a time when he could not, in the nature of things, have conceived any wild schemes of personal advancement, and torture his every act and speech into the manifestation of some deep design. Such an idea is contrary to the facts, is utterly opposed to Cromwell's character, and is unsupported by a single scrap of trustworthy contemporary evidence.[2] Cromwell advocated the Self-denying Ordinance because he saw that unless the war was carried on with more energy the end would inevitably be disastrous. But he had nothing whatever to do with the organization of the new army; he did not even assist Fairfax in his labours; he was quite ready to resign his appointment as a member of the House, and fully expected to have been called upon to do so; and his subsequent continuance in the army was solely due to the application of the general for his services. Sir Thomas Fairfax held no divided responsibility. He was in all respects the Commander-in-Chief of the new army; he selected the officers, organized the regiments, and conducted the operations in the field. Cromwell was subsequently his very

[1] *Memoirs*, p. 34.

[2] Godwin truly says: 'It was only by slow degrees that Cromwell came to entertain those ambitious thoughts, that in the sequel proved fatal to his own character, and to the welfare of his country.'—iii. p. 218.

efficient lieutenant-general of horse, but he was of no use to him in preparing for the field, nor in making the important arrangements at Windsor, where Major-General Skippon, and not Cromwell, was Sir Thomas's right hand.

The new model army created by Sir Thomas Fairfax was, considering all things, the noblest military force that ever took the field. The commanding officers of regiments were picked men, carefully chosen from every rank in society, without regard to anything but personal valour and personal efficiency; yet the majority were men of good, several of noble families. As a rule they were very young. The soldiers were the cream of the yeomen and skilled workmen of England—men who were fighting for the noblest cause in which sword was ever drawn. These were not mercenary hirelings, not 'mere janissaries,' as they themselves expressed it, but citizens of a free State in arms to protect and secure their liberties. There were fanatics and wild enthusiasts among them, as was inevitable at such a time, but few plunderers or brawlers. This noble army was as deservedly famous for its strict discipline, and for its excellent conduct to non-combatants, as for its irresistible valour in the field.

Let us glance at the officers of the New Model. The young commander-in-chief was only just thirty-three; but Philip Skippon, the serjeant-major-general, specially appointed by a vote of the two Houses, was a stout old veteran of the school of the Veres, who had received his training in the wars of the Low Countries. He was now to serve as chief of the staff under the son-in-law of his beloved old commander. His military skill and experience were held in such high estimation that both Charles and the Parliament strove to secure his services; but he accepted the command of the City militia, and remained faithful to the cause of the people. The old man's frank hearty manner made him very popular with his men. He would walk along the ranks talking to them, and encouraging them with short familiar speeches. 'Come, my boys!' he would call out; 'my brave boys! let us pray heartily, and fight

heartily. I will run the same fortunes and hazards with you. Remember, the cause is for God, and for the defence of yourselves, your wives, and children. Come, my honest, brave boys! pray heartily and fight heartily, and God will bless us.'[1] Thoroughly acquainted with all the details of his profession, devout and prayerful, yet genial and sympathetic, brave old Skippon was the very man for his post.

The general and major-general each had a regiment of foot, and the other eight were commanded by officers carefully selected from the old armies of Lords Essex and Manchester. Of these Sir Hardress Waller, then aged forty-one, was a gentleman of good family and first cousin of the General Sir William Waller; but, though active and zealous in the field, he was not a man of truly stout heart, and failed when the time for trial came.[2] Colonel Robert Hammond, second son of Mr. Hammond of Chertsey and nephew of King Charles's learned chaplain, was a young man in his twenty-fifth year, who had been educated at Oxford. He commenced his military career under General Massey at Gloucester, and, though a brave and good officer, was hot-headed, and had got himself into a scrape by killing a certain Major Gray in a duel, in the previous October. His lieutenant-colonel was Isaac Eure, who took a prominent part in the subsequent history, and was a regicide.

Colonels Montague and Pickering, the young heroes of Manchester's infantry brigade at Marston Moor, received colonelcies in the new model army, for Sir Thomas had witnessed their steady conduct in the great battle of the North, and was glad to command such officers. Colonel Ingoldsby was in his twenty-fourth year, a son of Sir Richard Ingoldsby of Lenthenborough by a daughter of old Sir Oliver Cromwell of Hinchinbrook. He had his first commission in his cousin John Hampden's regiment, and was a joyous clever dashing soldier. The other commanders of foot regiments were Colonels Harley, Lloyd, and Fortescue, all three men

[1] Whitelocke.

[2] He pleaded guilty when he was tried for having been one of the King's judges, and was ready to say anything to save his life.

of good family, the latter hereafter to distinguish himself at the taking of Jamaica, and to die there in the service of the great Protector. The lieutenant-colonel of Harley's regiment was Thomas Pride, a man who had risen from the ranks. He was a foundling in a church porch, and was a drayman when the war broke out; but his bravery and good conduct obtained for him a commission from Lord Essex, and Sir Thomas selected him for a lieutenant-colonelcy. He soon afterwards succeeded to the command of the regiment. John Hewson, the lieutenant-colonel of Pickering's regiment, had been a cobbler in Westminster, and had also risen from the ranks. Axtell, afterwards the commander of the guard at the King's trial, was a captain in Pickering's regiment.

The artillery was commanded by Thomas Hammond (uncle of Colonel Robert) as lieutenant-general of ordnance. He got his colonelcy for good conduct at Edgehill, and was an officer of education and resource, and with some engineering skill. Under him were Colonel Rainsborough, a brave and active enthusiast, who had had some experience afloat, and could manœuvre a fleet as well as command a regiment, and old Colonel Welden, who was afterwards succeeded in the command by Robert Lilburne. Desborough, Cromwell's coarse brother-in-law, commanded the firelocks.

The eleven regiments of horse were all led by men of family and position. There were Thomas Sheffield, the general's uncle, a younger son of the old Earl of Mulgrave; Charles Fleetwood, son of Sir William of Woodstock, a brave and very religious young soldier;[1] Rossiter, whose troops were raised in Lincolnshire and Nottinghamshire; Sir Robert Pye, the brother-in-law of Hampden; Edward Whalley, a cousin of Cromwell, and no longer young, who ended a long life of strange vicissitudes in the forests of New England; Huntington, a very upright high-principled gentleman; and Butler, Rich, and Graves, whom even petulant Denzil Holles acknowledges to have been gallant men

[1] Clarendon, in one place, insolently calls him 'one Fleetwood,' and says that he was very popular with the praying part of the army.

and officers of quality. Some of the original lieutenant-colonels of horse afterwards became famous. The fanatical Harrison began as Fleetwood's second in command. Twisleton was under Rossiter, Tomlinson was Sir Robert Pye's lieutenant-colonel, and Adrian Scroop was with Colonel Graves. Henry Ireton, then in his thirty-sixth year, a graduate of Trinity College, Oxford, and a barrister of the Middle Temple, the cleverest and most dangerous man in the army, was in Sir Robert Pye's regiment, but was afterwards appointed by Sir Thomas to be commissary-general of the horse.

The thousand dragoons were always counted the best men in the army.[1] They were under the command of terrible John Okey, 'the fierce colonel and zealous anabaptist.'[2] This man commenced life as a stoker in Islington, and was afterwards a chandler in Thames Street. He had been major of Sir Arthur Hazelrig's invincible regiment of troopers, who were called 'the lobsters,' from being completely cased in armour. Wood[3] says that Colonel Okey was a fellow of greater bulk than brains; but he was true to his principles under great temptation, died like a brave man, and would have been followed to the grave by thousands of true mourners if the love of Charles II. for mutilating dead bodies could for once have been overcome.

The scout-master-general of the army (head of the intelligence department) was our old friend Leonard Watson, who gave us so capital a narrative of the battle on Marston Moor. He was originally a goldsmith in Lincoln; and after the peace was with Sir Kenelm Digby in Paris, and was mixed up in some of the intrigues of that extraordinary man.[4] The Rev. Edward Bowles was chaplain to the forces: 'a wise and prudent man, with a clear head and warm heart, an excellent scholar and a useful preacher.'[5] He was the intimate friend of the general, and afterwards was for many years his confidential adviser during his retirement at Nunappleton. Joshua Sprigge, another chaplain, was the historian of the campaign. The general's secretary was Mr.

[1] *Proceedings of the New-moulded Army*, by Edward Wogan. Carte, i. p. 126.
[2] Carlyle. [3] *Athenæ*. [4] Carte's *Letters*, i. p. 22. [5] Neale, iv. p. 379.

John Rushworth, the diligent and painstaking author of the 'Historical Collections.' He had been a barrister and assistant clerk to the House of Commons, but he gladly accepted an appointment which gave him such unequalled opportunities of collecting materials for history; and he continued to serve Sir Thomas with intelligence and zeal until the day of his resignation.[1]

Such was the composition of the famous new model army. Holles, in his blind rage and spite, falsely declared that it was officered for the most part by factious sectaries;[2] and this assertion has often been repeated by modern writers. The truth is, that out of thirty-seven generals and colonels, twenty-one were commoners of good families, nine were members of noble families, and only seven were not gentlemen by birth. Sir Thomas Fairfax selected the best men he could find, without any regard for birth or connection, and this was the result. He was obliged to leave nearly all his old Yorkshire comrades in arms with his father, who still required their services.[3] He, however, brought with him a small body of mounted tenantry which formed his lifeguard,[4] and was commanded by Captain Charles Doyley.[5] Lambert and Needham afterwards commanded regiments under their old general; but Foulis, Norcliffe, Forbes, Bright, Hodgson, and the other Yorkshiremen, never seem to have come south. Sir William Fairfax, the general's dear cousin and oldest and most tried comrade, had already died gloriously in the cause.

[1] The names of the officers, as finally arranged, are not quite the same as those originally approved by the Houses. A few changes seem to have been subsequently made at Windsor. Sir Michael Livesey, Middleton, Algernon Sidney, Crayford, Barkley, Aldridge, and Holborne, were in the original list. Colonel Sidney was made Governor of Chichester, and, probably for similar reasons, the others appear to have been superseded.

[2] 'All of them, from the general (except what he may have in expectation after his father's death) to the meanest sentinel, are not able to make a thousand pounds a year lands; most of the colonels are tradesmen, brewers, tailors, goldsmiths, shoemakers, and the like. These to rebel against their masters!' Holles, *Memoirs*, p. 149.

[3] Many of them petitioned to be taken with him, and declared their readiness to hazard their lives with him wheresoever he might be sent. *Fairfax Correspondence*, iii. p. 214.

[4] *Fairfax Correspondence.*

[5] Sprigge, p. 332.

During the whole of April Sir Thomas was diligently engaged in the work of organization. Not only had recruits to be collected and drilled, but the soldiers of the old armies had to be reduced into new companies and regiments, as if they had been newly raised. The Presbyterian malcontents predicted that there would be much discontent and even mutiny amongst the old troops, and especially in Lord Essex's own regiment and others, stationed at Reading. But they were disappointed. General Skippon went to Reading on April 6, paraded the five regiments that were quartered in the town, and 'delivered a speech with such grave emphasis, martial courage, and prudent sweetness, as gave general satisfaction and full content unto all.'[1] Even Lord Essex's troop of lifeguards freely volunteered, and the whole force declared its readiness to live and die with Fairfax and Skippon.[2] The five regiments were broken up and recast into the three regiments of Sheffield, Pye, and Graves. All recruits received a fortnight's pay and clothes, and the preparations at Windsor were completed by the end of April.

Fairfax had always taken precautions to prevent plundering, and no general has ever been more diligent in enforcing discipline, and in endeavouring to make the unavoidable waste and hardships of war fall as lightly as possible on the people. The powers of martial law were conferred upon him by the Parliament; and strict orders were issued to prevent false musters, straggling and plundering. Officers were forbidden to quarter in any house but by a ticket from the quarter-master, and were ordered to pay ready money for provisions according to established rates.[3] Teams, or horses in plough or cart, were not to be taken except in case of necessity, and then only by warrant of the Commander-in-Chief.[4]

When the famous campaign which was to end the war

[1] Vicars. *Burning Bush*, p. 132.

[2] Whitelocke. Rushworth, vii. p. 9, who gives Skippon's speech.

[3] Eightpence a day for each trooper; sevenpence a day for each dragoon; sixpence a day for each foot-soldier; fourpence a night for hay; fourpence a peck for oats; sixpence a peck for peas and beans; sevenpence a peck for barley and malt. Rushworth, vii. p. 33.

[4] *Burning Bush*, p. 130.

commenced in May, the position of the contending forces was as follows. The King had his head-quarters at Oxford with a large force, under the command of Prince Rupert. The whole of Cornwall, Devonshire, and Somersetshire were in his power, with the exception of the garrisons of Plymouth and Taunton, which were closely besieged, and he had an army in those western counties of 14,000 men under Goring and Hopton. The Prince of Wales had been sent into Devonshire, to provide against the chance of the King and his son being taken prisoners together.[1] All Wales was subject to Charles; and there he had a force in the field commanded by Lord Gerrard. He also had garrisons in Newark, Hereford, Bristol, Bridgewater, Worcester, Chester, Exeter, and in many towns and fortified houses throughout the south-western and midland counties.

The Parliament, besides the new model army ready to take the field at Windsor, had a small brigade commanded by General Massey in the west, a force under Sir William Brereton besieging Chester, a brigade of cavalry under Colonels Vermuyden and Rossiter in Nottinghamshire, and the troops of Lord Fairfax engaged in reducing the Royalist garrisons in Yorkshire. Soon afterwards, in consequence of the Self-denying Ordinance, Colonel-General[2] Poyntz took the command in Yorkshire, and Lord Fairfax came up to London, and resumed his duties in Parliament. The army of the Scots was in the northern counties, and, thanks to the Fairfaxes, the power of the Parliament was fully established north of the Trent. Northamptonshire and all the eastern counties were almost entirely free from Royalist invasion. Cromwell, with the Presbyterian General Brown, at the head of some troops of horse, was watching the movements of the King and Rupert in Oxfordshire, and gained a success at Islip Bridge on April 24, which led to the surrender of the Royalist garrison at Blechington House.

[1] Clarendon.

[2] A colonel-general of foot was equivalent to a lieutenant-general of horse. The serjeant-major-general and all colonels of foot regiments were under him. But it was a post that does not appear to have been usually filled up. In the case of Poyntz it was brevet rank. See *Markham's Decades*, p. 173.

Charles was so enraged at this check, that he caused Colonel Windebank, the governor of Blechington, to be shot at Oxford—a useless act of cruelty.

The executive power appointed by Parliament, in concert with the Scots, was the Committee of both Kingdoms, which was first established at the time the League and Covenant was agreed to in February 1644. It consisted of twenty-one English and four Scottish members, the chief of whom were the Earls of Manchester, Northumberland, Warwick, and Essex; Lords Wharton and Saye, Sir Harry Vane, and Sir Arthur Hazelrig, among the English; and Lord Loudon and Johnston of Wariston among the Scots. Six formed a quorum, and the Committee held its sittings at Derby House, in Canon Row.

On April 28 Sir Thomas Fairfax received orders from the Committee of both Kingdoms to open the campaign by attempting the relief of Taunton, which was closely besieged by Goring, and gallantly defended by Blake, the future Admiral. Accordingly he marched from Windsor to Reading on Wednesday the 30th, and thus commenced the final and decisive campaign which, thanks to the military genius of the young general, was to restore peace to England. The natural abilities and rare gifts of Sir Thomas Fairfax, and his mature experience acquired in the struggle with Newcastle, were now to bear fruit. His modest wish to be 'someways serviceable to the public' was to be fulfilled.

CHAPTER XIX.

NASEBY—PRELIMINARY MANŒUVRES AND DESCRIPTION OF THE GROUND.

By the end of April the young general had his new model army in readiness to take the field. He had been suffering from fever and ague, and from a sharp attack of his constitutional malady, but these bodily ailments had no power to check the ardour of that active mind. The extreme delicacy of his frame only enhances our admiration of his ceaseless activity. When he took the field all things were changed. The old disorder had disappeared; and in its place were seen prompt action, rapidity of movement, strictest discipline, and consummate generalship. The country had now found its deliverer—the man whose genius enabled him at once to put an end to a ruinous indecisive contest by a few rapid blows sent well home with unerring precision, and to restore peace.

He was ordered to march to the westward and raise the siege of Taunton. This movement was in opposition to his own opinion, but he was glad to show his new army some active service, and the march enabled it to try its wings, as it were, before taking the decisive flight. He left Reading on May 1; at Andover he paraded the army, and, taking the occasion offered by some irregularities, proclaimed that the punishment of plunderers would be death; and on the 7th he was at Blandford, in Dorsetshire. The distance is over seventy miles, so that the army, with all its baggage, had marched fully ten miles a day. Here was no loitering by the way. There would be no trifling with this general, and the enemy would do well to put their house in order.

On the 7th the King and Prince Rupert had left Oxford

and taken the field, marching to raise the siege of Chester, with Cromwell and Brown following and watching their movements. When this news reached London, the Committee of both Kingdoms sent an express ordering Fairfax to retrace his steps at once and invest Oxford, detaching a brigade for the relief of Taunton.

This movement was again contrary to the general's opinion. But he proceeded to obey his orders promptly and effectively. He formed a brigade of 6,000 men, consisting of the foot regiments of Welden, Fortescue, Lloyd, and Ingoldsby, with a body of horse under Colonel Graves, and placed the whole in command of Colonel Welden as senior officer. The Royalists mistook this small body for the whole Parliamentary army, and raised the siege, allowing Welden to relieve the nearly exhausted garrison. On the very day that Fairfax received his new orders at Blandford, he despatched Welden's brigade to Taunton and commenced his own return march, taking another route further south, partly that he might not press too hardly on one line of country, and partly, being weak in cavalry, to avoid the open plains of Salisbury and keep amongst fields and enclosures; for Goring's horse was on the march from Oxford to the west.

An incident occurred, during the long tedious marches through Hampshire, which illustrates our hero's character and explains the influence he gained over his men. The regiments took it by turns to have the rear-guard and bring up the baggage—the most trying and fatiguing part of the day's work. The general's own regiment claimed the privilege of being always in the van; but when the incessant marching began to tell on the men, and these rear-guard duties became very severe, it was thought right that all the regiments should share them equally. That of the general, however, claimed exemption, and the men showed unwillingness even when spoken to by their officers. Then Fairfax, instead of punishing the malcontents, dismounted from his horse, placed himself at their head, led them to the rear, and marched on foot with them for several miles. Not a whisper was again heard of their privileges, and from that time they

cheerfully took their turn of rear-guard with the other regiments.

By the 14th the army was at Newbury, but the men were tired, and their feet were galled with the incessant marches; so Fairfax rested them for two days and encamped before Oxford on the 19th. Here he was joined by the horse under Cromwell and Brown, and the place was invested; but the artillery train was still at Windsor, and there were no means of undertaking a regular siege.

Then the news arrived that the King had taken the town of Leicester by storm, and was threatening to invade the associated counties. Cromwell hurried to the Isle of Ely with a small body of horse, and the Committee sent orders to the general to leave Oxford and march against the King. This was the movement which Fairfax had from the first believed to be the wisest, and he executed it with vigour and rapidity. A force of 2,500 cavalry, commanded by Colonel Vermuyden—that bold quarter-master who, it will be remembered, led the charge at Winceby fight so gallantly—had been sent to strengthen the Scottish army. This brigade consisted of the regiments of Pye and Rossiter belonging to the new model, and those of Algernon Sidney and John Fiennes, which had not yet joined the army. It was intended that the Scots should have marched south to co-operate with Fairfax; but instead of doing so they fell back into Westmoreland, so that Vermuyden's brigade was at liberty to return to head-quarters. The general sent orders for it to join him at once, but he broke up his quarters at Oxford without waiting for this reinforcement, and marched in search of the King on June 5.

King Charles had an army of about 15,000 men, with several experienced veterans to command them; and, after the storming and pillage of Leicester, he was in high spirits. He wrote to the Queen: 'I may, without being too much sanguine, affirm that since this rebellion my affairs were never in so hopeful a way.' But he had no settled plans, no master-mind to direct his affairs, and was so infatuated as to make that incompetent young adventurer Rupert com-

mander-in-chief of his army, thereby disgusting and disobliging his best officers and most powerful friends. Above all, he and his party committed that gravest of mistakes—the indulgence of contempt for their enemy. They despised the New Model Army, looking upon its general as young and untried, upon most of its colonels as inexperienced boys, and they called it in their scornful pride the 'New Noddle.' The poor *Mercurius Aulicus*, the Royalist organ of the time, was very witty over the New Model, and there was much merriment at its expense in Oxford and in the royal camp. Byron and his ruffianly regiments from Ireland indulged in similar laughter on the eve of that frosty day when fiery young Tom scattered them to the winds before the walls of Nantwich. It was no time for mirth when Fairfax was in earnest.

Charles should have avoided a battle, or at least have waited until Goring with the western army could have joined him. But he blundered on to his fate. He marched south to raise the blockade of Oxford. Leaving Leicester on June 4, he lodged at Mr. Collins's house at Lubenham, near Market Harborough, on the 5th, and established his headquarters at the Wheatsheaf inn at Daventry on the 7th. Here he remained for some days, collecting kine and sheep in the surrounding country wherewith to re-victual Oxford. He encamped his army on the top of Burrow or Dane's Hill, close to Daventry, where there are the remains of an ancient encampment, and whence there is a glorious view over Northamptonshire.[1]

Sir Thomas Fairfax, having marched from before Oxford on June 5, encamped that night at a place called Marsh Gibbon. Next day he advanced twelve miles across Buckinghamshire to Great Brickhill, and on the 7th he was at Sherrington, a

[1] Burrow Hill, near Daventry, was the *Benaventa* of the Romans. The summit is a mile long from north to south, and three furlongs broad; and the view includes Northampton on one side, the spires of Coventry on the other, and Daventry just below. The top abounds in springs, and was once fortified with a ditch and rampart, forming a circle two miles and a quarter in circumference, and surrounding an area of 150 acres. Sir H. Slingsby says: 'Here yet one may see the entrenchment of an army, and the hill is so high that it overlooks a good part of the country.'

mile east of Newport Pagnel. He was resolved to force the King to a battle, and had called in all the troops that could possibly reach him in time. Colonel Vermuyden arrived in the afternoon of the 7th with his own regiment of horse, and that of John Fiennes, Lord Saye's younger son—a very seasonable reinforcement. Vermuyden had been a good officer and a hard fighter, but now he requested to be allowed to resign his commission and go to Holland on urgent private affairs. His father was Sir Cornelius Vermuyden, the great engineer, and father and son were mixed up in all the schemes for drainage that had been on hand during that century, and were busy about many things. So the bold Dutchman got leave to depart, and Major Huntington took command of his regiment. Vermuyden was a dashing officer, yet it was no bad exchange; for Huntington was a thorough English gentleman, and belonged to the good honest Fairfax school of public men.

On the same day that Vermuyden's brigade arrived, Sir Thomas sent to hurry the advance of Colonel Rossiter with his Lincolnshire men, and despatched Colonel Hammond to Westminster with a letter to the Houses, asking to be allowed to appoint Oliver Cromwell as his lieutenant-general of horse. During the march Cromwell had come to take leave of the general, 'being not of the new model, and, as a member of the House, unable to stay longer with the army.'[1] But Fairfax had seen Cromwell's style of fighting at Winceby and Marston, he knew how wonderfully his regiment was disciplined, and he considered it to be of the utmost importance to retain his services. The House of Commons promptly accorded the necessary permission that there should be this exception in the working of the Self-denying Ordinance, and Fairfax sent an express to the fen country, ordering Cromwell to join head-quarters with his regiment without an hour's delay. The general was almost in sight of the enemy now, and was gathering all his available forces together before he delivered his blow.

On June 11, a rainy day, Fairfax advanced to Wotton,

[1] Wogan in Carte.

and on the 12th he encamped at Kislingbury, only five miles east of Charles's position on Burrow Hill. Diligent Leonard Watson, the scout-master, reported every movement of the Royalists, and he also intercepted a letter from Goring to the King, urging him to avoid an encounter until he could come up from the west. It was with some difficulty that Sir Thomas, with his over-sensitive feelings of honour, could be induced to read this letter, but when he did, he was confirmed in his resolution to force the Royalists to fight, before they could receive reinforcements,

The King, on the other hand, had no intelligence department; the people were against him, and brought him no reliable information, and he had no news of his enemy's approach. So just when Fairfax was marching into Kislingbury, King Charles was riding out of the Wheatsheaf inn at Daventry, to hunt a buck in the deer-park of Fawsley manor, the seat of Richard Knightley, a determined adherent of the Parliament, whose son had married a daughter of John Hampden. The King was in excellent spirits. Before he went out hunting, he wrote to Secretary Nicholas that 'if we peripatetics get no more mischances than you Oxfordians are like to have this summer, we may all expect a merry winter.' But when he came back to his inn, there was news for him that his outposts had been driven in, and that the new model army was at Kislingbury. A council of war was hurriedly called, and it was resolved to march away to Market Harborough, and thence northward to raise the siege of Pomfret, avoiding an encounter with the enemy. That very night the Royalist army, with its 200 waggons, and long train of carriages, and hundreds of women and camp followers, was on the march to Harborough and the north.

It was a dark rainy night; and a diligent pair of eyes watched those Royalist movements through the gloom. Sir Thomas Fairfax was out on a careful reconnaissance during the early hours. He first went the rounds in person, and at three in the morning he rode alone to within a mile of the village of Floore, distinctly seeing the Royalist huts on Burrow Hill in a blaze, and hearing the noise of the com-

bined rumble of carts and tread of men and horses. He discovered that the King was marching away north, and then he rode back to camp, but he had forgotten the pass-word and was stopped at the first guard. He asked the sentry for the word, who told him that his orders were to demand it from all but to give it to none, and that if he advanced another step he would shoot him. So the general of the New Model Army had to wait in the rain until the officer of the guard came his rounds, but the sentry was commended and rewarded.

At five in the morning of the 13th Scout-master Watson brought news that the enemy, surprised at Fairfax's near approach, was drawing off. The general had already ascertained this fact for himself, and now sent Major Harrison with a troop of horse to Daventry, and Ireton to hang on the rear of the Royalist army. During the forenoon Cromwell arrived at head-quarters with his magnificent regiment, and that night Sir Thomas Fairfax encamped at Guilsborough, three miles south of the village of Naseby. The van and main body of the Royalists were at Market Harborough. The King had taken up his old quarters at Mr. Collins's house at Lubenham;[1] a large detachment was at Lutterworth, and a rear-guard of horse carousèd in a house at Naseby,[2] on the west side of the church, without thought of danger.

But in the middle of the night Ireton fell upon this party of carousers, and took most of them prisoners. A few escaped to Lubenham, and aroused the King with the alarming news that the army of the Parliament was attacking his rear-guard. He hastily dressed himself at two in the morning of Saturday, and rode off to Market Harborough, where Prince Rupert was quartered. The poor King sat waiting in a chair in a long low room of the King's Head inn,[2] while his nephew dressed himself, and then there was a council of war. It had become impossible to continue the retreat, with

[1] This old house still remains, and the room is shown which the *King* used.

[2] The table at which they sat long remained in the house, and is now at the Woolleys, the seat of Captain Ashby.

[3] This house, opposite the Swans inn, is still standing, and is occupied by a draper.

such an active general as Fairfax so close in their rear; and, contrary to the advice of Rupert, Charles resolved to face round and march to give battle to the Parliamentary forces.

Meanwhile Sir Thomas Fairfax advanced from Guilsborough at dawn of Saturday, June 14, intending to follow the enemy closely, and by five in the morning he was at the village of Naseby. So at last the Royalists were face to face with the New Model Army, and the battle was to be fought which was to decide the war. Let us now get some idea of the ground on which this great issue was to be settled.

The Naseby plateau, in the northern division of Northamptonshire, is nearly in the centre of England. It is about 600 feet above the sea, and forms the water-parting between the streams flowing to the Severn Sea on the one hand and the German Ocean on the other. In a field called Gallows-Furlong, about a mile and a quarter from the village of Naseby, the rain flows off to both seas; and from the top of the church tower the Boston Deeps, sixty miles away to the north-east, may be seen on a very clear day. Naseby village is about half a mile long, running north and south, the houses being built of clayey earth, and in those days the walls were plastered with coats of cow-dung, spread on them to dry for firing. Some of these walls, in 1790, were near 200 years old.[1] The church tower was commenced with the intention of surmounting it with a spire, but a settlement warned the builders that it would not bear the weight, so it was finished as a short truncated steeple, 103 feet high. When the bells were rung, the vibration caused the fissure to open and close, so that the bell-ringers cracked their nuts in it while they worked at the ropes.[2] The church stands on a high knoll,

[1] Many new brick cottages have lately been built by Lord Clifden, which will quite alter the appearance of the old place.

[2] At some period after the battle one of the Ashby family fixed a huge copper ball on the top of the truncated spire of Naseby church, which was capable of holding sixty gallons of ale. This ball had been brought from the siege of Boulogne by Giles Allington, the master of the ordnance to Henry VIII. during the siege, who fixed it on the top of his house at Horseheath, in Cambridgeshire. When Horseheath was dismantled, it was bought by one of the Ashbys for Naseby church. About ten years ago Naseby church underwent restoration. They built a bran new spire, and pulled down the quaint old truncated steeple, and the great copper ball which had been at the siege of Boulogne.

with a fine row of horse-chesnut trees round it. There are six springs in the village, which are caught by artificial heads, and form ponds for watering cattle. One of these, called Avon-well, rises close to the church, and is the true source of the Avon. Another, called Chapel-well, is the source of the Nen. The Avon goes to the British Channel, while the Nen finds it way across the fens to the Wash.

The Naseby plateau extends from the village, northwards, to beyond Sibbertoft, where the hills slope down to the valley of the Welland, a width of four miles. The plateau consists of a succession of low rolling hills with intervening valleys, like stationary green waves: 'A place of little hills and vales—the ground some ploughed, some champion,' as one of the combatants described it.[1] North of the village there is a slight depression, the ground rising again to Mill Hill, which is a mile from the church. Thence the ground slopes gently down in three successive waves, and finally rises again to Dust Hill. The distance between the tops of Dust and Mill Hills is about a mile, and the intervening space, called Broadmoor, was the battle-field. The continuation of Mill Hill to the west was then called Red-pit Hill;[2] south of that again was Fenny Hill, and the spring flowing from Avon-well divides Fenny Hill from another gentle slope called Laneleys Hill.

The battle-field was thus bounded on the south by the rising grounds called Mill and Red-pit Hills, and on the north by Dust Hill. It was about a mile long, and at that time was partly arable and partly moor land, but all unenclosed. On the west side of the position a little brook, with swampy banks, flowed sluggishly along the bottom to the Avon. Here a double fence, with a hedge, formed the boundary between the parishes of Naseby and Sulby, along which there was a series of thorn and bramble thickets, known as Lantford or Sulby hedges, stretching across from the base of Dust Hill to Red-pit Hill. Some ancient thorns in a pasture still mark the

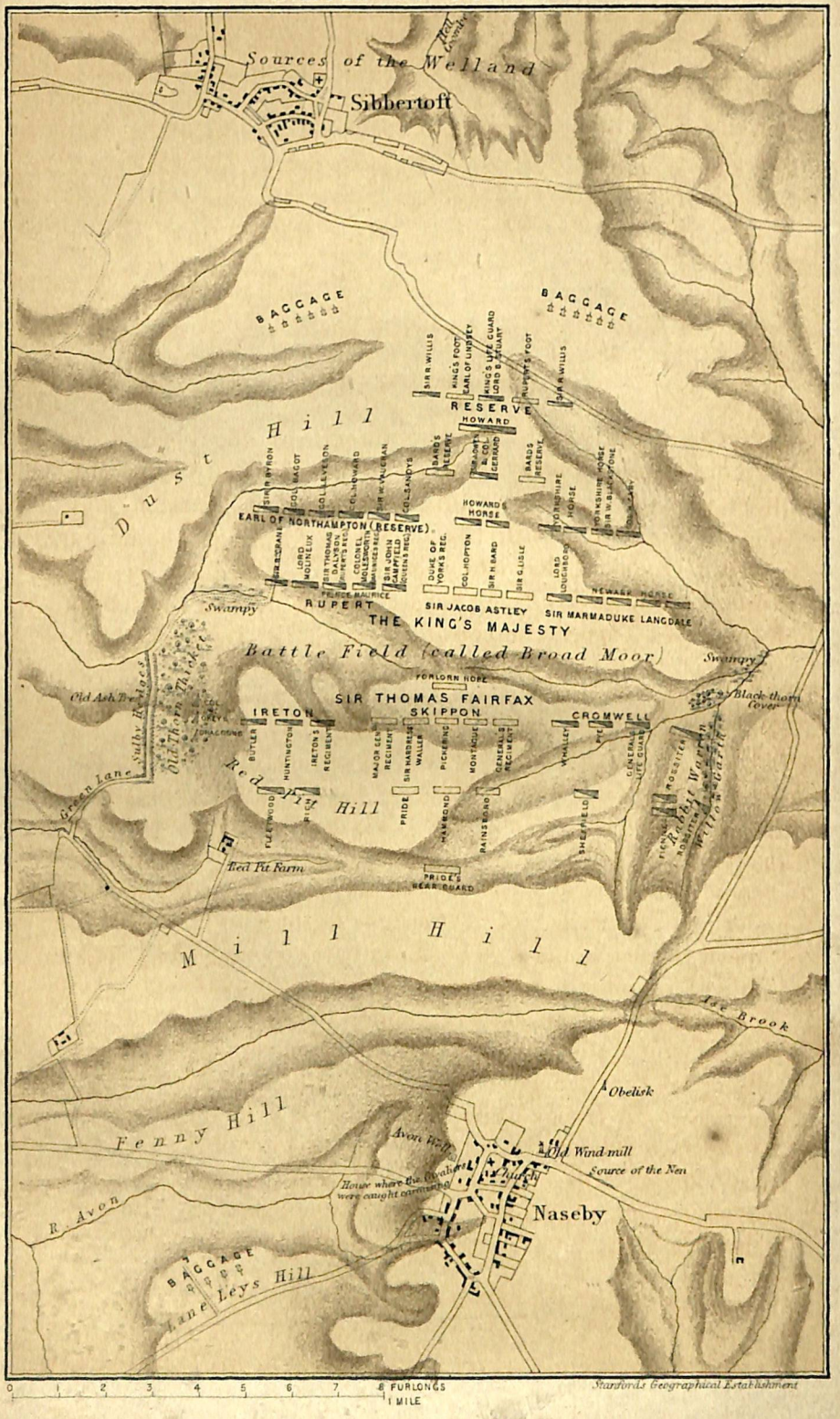
[1] Letter signed 'G. B.'

[2] The soil here is red, and full of iron, and there is still a farm called 'Red pit Farm.'

exact site of this part of the battle-field; and several spots, where the ground has sunk, appear to be the burial places of men and horses. On the east the ground slopes gently with the drainage going to the Nen, and in this part there was a rabbit-warren, and patches of gorse cover.

North of Dust Hill there is a slight depression, whence the ground rises to the village of Sibbertoft. Here a range of hills, cut up by tree-covered ravines—one of which, called Hell-Combe, is just to the north of Sibbertoft—slopes by a rapid descent to the wide valley of the Welland to the northward, and marks the commencement of the lias formation. East of Sibbertoft the villages of Clipston and East Farndon are on the top of this range, with their respective windmills. The river Welland rises in the cellar of Sibbertoft vicarage, and flows down the valley, past the villages of Marston Trussell and Lubenham, to Market Harborough. The latter town, with its tall church spire and quaint old market-place of 1614, is a little over six miles NNE. of Naseby by the direct road through Clipston and East Farndon, but somewhat more by the round taken by the Royalist army, through Sibbertoft. Guilsborough, where Fairfax passed the night, is three miles south of the village of Naseby. Very soon after the army of the Parliament reached Mill Hill, they saw the forces of the King appearing on Sibbertoft ridge, with their colours fluttering in the breeze and pikes glistening in the morning sun. Then they disappeared for a time in the hollow, and rose again still nearer on the gentle slope of Dust Hill. It was a fine day, and a fresh wind was blowing from the NW., which died away as the morning advanced.

BATTLE OF NASEBY.



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CHAPTER XX.

NASEBY—THE BATTLE.

King Charles marched from Harborough at about seven on the morning of Saturday, June 14; but, instead of taking the direct road to Naseby, he turned off at East Farndon, and went to Sibbertoft, with the object of forming a junction with a detachment that had been quartered at Lutterworth, about ten miles to the westward. He then found himself at the head of an army numbering 11,000 men. He was clad in complete armour, with back-piece, breast-plate, and helmet, and he held his drawn sword in his hand,[1] just as we see him looking from the canvass of Vandyck. He rode well, Sir Philip Warwick tells us, but not very gracefully. When the troops halted at Sibbertoft, he rode along the line, and asked the soldiers whether they were ready to fight for him. The answer was 'All! all!' with acclamations and ringing cheers. The line of battle of the Royalist army was formed under the direction of a foreign engineer employed by Rupert, named Gomez. The main battle consisted of regiments of infantry formed in *tertias*, or solid squares of pikemen flanked by musketeers; under the general command of Sir Jacob Astley, the same veteran officer who had the drilling of the trained bands on Bramham Moor in 1639, when poor Sir Henry Slingsby went with a heavy heart 'to see the spectacle of our public death,' as he called it. Lord Clarendon describes Sir Jacob Astley as 'an honest brave and plain man, and as fit for the office he exercised of major-general of foot as Christendom yielded. Very discerning

[1] Evidence of witnesses at the King's trial. Rushworth, vii. p. 1410.

and prompt in giving orders, and most cheerful and present in any action. In council he used few but very pertinent words.'[1]

The two infantry officers who served under General Astley were Sir Henry Bard in the centre, and Sir George Lisle on the left of the main battle. Sir Henry Bard, a son of the Vicar of Staines by Susan Dudley, was a young man just returned from travels in the East, when the civil war began. He received a colonel's commission immediately on joining the Royalist army, was created a baronet in 1644, and Viscount Bellamont in 1646. Bard was one of the Rupert school—a ruthless plunderer. He proclaimed that if the people did not bring in contributions they might expect a 'troop of unsanctified horse, who would fire their houses without mercy, hang up their bodies, and scare their ghosts.'[2] Sir George Lisle, son of Cave Lisle, Esq., of Compton Darvill in Somersetshire, was an older man. He had been knighted for his gallantry at the battle of Newbury. He was an excellent infantry officer, and, says Clarendon, 'to his fierceness of courage added the softest and most gentle nature imaginable.' He was wounded in the battle, and afterwards taken prisoner at Leicester.

The cavalry, as usual, formed the left and right wings, on either flank of the main battle of foot. The right was commanded by Prince Rupert, and was divided into two brigades under Prince Maurice and the Earl of Northampton respectively. The regiment on the extreme right was Rupert's life-guard, led by the same Sir Richard Crane who had fought so stoutly at Marston Moor. Next came Prince Maurice's life-guard under Lord Molyneux, then Rupert's regiment under Sir Thomas Dallison,[3] then Maurice's regiment under Colonel Molesworth;[4] while the Queen's regiment, led by Sir John Campfield, was next to Astley's *tertia* of foot. Behind

[1] Sir Jacob was created Baron Astley of Reading by Charles I. during the civil war, and died in 1651. His barony became extinct on the death of his grandson in 1688.

[2] Whitelock. His daughter Anne was Prince Rupert's mistress. She bore him a son, who was slain at the siege of Buda in 1686.

[3] Slain in the battle.

[4] Wounded and taken prisoner at Leicester.

the front rank was a cavalry brigade in reserve, commanded by Sir William Vaughan;[1] in which Colonels Sandys, Howard, Leveson governor of Dudley, Bagot governor of Lichfield, and Sir Richard Byron, each led troops of 100 to 200 men. The whole right wing numbered about 1,730 men,[2] 850 in the front rank and 880 in reserve.

The left wing of horse was commanded by Sir Marmaduke Langdale, a grave and very thin Yorkshireman, with a long solemn face, brave as a lion and both judicious and enterprising, but with an unfortunate temper which interfered with his usefulness as a general. He had been engaged in trivial bickerings with his officers, especially with the colonel of the Newark horse, just before the battle, and his men came on to the field aggrieved and discontented.[3] On the extreme left were Lord Loughborough's[4] 'blue coats,' then came Horatio Cary's regiment, and Sir William Blackston's troops of northern horse were next to the infantry. The whole left wing numbered about 2,000 men.[5]

Immediately in the rear of Sir Jacob Astley's main battle of foot there was a reserve of 880 horse under Colonel Howard, with some foot consisting of the Shrewsbury men under Colonel Smith, and the regiments of Sir John Owen and Colonel Gerrard. Still further in the rear was the main body of the reserves under the command of Montagu Bertie, Earl of Lindsey, a gallant nobleman who had seen service in the Low Countries,[6] and whose brave old father was slain at Edgehill. This reserve force was formed of the Newark horse under Sir Richard Willis,[7] numbering 1,200 men, the King's life-guard led by Lord Bernard Stuart,[8] a

[1] Taken prisoner in the battle. [2] 2,000, according to Clarendon.

[3] Warwick's *Memoirs* p. 287. *Iter Carolinium.* Whitelock.

[4] Henry Hastings, a younger son of the Earl of Huntingdon, was created Baron Hastings of Loughborough by Charles I. in 1643. He died, unmarried, in 1666. He was in the siege of Colchester.

[5] 1,600, according to Clarendon.

[6] He attended the King's funeral, was made a Knight of the Garter at the Restoration, and died in 1666. His grandson was created Duke of Ancaster.

[7] Willis became insolent and mutinous to King Charles in his misfortunes, and was afterwards one of Cromwell's spies.

[8] Slain the same year, in a fight in Cheshire.

younger son of the Duke of Lennox, and the King's and Rupert's regiments of foot.

The whole Royalist army numbered about 5,520 horse and 5,300 foot, in all 10,820 fighting men; but the troops were followed by many hundreds of camp-followers, consisting of all the King's servants and attendants, those of the two Princes and of several English noblemen, three or four hundred abandoned Irish women, and a host of drivers and waggoners. The artillery consisted of twelve pieces of ordnance. The Royalist extreme right rested on the spot now occupied by Mr. Jellaway's farm on Dust Hill, whence they took ground along the slope of the hill to the left.

Such was the army, commanded by a German and marshalled by a Spaniard, which was now to try issues with the well-disciplined force led by Fairfax, and representing the will of the people and Parliament of England. The Royalist host contained many gallant gentlemen, such as Astley and Lindsey and Langdale, who fought from a sense of military duty, and a much smaller number who conscientiously believed that the triumph of the King was a less dangerous alternative than the complete success of the Parliament; but the majority of Royalist officers were mere courtiers, and the soldiers were more or less demoralised by a long course of license and rapine.

But it was a brave sight when the Royalists came up over the brow of Sibbertoft in line of battle, with hundreds of colours fluttering in the wind. The King's standard in the centre was red, with a golden lion and crown; the colours of the infantry were white, with a red cross; the cavalry carried the arms of their officers;[1] and the sky-blue standard of Rupert waved above the rest, on the right wing. The Parliamentary forces were on the northern slopes of Redpit and Mill Hills; but as soon as the enemy appeared in sight, Fairfax made a movement to the rear, in order to form his line of battle in a hollow out of sight,[2] behind one of the rounded crests of Mill Hill. Rupert appears to have mistaken

[1] One regiment had a red flowered damask banner, like a gentlewoman's petticoat.

[2] Slingsby's *Diary*, p. 151. Sprigge.

this manœuvre for a retreat, and pushed rapidly forward with the left wing in advance of the main body, thus breaking the line. He halted on open ground, partly under corn, and partly swampy common,[1] and sent back for the rest of the army to march up to him. 'Courage was only to be relied on,' says Clarendon, 'where all conduct failed so much.'

Meanwhile Sir Thomas Fairfax, assisted by the veteran Skippon, prepared his army for the fight. The general rode his favourite chesnut mare.[2] His main battle of infantry was formed in solid squares, as at Marston Moor, but the number of files appears to have been reduced from ten to five, and somewhat longer intervals were allowed between the regiments, with a view to facilitating the manœuvre of bringing the reserves to the front when necessary. Fairfax had also superseded the bandoliers by cartridge cases; and had introduced a lighter musket-rest of iron tubing covered with leather. This new rest was convertible into a pike, by touching a spring, when a short dagger, called a *swine's feather*, sprang out.[3] The regiment of General Skippon was placed on the left of the main battle of infantry;[4] next came Sir Hardress Waller, then Pickering and Montague, and the general's own regiment was on the right. These five formed the front line, and a forlorn hope of musketeers was placed in skirmishing order about a musket-shot in advance, to fall back when hard pressed. The three regiments of Pride, Hammond, and Rainsborough, formed a second line of reserves, and faced the opening between the regiments in advance, where the ordnance was posted.[5]

The left wing of cavalry was commanded by Henry Ireton,

[1] Slingsby.

[2] The horse presented by Fairfax to Charles II., to ride at his coronation, was by Bridladon, out of this famous chesnut mare.

[3] Musket-rests appear to have been altogether disused before the end of the war. Yet we find Monk recommending an improved sort, as late as 1670. *Meyrick*, iii. p. 99.

[4] Their position was just across the present direct road from Sibbertoft to Naseby, which marks the watershed.

[5] Sprigge. Rushworth. Also *Letter from G. B., a Gentleman in the Army, to Colonel Roe, in London.*

whom Fairfax had appointed his commissary-general of horse. It was composed of five regiments, those of Butler, Huntington, and Ireton in the front line; and those of Rich and Fleetwood as a reserve. Colonel Okey was ordered to line Sulby hedges with his dismounted dragoons, stationing their horses in a small close in charge of the odd man of each troop.[1]

Fairfax entrusted the command of the right wing to Lieutenant-General Cromwell. It consisted of six cavalry regiments; those of Whalley, Sir Robert Pye, and Rossiter being in the front line, together with Fairfax's own lifeguard of Nunappleton tenantry, and Cromwell's Ironsides from the associated counties; while the regiments of Sheffield and Fiennes formed a second line of reserve. Colonel Rossiter, with the Sedgebrook tenantry, led by Henry and Anthony Markham, and the rest of the chivalry of Nottingham and Lincoln, arrived on the very morning of the battle, and took ground in Naseby rabbit-warren on the extreme right. The regiments had pennons, bearing the coats of arms of their colonels.[2]

The train of waggons was placed on Fenny Hill, in rear of the left wing, in charge of a body of firelock men under Colonel Bartlett, who formed a circle round it in single file. Here the chaplains were stationed, and Mr. Sprigge and Mr. Secretary Rushworth, the historians of the battle, diligently employed themselves in making notes.

Old Skippon commanded the main battle, and 'His Excellency the general was everywhere, as occasion required.'[3] The word was 'God our strength,' that of the Royalists 'Queen Mary.' The Parliamentarians wore no special distinguishing mark, though some of the regiments agreed among themselves to stick a bit of paper or linen in their bands; but the Royalists all wore bean-stalks in their hats.[4]

As soon as the preparations were completed, Fairfax gave the order to advance over the crest of the hill, and a mighty

[1] *Letter from Colonel Okey to a Citizen of London.*
[2] Meyrick, iii. p. 98.
[3] *Letter from G. B. to Colonel Roe.*
[4] Vicars. Also *Letter from a Gentleman of Public Employment.*

shout rang along the Parliamentary line[1] when the Royalists were seen marching down Dust Hill to the attack in gallant style. That shout was raised by a body of Englishmen which truly represented the real chivalry of their country in every rank of life—men who had drawn their swords in the noblest cause for which soldier ever fought. The nobility were represented by such names as Sidney, Russell, Montague, Herbert, Rich, Sheffield, Fairfax, Fiennes; the colonels, with two exceptions,[2] were all gentlemen of good family; the subordinate officers and soldiers were many of them men of substance, all with a stake in the country; all earnest and well-disciplined, and brave, and resolved to sacrifice their lives for the liberties of their native land. They were opposed to hirelings who fought for plunder, or at best for their masters, to support the illegal and oppressive power of a traitor-king, who actually brought with him into the field the evidence that he was even then intriguing to increase the miseries of the country by importing a foreign army of mercenaries.

The men of both sides were brave enough, but with what different feelings must they have closed upon each other in that memorable struggle! It was between ten and eleven in the forenoon when the two armies marched down to Naseby field and closed in deadly strife.

Almost in a moment the roar of battle resounded all along the line, and it was hard to say which wing of Fairfax's horse charged first.[3] A very few rounds were fired from the ordnance, for Sir Thomas had seen at Marston that this was but waste of time,[4] and the Royalists had advanced so rapidly that their guns were left in the rear.

It appears that Rupert and Ireton manœuvred for a short time to get the wind of each other—a very important point in the eyes of officers in those days. Then Rupert charged 'with such gallantry as few in the army ever saw the like.' Okey's dragoons fired upon the Royalist regi-

[1] *Letter from I. W. Letter from the Parliamentary Commissioners.*
[2] Pride and Okey. [3] Sprigge.
[4] Vicars. *Letter from I. W. Letter to Alderman Gibbs.*

ments as they galloped past, and did some execution,[1] but nothing could check that impetuous rush. For a few minutes there was a deadly hand-to-hand struggle. Maurice and Rupert each charged at the head of their regiments, and Colonel Okey says that he saw the King himself, with his accustomed bravery, leading on a regiment in the second line.[2] The charge was so furious that the struggle was decided in a few minutes. The men of Huntington and Ireton were the first to give ground. Ireton himself, with a few troops, attacked the flank of the Royalist infantry; but his horse was shot, and he himself was run through the thigh with a pike, wounded in the face with a halberd, and taken prisoner. The rest of the left wing broke and fled. Butler's regiment held out last; the colonel himself was desperately wounded, receiving two bullets in the thigh, and all would have been cut to pieces had not the dragoons afforded them some assistance from Sulby hedges. Rupert's horse began plundering the waggons in the rear of the Parliamentary army, which gave the routed regiments time to rally, and some of them returned to the field, and formed on the ground which was occupied by Cromwell's right wing when the fight began. But a great many of the panic-stricken troopers went clear away to Northampton, without drawing rein.[3] When Butler was routed, Okey and his dragoons gave themselves up for lost; but instead of improving his advantage, Rupert had led his men at a gallop to the rear of the Parliamentary position in search of plunder, abandoning the King to his fate. Then Okey, at once seeing the German adventurer's blunder, ordered his dragoons to mount, and prepared for work.

The Parliamentary right wing was led down the hill to the charge by the general himself, seconded by Cromwell.[4] Whalley was the first to become engaged with Langdale's northern horse; the other regiments, and especially Rossiter's on the extreme right, being embarrassed by the holes

[1] Slingsby. [2] Okey's *Letter*. [3] Wogan.

[4] *Letter from a Gentleman of Public Employment.* Also *Letter from G. B. to Colonel Roe.*

and furze-bushes in the rabbit-warren.[1] They were thrown into some disorder; but as soon as they got clear of the broken ground, they delivered such a charge that Langdale's division, already demoralized and discontented, turned and fled up Dust Hill for a quarter of a mile beyond the Royalist reserves, 'harder and faster than became them,' Clarendon tells us. The moment Fairfax saw the result of his charge he left the pursuit to Cromwell, and returned with his life-guard to conduct the struggle between the infantry. In those days it was necessary for the general to encourage the men by a display of personal bravery, as well as to direct the movements of his army. On this occasion Sir Thomas's gallant charge at the head of the right wing contributed in no small degree to the success of Cromwell's division, but he always remained cool and collected, and the moment his work was done there, he hurried to another point where his presence was more needed.[2]

While the wings of cavalry were thus engaged, the main battle closed in a deadly struggle. 'The fight was extreme hot for nearly an hour,' wrote one of the combatants.[3] There was one mutual volley of musketry, and then the two lines closed at push of pike, the Royalist musketeers rushing furiously on with their swords and the butt-ends of their muskets.[4] The impetuosity of the attack, gallantly led by Sir Jacob Astley, was at first irresistible. Even the comparatively veteran regiments of Montague and Pickering wavered, and fell into disorder. At this critical moment the general returned from routing Langdale's horse, at the head of his life-guard, having had his helmet beat off in the thick of the fight.[5] In an instant he took in the position, concerted

[1] Sprigge.

[2] 'Our general was in some danger, hazarding his own person.' *Letter from I. W.* 'Sir Thomas Fairfax showed such courage and resolution as hath rarely been seen, which did so animate the soldiers as is hardly to be expressed. Sir, if you had seen him, and how his spirit was raised, it would have made an impression in your mind never to be obliterated.' *True R lation*, &c. 'The valour that Sir Thomas Fairfax manifested just upon the charge was a great encouragement to the soldiers.' *Letter to Alderman Gibbs.*

[3] *Letter from I. W.* [4] Clarendon. [5] *Letter from G. B.*

measures with old Skippon, and they two led the three reserve regiments of foot to the attack. The front line fell back in disorder. For a moment those glorious young Colonels Montague and Pickering, the flower of England's chivalry, stood alone with their colours, choosing rather to die fighting than to retire with their men.[1] Then they fell in amongst the reserves, and the struggle began anew; but the soldiers of the Parliament were now fresh. Fairfax was leading on the main battle in the midst of danger, bringing up detachments and rallying the broken regiments. Skippon was hit by a musket-ball as he led Pride's men to the front. It pierced his armour, and passed through his side. The general urged him to retire, but he declared 'he would not stir so long as a man should stand.'[2] Both Fairfax and Skippon displayed unequalled coolness and skill in bringing the reserves to the front, and soon the weary Royalists began to give ground. Cromwell, wheeling with some of his troops while the others prevented Langdale's horse from rallying, fell upon the rear of Bard's regiments; and Colonel Okey, with his mounted dragoons, seeing that Rupert had deserted his post, charged across the now unoccupied ground, and attacked the hitherto unbroken *tertia* of Sir Jacob Astley. Then the whole Royalist centre fell into irretrievable confusion, and was utterly routed. Okey's dragoons alone took 500 prisoners and all their arms, without the loss of a single man, and only three wounded.[3] Sir Jacob Astley himself escaped with great difficulty, and with the loss of his head-piece.[4]

One *tertia* or solid square of the Royalists, belonging to the 'blue regiment' of foot in Sir George Lisle's brigade, still stood its ground on their extreme left, and resisted every effort to break it,[5] like Newcastle's white-coats at Marston Moor. At this critical moment Fairfax, who had been riding bare-headed from one part of the line to another, directing the operations, came up to his own life-guards. Their commander, Captain Charles Doyley, ventured to tell

[1] Sprigge. [2] Rushworth. [3] Okey's *Letter to a Citizen of London.*
[4] *Letter from a Gentleman of Public Employment.* [5] Vicars.

him that 'he exposed himself to too much danger, and the whole army thereby, riding bare-headed in the field and so many bullets flying about him,' and he begged the general to take his helmet. But Fairfax refused it, saying, 'It is well enough, Charles.' Then he asked his captain whether he had charged that body of blue-coats which still stood so firmly. Doyley answered that he had twice charged them, but could not break them. So the general ordered him to charge them once more in front, while he took a commanded party and fell upon their rear at the same time, adding that they would meet each other in the middle. Doyley obeyed, and encountered his general in the centre of the hostile square, where he had just slain the ensign and taken his colours. The last rallying-point was thus broken, and the Royalists were beaten along the whole line. One of the soldiers, who carried the captured colours, bragged of the service he had done in slaying the ensign; and when Doyley rebuked him for lying, and told him how many witnesses there were who saw the general do it with his own hand, Fairfax said, 'I have enough honour; let him take that to himself.'[1]

Rupert and his cavalry, after routing Ireton, had galloped right off the field in pursuit, over Red-pit and Fenny Hills, and even beyond the village of Naseby. In his search for plunder the young adventurer himself came upon the baggage-train, guarded by matchlock-men. The 'gentleman of public employment,' who is said to have been Mr. Rushworth, tells us what followed. 'The leader of them,' he says, 'being a person somewhat in habit like our general, in a red *montero* as the general had, our commander of the guard of the train went, with his hat in his hand, and asked him how the day went, thinking it was the general. The cavalier, who we since heard was Rupert, asked him and the rest if they would have quarter. They cried "No," gave fire, and instantly beat him off.' Rupert did not lead back his troops until too late, and the battle was lost to his master, while this precious commander-in-chief was wasting his

[1] Whitelock. p. 151. Sprigge.

time in parleys with the captain of a baggage-guard. When at last he brought his troops back to the field, they were charged on the flank by Colonel Rossiter's regiment as they went by, and thrown into confusion.[1]

The Royalist reserve of horse, under Lindsey and Bernard Stuart, now alone remained unbroken; and the King, who had shown himself to be a cool and brave general throughout the action, made a gallant attempt to retrieve the day with them. But Fairfax, with all his dash and impetuosity, combined the prudent caution of a veteran commander. The cause was too momentous to be risked by any rash act at the end of the day, and he kept his cavalry back until the infantry had time to advance to the new position on the slope of Dust Hill. The foot marched rapidly up until the horse were again on either wing, a quarter of a mile in advance of the scene of the action. Thus a second line of battle was formed. Still the King was resolved to charge at the head of his reserve. He cried out, 'Face about once more! give one charge more, and recover the day!'[2] and was on the point of dashing forward, when the Earl of Carnwath, a timid Scotch courtier who rode next to him, suddenly laid his hand on the King's bridle and cried out, 'Will you go upon your death in an instant?' Before Charles understood what he would have, the horse was turned round, on which word ran through the troops that they were to wheel to the right.[3] There was a sudden panic, and the whole body of Royalists fled at a gallop, every man shifting for himself.

Fairfax then passed the word that no horse-soldier was to dismount for plunder, but that the cavalry was at once to follow the King's flying army. The order was discontentedly and therefore savagely obeyed by men who were loth to leave all the plunder of the field to the foot.[4]

The Royalists, most of them ignorant of the roads, fled wildly in all directions. Sir Henry Slingsby and two friends escaped by making a circuit round the east side of Market Harborough. A few Royalists were overtaken, entangled in the deep ravine called Hell-Combe, by Sibbertoft, where

[1] Wogan. [2] Vicars. [3] Clarendon. [4] Wogan in Carte.

they sold their lives dearly. Another party, galloping recklessly along the road to Lubenham, mistook the turn at Marston Trussell, and, dashing down a *cul de sac*, were stopped at the churchyard gates. In the next minute the pursuers were upon them, and cut them to pieces.[1] Cromwell and his Ironsides chased the main body of the fugitives to within two miles of Leicester. The King never drew rein until he got to Ashby-de-la-Zouch, twenty-eight miles from the battle-field, and next day he went on to Lichfield. He was never again able to take the field at the head of an army; but, as Sir Philip Warwick says, was like a hunted partridge, flitting from one castle to another.[2]

Never was victory more complete. About 1000 Royalists were slain, 700 in the battle, and 300 in the pursuit; and there were 4,500 prisoners taken,[3] besides twelve pieces of ordnance, 8,000 stand of arms, 55 colours, 40 barrels of powder, 200 waggons laden with stores, twelve carriages of boats with anchors and cables for bridging, the King's coach with his cabinet of correspondence, and all his household servants. A Committee was appointed by Parliament to open and report upon the King's letters—a measure of which Fairfax strongly disapproved.

A very seasonable supply of biscuit and cheese was also captured, which refreshed the soldiers who had had no meal that day, and had marched and fought on empty stomachs. The victors lost about 200 men, or only 150 according to 'the gentleman of public employment,' who tells us that 'he viewed the ground where the bodies lay.' The bodies

[1] Their bones, some buttons, and a knife, were recently found buried in the clay by the chancel wall. The churchwardens' accounts have been preserved at Marston Trussell, and are now in the custody of Mr. Law, the rector. They begin in 1603, and for Michaelmas 1645 there are the following entries:—'*Item.* Paid to Wm. Sprigge for mending the churchyard wall, 2*d.*' '*Item.* Paid unto Samuel Neale for mending the churchyard gate, and making the catch and latch at it, 8*d.*' The skirmish, in which the flying Royalists were slain, may have necessitated these repairs.

[2] *Memoirs*, p. 288.

[3] Rushworth says 5,000, Sprigge 4,000, and Ludlow 6,000; but nearly all the foot must have been captured. The number given in the text is from the report of Colonel Fiennes, who had charge of the prisoners.

of the Parliamentary officers appear to have been buried under the tower of Naseby Church, where some bones were recently found.

No mercy was shown to the wretched Irish women with 'wicked countenances,' who followed the Royalist camp. About 100 were killed, and the rest were marked on the cheek or nose with a slash or cut. This unnecessary cruelty was committed without the general's knowledge, and is much to be regretted; but many stories had been told of the savage and infamous conduct of these harpies, and the wrath of the soldiers was kindled against them. There were six coaches full of ladies, and some respectable women in the waggons, who were treated with consideration. A local tradition relates that many wives of Royalist officers, who had come in their coaches as far as East Farndon, were killed in the pursuit. But contemporary letters distinctly state that these ladies were treated with consideration; and the tradition is evidently founded on the massacre of the Irish women.

The battle lasted about three hours, and Fairfax advanced to Market Harborough on the same afternoon. But his gallant old major-general had to remain in a house at Naseby. An officer carried him up to a room, stript him, saw his wound dressed, and then said, 'Sir, your wound hath caused a little cloud on this glorious day.'[1] Old Skippon replied, 'By no means, for it is to my honour that I have received a wound.' The two Houses of Parliament were good masters. When the news arrived that the major-general was wounded, they sent him £200 as a present, and £200 to pay his doctors' bills. It was a month before he could be moved; but on July 12 he was brought up to London in a litter, and many citizens went out to meet him.[2]

Sir Thomas Fairfax sent the news to London by his

[1] *Letter from G. B.*

[2] At Smithfield, as he passed, two butcher's dogs caused a disturbance among the men carrying the litter, and there was some suspicion that the commotion was got up designedly. 'We hope it will be no damage to that noble gentleman,' says the old newspaper. See also *Harleian Miscellanies*, iii. p. 136.

chaplain, Mr. Bowles; and Colonel John Fiennes was entrusted with the duty of bringing up 4,500 prisoners and 55 colours. On Thursday the 19th he arrived with them at St. Albans, and lodged them in the church for the night, where 'they pulled down the pews,' as the old pamphlet tells us, 'as men set on mischief, and indeed the whole band are most desperately given to wickedness.'[1] They were then marched through Islington and down St. Martin's lane, with the captured colours before them; guarded by the green and yellow regiments of the City, and finally lodged in the mews at Charing-cross until further orders. The news created intense excitement in London, and vast crowds assembled to see the trophies arrive. A grand dinner was given by the Lord Mayor to the two Houses, to celebrate the victory; at which the Prince Elector (Rupert's brother) was present.

The numbers engaged were much smaller than at Marston Moor; yet while the northern battle only liberated Yorkshire, the great fight at Naseby decided the fate of England. Fairfax displayed rare talents as a general, both as regards the disposition of his army and the prompt measures he took to remedy disasters. He was on the spot wherever his presence was needed, and his quick eye saw in a moment the weak point, while his cool presence of mind at once prompted the means of strengthening it. Nor was his headlong bravery in leading the charges misplaced in those days, for it inspired the soldiers with enthusiasm, while he himself never for a moment lost his head, and always checked himself at the exact point when the necessary effect had been attained.

Before the battle it was observed that Sir Thomas Fairfax was exceedingly cheerful, and talked merrily to his officers and soldiers; but after the victory a sober melancholy seemed to come over him, and his countenance became grave and serious.[2] In truth such an event as this was an era in a

[1] *Manner how the Prisoners are to be brought into London*, Saturday, June 21, 1645.

[2] Vicars.

man's life which could not be thought on lightly; and in truth the humble-minded knight gave all the honour to God, and took none to himself. But these terrible battles had the effect of changing the character of the man, or rather of deepening and strengthening it. The country gentleman of 1639 could scarcely be recognised in the great general of 1645. In this mighty war a really earnest man, like Fairfax, must have come to look upon his cause as absolutely right, or he could not have supported it with such stern resolution; and if so, how great to him must have seemed the guilt of those who covered the land with mourning and desolation to support tyranny and falsehood. In 1642 men who took different sides could agree to differ, and to discuss a treaty of neutrality in a friendly way. But after the same men had fought fiercely with opposite ends for three years, they could no longer view their differences with the same calmness and impartiality. Sir Thomas Fairfax, in becoming a great general, had also become a sterner man; but he never lost his courteous breeding, his humanity, and his single-minded sense of honour and hatred of intrigue.[1]

NOTE ON THE AUTHORITIES FOR THE BATTLE OF NASEBY.

Sir Thomas Fairfax wrote a brief official account of the battle from Market Harborough on June 15; but it gives little more than the results of the victory. Oliver Cromwell wrote another, and a third was sent by the Commissioners of the Parliament. All three were addressed to the Speaker, and were published together, with a list of the prisoners, by John Wright, at the sign of the King's Head in the Old Bailey, June 1645.

But by far the best and most detailed narrative of Naseby fight was written by the Rev. Joshua Sprigge, one of Fairfax's chaplains, in his 'Anglia Rediviva,' published in 1648, with a plan of the battle. A new edition of Sprigge was printed at Oxford in 1854. Sprigge was son of a servant of Lord Saye and Sele, was at Oxford, and afterwards became a preacher in Edinburgh. Returning to

[1] The two Houses of Parliament presented Sir Thomas Fairfax with an ornament to wear round his neck, in commemoration of his victory at Naseby, which will be found fully described in Appendix B.

London he took the Covenant, and was appointed chaplain to Sir Thomas Fairfax. After the Restoration he married a daughter of Lord Wimbledon, and widow of his old master Lord Saye, and died at Highgate in 1684.

Rushworth, Sir Thomas Fairfax's secretary, was also present at the battle, but in the account he gives of it in his 'Historical Collections,' vi. p. 47, he mainly copies from Sprigge, and gives the same plan.

Clarendon gives a much fuller account of Naseby than he does of Marston Moor, and appears to have had access to better sources of information; but he is very untrustworthy in details.

Whitelock gives an interesting account of the battle in his 'Memorials,' having obtained the particulars from General Skippon and other officers who were present. It is on his authority that the truth of the conversation between the general and Captain Doyley rests.

Ludlow was not present, and the short account in his 'Memoirs' is of little value.

Sir Henry Slingsby gives us a few brief notes of what he saw, in his 'Diary,' which are very valuable as far as they go.

Vicars, in his 'Burning Bush not consumed,' gives a violently one-sided view of the battle; but his account is indispensable, owing to the number of details which this hot-headed but diligent partisan collected, p. 160–65. Vicars copies a good deal from the 'gentleman of public employment' referred to below.

Colonel Okey wrote an important letter to a friend in London, which has fortunately been preserved. It narrates the proceedings of his dragoons on the extreme left.

Six other letters were written from the field of battle, all containing details of more or less value. (See 'King's Pamphlets,' No. 212.)

1. 'A true relation of the Victory obtained between Clipston and Naseby,' dated on the field. Signed I. W.

2. 'True Relation,' published by authority.

3. 'Relation of the Victory,' being a letter to Alderman William Gibbs.

4. 'Letter from Market Harborough.' Signed H. M.

5. 'A more Exact and Perfect Relation,' from a gentleman in Northampton.

6. 'Letter from a gentleman in the army to Lieutenant-Colonel Roe, Scoutmaster-General for the City.' Signed G. B.

There is also a letter from 'a gentleman of public employment' which is valuable; and, among other things, gives an account of the affair between Prince Rupert and the captain of the parliamentary baggage-guard. The supposition that the 'gentleman of public employment' was Mr. Rushworth himself rests on the fact that

somebody has written the following sentence on a fly-leaf of the copy in the British Museum:—'Mr. Rushworth's letter, beinge the Secretary to His Excellence.' The argument against it is that the details in the letter are not embodied in the accounts in Rushworth's 'Collections.'

Some further particulars are given in a paper headed 'Proceedings of the New-moulded Army,' by Edward Wogan, an officer of the army, in Carte's 'Letters of Ormond,' i. p. 126. But. Wogan's testimony can only be taken with much suspicion, for he was a renegade. He was a very handsome young fellow, and when quite a lad he commanded a troop of horse in the army of the Parliament, and was high in Ireton's favour. But, after the King's execution, he joined Ormonde in Ireland, and followed him to France. Young Wogan was slain in Scotland in 1655. See 'Clarendon' for an account of him.

Warburton gives a plan of the Royalist line of battle from an original Dutch document, supposed to be that of Gomez. It differs but slightly from that given in Sprigge.

Mr. Carlyle and Dr. Arnold went over the ground together in 1842. See Appendix No. 7 to Cromwell's 'Letters and Speeches,' and Stanley's 'Life of Arnold,' p. 605–11–15. In 1791 was published, at Cambridge, 'The History and Antiquities of Naseby, by the Rev. John Mastin, Vicar of Naseby.' He gives Sprigge's account of the battle *verbatim*, and the three official despatches; but his local information is meagre and of little use. There is another book entitled 'Historical Gleanings on the memorable Field of Naseby,' by Henry Lockinge, late Curate of Naseby, London, 1830. This is a much more pretentious but less useful work than Mr. Mastin's, from which all the local notices are copied wholesale; and it is padded with much irrelevant matter. Mr. Carlyle makes short work of both vicar and curate. He says: 'There are two modern books about Naseby and its battle, both of them without value.'

Mr. Mastin severely censures the incumbent of Naseby at the time of the battle for not having made any entry on the subject in the parish registers; 'an omission utterly inexcusable in a resident clergyman.'

In 1825 John and Mary Frances Fitzgerald, Lord and Lady of the Manor of Naseby, erected an obelisk with a very absurd inscription; but it is a mile from the field of battle.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE BATTLE OF LANGPORT AND STORMING OF BRIDGEWATER.

THE main Royalist army was scattered at Naseby, but there was a formidable force under Goring in the west, with numerous strong garrisons, and the longed-for peace was still distant until this western army had also been reduced to submission. Sir Thomas Fairfax, therefore, rested not on his laurels even for a day; and the soldiers, in spite of their long marches and of having just fought a desperate battle, obeyed their general's orders with cheerfulness and alacrity. Leicester surrendered on the 17th, and Fairfax then advanced by rapid marches to the south, to raise the siege of Taunton, where Welden's brigade was closely hemmed in by Goring. Passing through Warwick and over Salisbury plain, he reached Beaminster in the south of Dorsetshire on July 4, having traversed 132 miles in 13 days. The rapidity of the young general's movements aroused the astonishment of his contemporaries, and half paralyzed his enemies, by throwing out all their calculations. Thus Goring was just beginning to arrange for a junction of his forces with those of Hopton and Grenville in Devonshire, and possibly with the scattered remnant of the King's army, and was meanwhile lazily blockading Taunton, when he was startled by the news that Fairfax, of whom he had last heard far away in the midland counties, was within a few miles of him.

Sir Thomas found an association of country people, calling themselves neutrals, in the counties of Somersetshire and Dorsetshire, who for a time caused him considerable embarrassment.[1] These clubmen declared that they were

[1] Vicars waxes violent when he speakes of them. 'A disorderly rabble and rude company of rotten-hearted nauseous neutrals.'

strong enough to defend themselves against both King and Parliament, that they would no longer allow their produce to be seized by the soldiers of either side, and that they would fight in defence of their property. They were headed by some of the local gentry, but were without proper organization, and were only formidable in consequence of their apparent intention of stopping supplies. Fairfax told the leaders of the clubmen in Dorsetshire that the soldiers of his army were as much inclined to peace as any men whatsoever; that they had undertaken the war for no other end but the establishing of a firm and happy peace; and that it was impossible to lay down their arms at a time when the King was contracting for the employment of an army of 10,000 foreigners to be landed on the English coast.[1] But he promised to protect them from pillage, and to punish all soldiers guilty of plunder or violence. This appears to have pacified the clubmen who had assembled in the south of Dorsetshire, and they returned to their homes.

At Beaminster the news arrived that Goring had raised the siege of Taunton, and was hurriedly falling back behind the line of the rivers Parret and Yeo, to protect the important Royalist garrison at Bridgewater. The general sent Colonel Fleetwood with a brigade of horse to watch his movements, while the main body of the army advanced more leisurely to Crewkerne. The weather was very hot, the country was broken up by deep lanes and enclosures, and both men and horses were weary with the long and tedious marches. But they were roused to fresh exertions by the tidings that met them at Crewkerne. Goring had pulled down the bridge over the Parret near South Petherton, and had thrown up a breastwork on the other side; but on the approach of Fleetwood he rapidly retreated behind the Yeo, and posted strong guards at all the bridges and fords. So

[1] Proofs of Charles's treasonable negotiations with the Duke of Lorraine to land a foreign army of mercenaries in England were furnished by his letters taken at Naseby. (See *Harleian Miscellanies*, vii. p. 544.) Yet, in his declaration at Newmarket, this same king had the effrontery to say: 'No sober man can believe us so desperate or senseless as to entertain such designs' (the hiring of foreign troops) 'as would bury our name and posterity in perpetual scorn and infamy.'

SOMERSETSHIRE CAMPAIGN

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Fleetwood rebuilt the Petherton bridge and advanced with his horse until he was face to face with the enemy, the river Yeo only separating them. Sir Thomas Fairfax galloped to the front, posted strong detachments at Martock and Petherton, thus securing the passage of the Parret, and returned to pass his Sunday at Crewkerne, where he was joined by Welden's brigade, which had been so long shut up in Taunton.[1] Old Colonel Welden had conducted the defence with great skill and valour, and he and his officers were received with warm congratulations. General Massey, the gallant defender of Gloucester in the early part of the war, also joined head-quarters at Crewkerne, with a brigade of horse.

A brief description of the ground will be necessary for a clear understanding of the important operations which followed.

The two rivers Parret and Yeo (or Ivell) rise in the hills of Dorsetshire, and, after winding courses of some twenty miles, join each other at Langport in Somersetshire. The united stream, taking the name of Parret, flows through the swamps and water-meadows to Bridgewater and the Bristol Channel. The Yeo rises from seven springs, called the Seven Sisters, near Sherborne in Dorsetshire, flows past Yeovil, where there is a bridge, Ilchester where there is another bridge, under Load bridge close to the village of Long Sutton on the north bank, and joins the Parret at Langport. Between Ilchester and Langport a spur of the Polden hills approaches very close to the north bank of the river. But beyond Langport the Parret enters the flat swampy country extending to the Bristol Channel, which was famous in early English history as the wild place of refuge of the Saxons when their land was overrun by Danish invaders. The Isle of Athelney, Alfred's hiding-place, was formed by the swamps at the junction of the Tone and Parret, four

[1] Excitable John Vicars describes the position of the besieged garrison in Taunton, in rather strong language. He says, 'The besieged were clearly set at liberty from further fear and danger of those base and barbarous blood-thirsty enemies, who like devouring locusts had lyen-long lurking about their partes and quarters, in greedy gaping hope every day to have eaten them up.'—*Burning Bush*, p. 178.

miles below Langport. The Parret rises in the hills to the south, and flows nearly due north to Langport, the two rivers being about seven and a half miles apart between Crewkerne and Yeovil, and about five between Petherton bridge and Ilchester or Load bridge.

The country between the rivers is for the most part rich pasture land, and contains the parishes of Martock, and Odcombe, the latter famous as the native place of Tom Corryat, who walked from Calais to Surat in India in one pair of shoes. Below Langport the Parret is navigable for large barges, and above that town both the Parret and the Yeo continue to be considerable streams for several miles.

Goring fixed his head-quarters at Long Sutton, placing garrisons in Borough, Langport, and Ilchester, with strong guards at Load bridge and Yeovil. He intended thus to remain on the defensive along the line of the Yeo, until he could receive reinforcements from Grenville in Devonshire; but he was opposed to the most enterprising general of the age, who was not at all likely to allow him to select his own time for fighting. Goring, however, had chosen his line of defence with great judgment, and with a larger force he might have succeeded in checking the advance of the Parliamentary army for a considerable time. The numbers on either side were about equal.

On the 7th Sir Thomas Fairfax drew up his army on the downs between Crewkerne and Petherton, and advanced himself, with a strong escort, to examine the enemy's position along the banks of the Yeo. After a careful reconnaissance of all the posts from Langport, by Load bridge and Ilchester, to Yeovil, during which there were skirmishes all day in the meadows by the river side, Fairfax took counsel with Lieutenant-General Cromwell and the colonels of regiments. It seemed a desperate undertaking to force the passage of the Yeo in the face of a watchful enemy, who could concentrate his troops upon any point that was threatened; especially as there were morasses along the river banks, owing to the quantities of rain that had recently fallen. At the same

time a march round the sources of the river by Sherborne would be long and tedious, and involve much loss of time.

Fairfax finally determined to force the passage of the river, on the extreme left of the enemy's position at Yeovil, leaving detachments to guard the passes at Load bridge and Ilchester, and to engage Goring's troops if they attempted to cross. Accordingly the army made a rapid march from Crewkerne to Yeovil, and got possession of the bridge without any opposition, the enemy being taken by surprise. Goring at once abandoned the line of the river, evacuated Ilchester and Long Sutton, and concentrated his whole force at Langport, where there is a narrow pass caused by the spur of the Polden Hills coming down close to the banks of the Yeo. On the 8th Fairfax established his head-quarters at Ilchester.

Early next morning news arrived that a large detachment of Royalist cavalry had crossed the rivers, and was marching in the directon of Taunton. It is not quite clear what object was in view, but Goring was at the head of the detachment in person, so that he must have attached some importance to it. It was probably intended to cause a diversion, and give time for the Royalists either to strengthen their position at Langport, or to retreat to Bridgewater. Fairfax advanced to Long Sutton, and sent a body of horse under General Massey, supported by Montague's brigade of foot, to follow and if possible engage the Royalist detachment. Massey came suddenly upon the enemy when their horses were grazing in some meadows near Ilminster,[1] and took them completely by surprise. Some of the Royalist soldiers were asleep, some bathing in the river, and the rest carelessly walking in the fields. But the gap by which Massey led his troops into the meadows was so narrow as only to admit of two horses to enter abreast, and most of the King's horse had time to get away.[2] About 500 were captured, and among them was Goring's Lieutenant-General Porter, who had commanded an infantry division at Marston Moor. He went to London, and, making his peace with the Parliament, came over to the

[1] *Ilmore*, as Vicars and Wogan have it. [2] Wogan.

winning side. Lord Goring himself only escaped to Langport by hard riding, and received a gash on his ear.

No reinforcements had arrived either from Devonshire or from the King in Wales, so Goring determined to retreat behind Bridgewater. On the morning of July 10 he sent off all his waggons and heavy baggage, and drew out his army to defend a pass on the road between Langport and Long Sutton, trusting in the strength of his position to be able either to defend it or to march away at pleasure.

At early dawn Fairfax received a report of the position taken up by the enemy, and immediately mounted and led his army from Long Sutton to drive the Royalists from their post of vantage. He had with him seven regiments of horse,[1] and all his foot except Montague's brigade, which was still at Martock, ready to support Massey.

At about a quarter of a mile east of Langport a small brook, with hills rising on either side from its banks, flows down a valley to the Yeo, crossing the road from Long Sutton. It was so swollen by the rains that the water came up to the horses' bellies, and the hills on either side were covered with fields divided by hedges, while the road was a mere Somersetshire lane winding down between the hedges and crossing the swollen brook by a ford. Goring drew his army up along the crest of the hill on one side, with his horse fronting the lane, and lined the hedges with about 2,000 musketeers.

Fairfax drew up his forces on the side of the opposite hill, and planted his artillery in good positions, well within range of the hostile army, opening a very effective fire while his infantry charged down the lane. There was then a fierce struggle between the Royalist musketeers who lined the hedges and the Parliamentary foot led by Colonel Rainsborough, which lasted for a good hour of that hot July forenoon. The Royalists were driven from hedge to hedge, until at last they fled across the brook. Then Fairfax ordered his lieutenant-general to deliver a charge of cavalry. Two forlorn hopes

[1] His own, Cromwell's, and those of Whalley, Graves, Huntington (formerly Vermuyden), Rich, Fleetwood, and Butler; about 2,800 in all.

were selected, the one consisting of three troops under Major Bethell, a brave and very promising young officer; the other, also of three troops, under Major Desborough, Cromwell's brother in law. Only four men could go abreast down the lane, and then they had to wade through the deep and muddy water at the bottom, exposed to a fire from the royalist musketry behind the hedges, on the opposite side. Having crossed the brook, young Bethell got his little force together, charged gallantly up the hill, and drove back two divisions of horse that were opposed to him in the lane, but was at last checked and overpowered by numbers, falling back upon his reserve. Meanwhile Desborough came up to his assistance, and again the two bodies of horse hurled themselves against the enemy at the lane end, and a hand-to-hand fight with swords commenced. Sir Thomas Fairfax declared that this charge was as bold and resolute a piece of service as any he had seen performed. The Parliamentary foot followed closely at the heels of the cavalry, and when they emerged from the lane the whole Royalist army fled in confusion, running through Langport street, and setting the town on fire in the hope of checking the pursuit.

The general held back his cavalry from pursuing the fugitives, who were superior in numbers, until Massey could rejoin from the other side of the river. 'The troopers obeyed as good soldiers should,' says Sprigge, 'though it checked their sweetest pleasure.' As soon as Massey came up, Sir Thomas slipped them from the leash, and Cromwell with his Ironsides dashed through the street of Langport, between the rows of burning houses, the flames making arches over his horses' heads. About two miles beyond the town the Royalists made a stand on a green meadow called Aller Drove; but they broke at the first charge, and the chase was continued to within two miles of Bridgewater. Goring left some of his men with the garrison there, and, constantly harrassed by the clubmen, he continued his flight to Barnstaple, where he took to drink.

About 300 Royalists were slain, and 1,400 taken prisoners, of whom about 700 petitioned to be allowed to join the

Parliamentary army. Fairfax marched five miles beyond the battle-field, and encamped at Middlezoy, near Bridgewater, on the same night.

Sir Thomas appears to have looked upon the battle of Langport as one of his most important successes. If Grenville from Devonshire, and the King from Wales, had expeditiously reinforced Goring, there would have been a Royalist army in the field almost equal in strength to that which was defeated at Naseby. But now, thanks to the genius of Fairfax, the western army was scattered to the winds, and it only remained to reduce the great Royalist strongholds before marching into Devonshire and finishing the war.[1]

On July 11 the victorious army surrounded Bridgewater, Welden's brigade being sent to the west side, while the rest of the force was encamped at Chedzoy and on Weston moor; and the general carefully reconnoitred the defences, and found them to be very strong. Bridgewater is built on either side of the Parret, which is here a tidal river; and a deep ditch, surrounding the walls, was filled to overflowing at every tide. The garrison consisted of 1,800 soldiers, there were forty pieces of ordnance on the walls, and the place was well stored with ammunition and victuals. The governor was Mr. Edmund Wyndham, a gentleman of fortune in the county, who was closely connected with the Royal interest,

[1] Sprigge, in his *Anglia Rediviva*, gives a full account of the battle of Langport, which is copied by Rushworth into his *Collections*. But the most graphic description of the ground will be found in '*A more exact Relation of the Defeat given to Goring's Army, in a Letter from Captain Blackwell to his Father*,' dated from Middlezoy on July 11. Sir Thomas Fairfax wrote two letters on the subject to his father (*Fairfax Corr.*, iii. p. 235 & 239), and Cromwell wrote an account to a member of the House of Commons, which will be found in the Appendix to Carlyle's *Letters and Speeches*. Major Harrison and Colonel Lilburne were despatched to London with the news, and '*A more full Relation of the great Battle between Sir Thomas Fairfax and Lord Goring, on Thursday last*, by Lieut-Colonel Lilburne,' was published by authority of Parliament. See also the *Kingdome's Weekly Intelligencer*, July 15, 1645, and the *Parliament's Post* of the same date; also '*Letter concerning the Routing of Goring's Army*,' from a worthy gentleman with Sir Thomas Fairfax to the Speaker.

Clarendon only alludes to these operations very briefly, but Vicars gives a full account of the battle, *Burning Bush*, p. 191.

owing to his foolish and petulant wife[1] having been nurse to the Prince of Wales, and his daughter having married Tom Elliot, a groom of the bedchamber and a very busy intriguer. The governor's son, Sir Hugh Wyndham, Tom Elliot, and several Somertshire Royalists, were in the town.

Bridgewater was a formidable place, and Fairfax deliberated for some time whether it would be best to lay regular siege to it or take it by storm. His army, meanwhile, was in great want of money. The soldier's 8*d.* a day was just sufficient to support him, and as all plundering was most severely punished, the army was crippled in its operations unless the men were regularly paid. The Parliament strained every nerve to meet this want, and a few days after the battle of Langport treasure arrived from Lyme in sufficient quantity to pay the horse and foot. The Somersetshire clubmen assembled in great numbers round the camp, flying white sheets and aprons at the ends of poles, and the general rode amongst them and was addressed by a man named Willis, who was deputed to speak for the rest. He represented that they had no safeguard for their goods, and that the war was ruining them. In reply Fairfax promised to protect them from violence, and assured them that all provisions brought into the camp would be paid for. They returned to their homes well satisfied, and from that time there was no further trouble from the clubmen, who soon found the difference between the strict discipline of the New Model Army and the license of Goring's troops.

After a careful consideration of the strength of the place, in a council of war, Fairfax finally resolved to take it by storm, and it was settled that the attack should commence at two in the morning of July 21. General Hammond, the master of the ordnance, 'a gentleman of a most dexterous and ripe invention for all such things,'[2] designed and superintended the construction of eight timber bridges, about thirty feet long, to span the ditch; and lots were drawn for the posts to be taken up by the different regiments, some to storm and others to act as

[1] Mary, daughter of Alderman Chamberlain.

[2] Sprigge.

reserves. Welden was to make a false attack on the west side, while the true assault was delivered against the part of the town called Eastover. The forlorn hope consisted of 600 chosen men, under Lieutenant-Colonel Hewson and Major Dove.

On Saturday the general rode round the works and inspected the preparations for storming; and Sunday was a day of rest, Mr. Bowles, the chaplain to the forces, preaching in the afternoon.

The attack commenced, under a heavy fire from the besieged, at two o'clock on Monday morning. Hammond's bridges were fastened to waggons, drawn to the edge of the ditch by the men of the train, and thrown across, a young officer named Martin losing his leg by a round shot while actively superintending this service. The signal for the assault was the discharge of three guns. Then Hewson and Dove, followed closely by their men, rushed across the bridges, and mounted the works amidst a storm of musketry, beating the enemy from their guns. The drawbridge was let down, and Captain Reynolds, a valiant young gentleman, galloped in at the head of a forlorn hope of horse and scoured the streets. The part of Bridgewater on the east side of the Parret was taken, with 500 prisoners, most of them Welshmen from Pembrokeshire; and 300 volunteered to join the Parliamentary army. But the garrison on the west side barricaded the gate leading to the river, and set fire to Eastover with grenades, burning it to the ground. A young officer named Cowell, with his troop, remained on guard in the street to prevent a surprise, with blazing houses on either side of him, until all were consumed. The house of Mr. Harvey, the lord of the manor, was burnt with the rest.

The governor stoutly refused to surrender, so on the 23rd Sir Thomas sent in to propose that the women and children should come out before the west side was attacked. But Mrs. Wyndham replied that a Prince of Wales's nurse would never surrender, and that she would hold out to the last. Next day, however, she thought better of it, and came forth

with a number of other ladies. A cannonade was opened, and the town was set on fire in several places. Tom Elliot then came out in great consternation, and begged for terms, which were granted on condition that the town was delivered up next morning, and that the garrison worked at putting out the fire in the interval. There were captured with the town thirty-six pieces of artillery, 5,000 stand of arms, 2,000 prisoners, four months' provisions, and a quantity of treasure. Colonel Birch, of Massey's brigade, was appointed governor of Bridgewater.

By the capture of Bridgewater[1] a line of posts was secured from sea to sea, which blocked up and isolated Devonshire and Cornwall. The council of war recommended an immediate advance westward against Goring, but Fairfax resolved first to secure his rear by the reduction of Bristol and all the other Royalist strongholds between his army and London. These garrisons kept the country in an unsettled state, and formed centres whence the miseries of war were made to radiate in all directions over the land.

Sir Thomas Fairfax marched to Wells, detaching Colonel Pickering to commence the siege of Sherborne Castle in Dorsetshire, and Okey with his dragoons to get possession of Bath. The latter service was successfully performed by Okey with his usual mixture of cunning and audacity,[2] but Sherborne proved a more difficult business, and the general went there to conduct the siege in person, on August 1. The castle was very obstinately defended by Sir Lewis Dyves, a half-brother of Lord Digby, and the siege is chiefly worth remembering for the astounding Munchausen lies Sir Lewis told about it afterwards, when he was safe in France.[3]

[1] The narrative of the siege and capture of Bridgewater will be found in *Rushworth* and *Sprigge*. See also the *True Informer* of July 19, 1645, for a 'Further Relation of Sir Thomas Fairfax's Proceedings before Bridgewater'; a 'Letter from Sir Thomas Fairfax to the Speaker on the Storming of Bridgewater,' dated at eight in the evening of July 23; and a 'Fuller Relation from Bridgewater, in a Letter from a Worthy Gentleman to the Speaker.'

[2] See a 'Full Relation of the Taking of Bath on Wednesday, July 30, 1646,' in *King's Pamphlets*, No. 218.

[3] 'This knight was indeed a valiant gentleman, but not a little given to romance when he spake of himself,' says Mr. Evelyn. *Diary*, i. p. 268. His escape from

Sherborne was taken by storm on August 15; and Sir Thomas Fairfax then resolved to invest the city of Bristol, where Prince Rupert had established himself with a strong garrison. Excepting Oxford, the great commercial town on the Avon was the last important place held by the Royalists west of Devonshire; and its reduction was a necessary preparation for the final march into the far west, which was to conclude the war and put a crown on the great services of the peace-restoring general.

prison was more wonderful than his defence of Sherborne. When guarded by six musketeers he jumped from a window two stories high into the Thames, in the middle of winter and in the dead of night. This was his fifth escape, and none were less miraculous. He always carried about divers broad-pieces of gold, which saved his life in a battle by receiving a bullet on them.

SIEGE OF BRISTOL

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CHAPTER XXII.

THE STORMING OF BRISTOL.

THE continuance of the civil war for a whole year after the decisive battle of Naseby is a proof of the King's selfishness, and of his utter indifference to the sufferings of the people. All rational hope was gone, and even Rupert advised his uncle to make terms with the Parliament. Yet Charles, while incessantly vacillating as to his plans, persisted in retaining his garrisons, and required his adherents to sacrifice all they possessed in order to prolong a useless struggle for a few months.

Bristol, therefore, was to stand a siege, and Charles expected the garrison to hold out, without an object, to the last extremity, entailing misery and ruin on the second commercial city in the kingdom. Rupert was sent to take the command there, and when the army of Sir Thomas Fairfax approached, towards the end of August, he had completed his preparations.

The old city of Bristol stands between the river Avon and its little tributary the Frome. At the point of junction there was, in those days, a tract of waste land called The Marsh, now occupied by Queen Square, while to the east the two streams approach each other; and here the feudal castle was erected, which commanded the approach to the city. Between the marsh and the castle stood the busy town, with its streets of quaint old houses and many churches. On the south side the river Avon was thronged with trading vessels, and spanned by a bridge of five arches with two rows of houses five stories high upon it, leading to the suburb of Redcliff.[1]

[1] Pulled down in 1763.

On the north was the Frome; and to the east a ditch, connecting the two rivers, divided the city from the castle.

The castle, built by the red Earl of Gloucester in 1220, was fortified with a broad ditch, and the massive keep was strengthened by a parapet wall twelve feet thick. An arm of the Frome, connected with the Avon, formed the defence to the eastward, beyond which was the old market, and an additional outer wall faced the open country of Gloucestershire. Here was Lafford or Lawford's [1] gate, with its ancient stone figures of the Earls of Gloucester in niches. An old defensive wall ran from the castle along the banks of the Frome, right round the city, containing seven gates; and another very strong wall and ditch, with two gates and a lofty work called Tower Harratz, defended the suburb of Redcliff. Next to the castle, and facing the Frome, was New Gate, opening on the main road to Gloucester; then came Pithay Gate, St. John's Gate with a church on either side of it, Frome Gate, a noble structure of two arches leading to a bridge, St. Giles's, St. Leonard's, and St. Nicholas's Gate opening on the bridge over the Avon. On the Redcliff side were the Temple and Redcliff Gates.

Such were the ancient defences of Bristol; but when the civil war began in 1642, the mayor and common council took measures to put their city in a better posture to resist attacks; and these preparations were completed by Colonel Nathaniel Fiennes,[2] when he became governor of Bristol for the Parliament in February 1643.

The cathedral and college green are on the other side of the Frome; and beyond them a line of heights to the westward rises towards Clifton and Durdham Down. A new and outer line of defence was carried along these heights from the banks of the Avon north to Prior's Hill, which was the key of the position. On the edge of the rocks overlooking the Avon was the Water Fort,[3] whence a double ditch and rampart was taken nearly due north to Brandon

[1] Saxon *Hlaford*, the 'Lord's Gate,' the gate of the lord or governor of the castle.

[2] Second son of Lord Saye and Sele.

[3] Just behind the present Lime-kiln Lane.

Hill. These ditches were ten feet deep, and their length 320 yards, while midway there was a semicircular bastion. The summit of Brandon Hill was a circular mound twenty feet high, which was surrounded by a deep ditch, and attached to it was an oblong work with a wall three feet thick and another ditch. From Brandon-hill Fort the line, consisting of a ditch and rampart, passed down into a valley and up the other side to the strongest fort of all on Windmill Hill, called the Royal Fort.[1] There were angular redoubts or sconces at intervals along this part of the works, and in the bottom was Essex Fort,[2] about fifty yards inside the line. It was at this point that the Royalist regiment under Colonel Washington[3] gained an entrance within the works in 1643, and the place was afterwards known as Washington's Breach.

The Royal Fort was a pentagon on the heights commanding the town, but a few feet lower than Brandon-hill Fort.[4] Thence the line passed along the top of King's Down to a redoubt on an eminence since called Colston's Mount,[5] and so to Prior's-hill Fort on Nine-tree Hill—a very strong work, with high walls and two tiers of loopholes. At this point the line formed a sharp angle, and was carried straight down to the river Frome, and over it, by Lawford's Gate, to the Avon. Thus there were two lines starting from the Avon, and meeting in a point at Prior's-hill Fort, the western one being strengthened by four forts, and the eastern one merely having fortified gates; but both with flanking redoubts or sconces at intervals, for musketry. In the eastern line,

[1] The line passed through a field called Bullock's Park, on which Berkeley Square now stands.

[2] Essex Fort was in the present Park Row.

[3] This was Sir Henry Washington, son of William Washington of Packington in Leicestershire, by a half-sister of George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham. After distinguishing himself in this attack on Bristol in 1643, he continued to serve in the Royalist army until the end of the war. In 1646 Charles appointed him governor of Worcester, and he made a very resolute defence for three months, obtaining honourable conditions. He was nephew to John Washington who emigrated to Virginia in 1657, and first cousin of John's son Lawrence, who was grandfather of George Washington, the hero of American independence.

[4] Mr. Tyndall's house and gardens were on the site of the Royal Fort.

[5] The line crossed the street of St. Michael's Hill, and Colston's-hill Fort was at the back of the gardens in Southwell Street, on King's Down.

between Prior's-hill Fort and the Frome, there was a gate just under the fort, another about midway on the line called Stoke's-croft Gate, and a sally-port close to the Frome. Between the Avon and Frome was a wall and ditch, with Lawford's Gate strongly fortified and commanded by the guns from the Castle; and the Redcliff suburb, on the other side of the Avon, was defended by a high strong wall and ditch, being a portion of the old city defences.

The Royalists under Prince Rupert had besieged Bristol in July 1643, when Nathaniel Fiennes was governor, and Colonel Washington led his regiment through a breach in the lowest part of the line between Brandon Hill and the Royal Fort, where Lord Grandison and Colonel Lunsford were slain, and John Bellasis was wounded. Fiennes immediately surrendered the place, and at the time his conduct was considered so culpable that he was brought before a council of war and narrowly escaped with his life.[1] He quitted the military service, for which he was totally unfitted. Since that time Rupert had been nominally governor of Bristol, with Sir Ralph Hopton as lieutenant-governor, and the defences had been repaired and strengthened.

Rupert arrived at Bristol, with several distinguished Royalist officers, in July 1645, and made up the garrison to 2,300 effective soldiers.[2] He had with him Lord Lumley, who had held his own castle in Durham with a strong garrison during the early part of the war, and had followed the fortunes of the young German since Marston Moor; Lord Hawley, a Yorkshireman; General Tilyard, who commanded a division of foot at Marston; Sir Walter Vavasour, of Hazlewood in Yorkshire; Sir Richard Crane, the gallant knight who led Rupert's cavalry at Marston Moor; and Colonel John Russell, who commanded the forlorn hope in the ditch at the same decisive battle; two Slingsbys

[1] Colonel Fiennes was accused of cowardice by William Prynne and Clement Walker, and condemned to death by a military tribunal, but the Earl of Essex pardoned him. His trial occupies 130 pages of vol. iv. of *Howell's State Trials*, and at the end there is a curious list of precedents of trials for cowardice.

[2] On his own showing. But they really numbered about 4,000.

(not Sir Henry—the Royalist army was full of Slingsbys); Sir Bernard Ashley, Sir Matthew Appleyard, and Colonels Murray, Fox, and Osborne.

These officers soon put the place into a good posture for defence, and Rupert declared that he could hold it against Fairfax for four months. There were seven guns planted on the Water Fort, six on Brandon Hill, twenty-two on the Royal Fort, seven on Colston's Mount, thirteen on Prior's-hill Fort, seven at Lawford's Gate, sixteen on the Castle and at New Gate, two on Frome and Pithay Gates in the inner city wall; and, on the other side of the Avon, fourteen on Temple Gate and the Tower Harratz,[1] and fifteen on Redcliff Gate. A battery was also thrown up on The Marsh, to command the passage up the river. All the cattle in the surrounding country were driven into the city, and large supplies of grain and beer were collected from Wales and Gloucestershire. The population was about 12,500, and while those who could afford it laid in provisions for themselves, 2,000 measures of corn were imported from Wales for the more indigent.

Rupert, as soon as he heard of the approach of Fairfax, resolved to destroy all the villages round Bristol, that the enemy might have no shelter during the very rainy weather that had set in. Bedminster and Clifton were burnt to the ground; but as soon as the general heard of these proceedings, he sent a flying column under Ireton to preserve the other villages from plunder and destruction; and thus saved Hanham, Keynsham, and Stapleton from a like fate.

On August 21 Sir Thomas Fairfax arrived before Bristol at the head of his army; and, after making a careful reconnaissance of the works, fell back to Keynsham, and passed the night at Hanham. He afterwards had his head-quarters for some days at Stoke, a house of the Berkeleys, near Stapleton. The country people were now actively assisting the Parliamentary army. They kept the ferry over the Avon open at Rownham below Bristol, and came in great numbers to assist the besiegers. During the 22nd and 23rd Sir Thomas

[1] This work was on the site of the present railway station.

was busily engaged in posting his troops round the enemy's works. He had sent a despatch to Admiral Moulton, who commanded the Parliament's fleet in the Irish Sea, to complete the blockade at the mouth of the Avon; and General Massey, with his brigade of horse was sent to Taunton to keep Goring in check. The general saw at once that Prior's-hill Fort, forming the northern angle of the works, was the key of the position; and, having resolved that the main attack should be at this point, he removed from Stoke, and permanently fixed his head-quarters at a farm-house on Ashley Hill, facing the fort, and threw up a small battery there.[1]

When the siege first commenced Rupert made a series of desperate sallies in force, apparently with the object of cutting his way through the beleaguering host; but if this was his intention, he invariably failed. On the 23rd the guns played from the Royal Fort and Prior's Hill, and towards evening a sally was led by Sir Richard Crane, who was mortally wounded. Thus fell this brave Norfolk knight. He was a splendid cavalry officer, and had shown dash and bravery in all respects equal to Rupert's on many a stricken field, especially at Marston Moor, where he long held his own at the head of the Royalist horse. On Sunday the 24th a large force of horse and foot sallied out of the postern by Prior's Hill, the horse charging in full career, but they were driven back in disorder by Rainsborough's regiment. The next attempt was on the Somersetshire side, where Fairfax had posted Welden's brigade at Bedminster and on Pyle Hill. The besieged issued out of the Temple Gate at four in the morning of the 26th, but were again repulsed, with the loss of Sir Bernard Ashley, who was mortally wounded. On the 27th and 29th attacks were made upon the besiegers from Lawford's Bridge; and on September 1 Rupert's troops, for a sixth time, made a sally. It was a very wet misty morning, and suddenly a thousand Royalist horse, led by Sir Horatio Carey,[2] appeared through the fog near the Royal Fort, backed

[1] This farm-house is now called Montpelier farm, and is occupied by Mr. Rossiter. Two rooms of the old building are still standing; the rest is new.

[2] *Wogan.*

by 600 foot, and made a desperate attack on the lines of the besiegers. After some hard fighting they were forced to retreat; but Colonel Okey, of the dragoons, who mistook the Royalists for friends in the dense fog, was taken prisoner. In these six sallies there was little loss on either side, but they kept the besiegers constantly on their guard. The weather was very wet, the ground was saturated, and the men were much tried by hardships and incessant work; yet the spirit that had been instilled into them by their young general did not fail now in this time of trial, and the soldiers were animated with a steady and zealous resolution to prove themselves worthy champions of the great cause for which they had taken up arms.

On September 2 Sir Thomas Fairfax held a council of war, Admiral Moulton having landed the day before and offered the services of his sailors.[1] It was known that the garrison was well supplied with ammunition and provisions, and a regular siege would be long and tedious. Such an operation was not suited to the genius of our energetic young general, and both Cromwell and all the commanding officers of regiments concurred in his opinion that Bristol should be taken by storm.

The arrangements for the storm were then carefully considered and decided upon. On the Somersetshire side the brigade under Colonel Welden, often called the Taunton brigade, because it consisted of the regiments which stood the siege there, was to assault the lofty wall round the Redcliff suburb. It consisted of four regiments of foot under Welden, Fortescue, Ingoldsby, and Herbert; and the horse of Sir Robert Pye, Sheffield, and Huntington. Three forlorn hopes, of 200 men, were to storm at three different places, with twenty ladders for each, and each musketeer was to carry a faggot. Lawford's Gate and the line between the Avon and Frome, were entrusted to the heroes of Naseby, under gallant young Montague. His brigade consisted of his own regiment, those of Pickering and Sir Hardress Waller, and

[1] Colonel Welden captured the fort at Portshead Point on August 28, which opened a way for the ships into King's Road.

supports of horse commanded by Bethell and Desborough, who led the brilliant charge at Langport. The assault on the Prior's-hill Fort, which Fairfax considered the most important point of all, was reserved for the steady, well-tried brigade of Rainsborough, and was to be delivered under the personal superintendence of the general. Part of Pride's regiment threatened the Royal Fort, Okey's dragoons were to attack the lines at Washington's Breach, and three cavalry regiments, under Colonel Fleetwood, ranged over Durdham Down, to prevent any attempt of the Royalist cavalry at escape. The sailors were formed into a naval brigade to assault the Water Fort, and several thousand countrymen, under Sir John Seymour of Bitton, came in on the 4th to assist the army.

All things being in readiness, Sir Thomas Fairfax addressed an earnest and eloquent appeal to Prince Rupert to surrender, and thus prevent further bloodshed. He began by representing to him that the King had separated himself from his Parliament and people, and that the maintenance of the schism was the cause of this unhappy war. 'If,' he continued, 'through your wilfulness, so great, so famous, and ancient a city, so full of people, be exposed to ruin and extremity of war, then I appeal to the righteous God to be judge between you and us, and to requite the wrong. And let all England judge whether the burning of its towns, ruining its cities, and destroying its people, be a good requital from a person of your family, which hath had the prayers, tears, purses, and blood of its Parliament and people; and the constant grief of this people has been that their desires to serve your family have been ever hindered or made fruitless by the party about His Majesty, whose interests you pursue in this unnatural war.'[1]

This was a most just appeal, and no man in England had a better right to urge it than Sir Thomas Fairfax. It is quite true that the unfortunate Queen of Bohemia would have been deserted by her selfish father and brother, had not the people of England cried shame upon them, and

[1] *Nugæ Antiquæ*. ii. p. 321.

insisted upon an effort being made to befriend her. It was indeed a base requital that Rupert and his brother were now making, in devastating the homes of a people who had so nobly stood by their mother; and the right man to tell them so was the nephew of those glorious young heroes who found honoured graves at Frankenthal, fighting for the queen of hearts.[1]

Rupert may have been touched by this appeal. It may account for what followed. His immediate reply was a request for permission to send a messenger to the King and learn his pleasure, to which Fairfax could not consent. The Prince then sent propositions for surrender, of such a character that it was impossible to entertain them; and the Parliamentary general, seeing that he was being played with merely to gain time, resolved to storm the place early on the morning of September 10, in the same order as had originally been arranged.

At two in the morning the signal for storming was given from the general's head-quarters at Ashley farm, by lighting a heap of faggots and firing four guns at the Prior's-hill Fort. Montague led the heroes of Marston and Naseby against Lawford's Gate, carried the wall on either side, and, throwing a bridge across the ditch, the horse under Bethell and Desborough galloped in, and gained the space up to the castle wall, after a fierce struggle. Here young Major Bethell was mortally wounded, thus closing a brief but brilliant career with a soldier's death. Meanwhile Hammond carried Stoke's-croft Gate; and Rainsborough, with three regiments, assaulted Prior's-hill Fort, the main point of attack. The fight was long and desperate. The night was dark, and for near three hours the assailants again and again attempted to get standing-ground on the parapet. Their ladders of thirty rungs scarcely reached the top; and when at last they lined the parapet, they were nearly two more hours fighting hand-to-hand with the garrison at push of pike. Then some of Pride's men crept through the upper port-holes, and the defenders retreated below and were put

[1] See pages 11 and 151.

to the sword. A tremendous cheer told friends and foes that Prior's-hill Fort had fallen, just as the dawn appeared. Among the slain was a young officer named Pugsley, who was buried, by Fairfax's order, with military honours in a field outside the fort. He was just married, and his bride survived him for 60 years. On her death, in 1705, she was buried, according to her expressed wishes, without a coffin, in her wedding dress, and with girls strewing flowers and fiddlers playing before her. In this way she was borne to her final resting-place by the side of her husband, and the place is still known as Pugsley's field. Fairfax and Cromwell entered the fort soon after it was taken, and as they sat together on the parapet, examining the results of the storm, a round shot from the castle struck the wall between them and bounded over. On the Somersetshire side Welden was less successful. The walls were very high and the moat deep, and his storming party was repulsed.

Four hours after the capture of Prior's-hill Fort, a trumpeter arrived from Rupert, with renewed proposals to surrender, and Commissioners were appointed on either side to arrange the articles.[1] Rupert still held the Royal Fort, the work on Brandon hill, the Water Fort, the castle, all the inner defences of the city, and the Redcliff suburb, and he was not pressed for provisions or ammunition. He might undoubtedly have held out for a considerable time longer. It must have been a political, not a military reason, which induced him to surrender Bristol thus easily.

The Prince, his officers, and life-guards, were allowed to march out with their arms, and were granted an escort to Oxford. On the forenoon of the 11th Colonel Hammond with his regiment was at the gate of the Royal Fort to receive the keys and march in, while Colonels Montague and Rainsborough were in attendance to conduct the Prince to Sir Thomas Fairfax. The gates were thrown open, and Rupert rode forth on a gallant black Barbary horse. He was gaily clad in scarlet and silver lace, with several lords

[1] Colonels Montague, Pickering, and Rainsborough for Sir Thomas Fairfax; and Colonels Wynne, Tilyard, and Vavasour for Rupert.

by his side, preceded by a guard of firelock men in red coats, and followed by his life-guard. The general received him beyond the line with an escort of horse, and rode, with the Prince on his right hand and Lord Lumley on his left, for two miles over Durdham Down. On taking leave he granted Rupert's request to be allowed a thousand muskets to defend himself against the country people, who hated him for the cruelties he had committed.[1]

There was much sickness in Bristol, so Fairfax only left one regiment there, and marched at once with the rest of the army to Cavesham. Old General Skippon, who was recovering from his wound, was appointed governor, and the citizens were congratulated on being placed under 'this real piece of valour, humility, and sincerity, who abhors all self ends.'

The general himself was worn out with the hardships and anxieties of the last few weeks. At every stage of his military career one is astonished at the indomitable vigour and resolution of that fiery spirit which worked on so gallantly, in spite of the constitutional delicacy of a frame which was never strong, and was now weakened by wounds and exposure. On the 17th he went to Bath to get a few days' rest, and there he was joined by his faithful wife. We

[1] The King was so enraged with Rupert for surrendering Bristol that he deprived him of all his commissions and ordered him out of the kingdom. But Rupert proceeded to Newark, where the king was, treated the now fallen Charles with contempt, abetted Willis and other mutinous officers, and insisted upon an enquiry which resulted in his being acquitted of all but indiscretion. Rupert published a Declaration, in which he entirely fails to prove his case. His statement as to the shallowness of the ditch is disproved by the facts; and his excuse that the walls were thin is futile, for they were not breached, but taken by escalade. Then he says that the Royal Fort was commanded by Brandon Hill, but the latter position was still in his own hands. The truth is that, from a military point of view, the surrender of Bristol was inexcusable, and that Rupert was influenced by other considerations. He saw that the cause was lost, and the appeal of Sir Thomas Fairfax may have had its effect.

The best account of the siege of Bristol is given by *Sprigge*. Oliver Cromwell wrote a long report to the Speaker, dated September 14, 1645, which is printed in *Rushworth*. See also *King's Pamphlet*, No. 226. Detailed descriptions of the ground will be found in Dr. Barrett's *History of Bristol* (1789), in the *Memoir of Bristol* by the Rev. Saml. Seyer, 2 vols (1821), and in Evan's *History of Bristol* (1824). See also an excellent account of the sieges of Bristol in a pamphlet by Mr. Robinson of Queen's College, Oxford, printed at Bristol in 1868.

have not seen her since she went up to her mother before the siege of Hull, and I have met with no positive record of her movements in the interval.[1] But we need have little doubt that Lady Fairfax, who shared all the dangers and hardships of the Yorkshire campaign with her lord, was in his sick room at Bishop-hill after the nearly fatal wound received at Helmsley, and that she bore him company during the anxious time of organizing the new army at Windsor. She now remained with him until the end of the year, and the old lord, who had given up his command in Yorkshire in consequence of the Self-denying Ordinance, lived in his son's town house in Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn. Father and son had acted together with perfect unanimity during the early years of the war, and now Sir Thomas kept his father informed of all his movements, and constantly asked his advice. When press of business made writing impossible, Secretary Rushworth or Chaplain Bowles were commissioned to send the news to Queen Street.

Before advancing into Devonshire it was necessary to reduce the few Royalist garrisons that remained in the rear, and they fell one after the other. The general sent Colonel Rainsborough to attack Berkeley Castle, where Sir Charles Lucas surrendered after a short resistance; and Cromwell, with Montague's brigade, reduced Devizes, Winchester, and Basing House. Sir Thomas Fairfax meanwhile commenced his march with the army into Devonshire, and arrived at Chard on October 6, where he waited a few days for money and recruits. The counties of Somersetshire and Gloucestershire, having now fully embraced the cause of the Parliament, had promised 3,500 men. From Chard Sir Thomas wrote to his father, complaining of sharp attacks of rheumatism, and a benumbing coldness in his limbs and on

[1] Very curious evidence of her ladyship being in attendance on her husband during the western campaigns is furnished by a relic now in the possession of Mr. Hailstone of Horton Hall. It is a pocket-book of 1646, full of household accounts relating to the general's expenditure, with several items for Lady Fairfax. These accounts are in the handwriting of John Sharpe of Horton Hall, who seems to have accompanied the general, and to have acted as a sort of private secretary. Mr. Sharpe was presented by the Parliament with a meda of Fairfax for his services. See Appendix B.

the side where he had been severely wounded at Helmsley. His wife had gone on a visit to her sister Lady Paulet for a few days, but returned to head-quarters as soon as they were established for any time in one place.

The general's object was to confine Goring to the right bank of the Exe, and for this purpose it was first necessary to capture the town and castle of Tiverton. Massey was sent to summon the garrison, which was commanded by Sir Gilbert Talbot, a cavalier notorious for cheating at bowls and cards.[1] At about noon on October 18 Fairfax arrived in person, with about 6,000 men, having left detachments at Silverton and Colomb John. Talbot refused to surrender; so the general held a council of war in Peter Blundell's school,[2] and gave orders to erect batteries on an eminence called Skrink Hills, commanding the castle and church, with the intention of storming as soon as a breach was made. But a chance shot broke the chain of the drawbridge during the forenoon of the 19th, the bridge fell, and the soldiers rushed in. The garrison fled from their guns, and the governor shut himself in his chamber, and waved a white flag out of the window. About 200 prisoners were taken, and a strange accident happened in the nursery. Mrs. Caricke, the nurse, was carrying one of the little Talbots in her arms, when a cannon-shot struck and killed her, but did not hurt the child.[3]

On the 26th Fairfax marched from Tiverton to Silverton, and reconnoitred the city of Exeter, which was held by a very strong Royalist garrison, under Sir John Berkeley. Goring was in the field with about 6,000 dissolute plundering soldiers, and here was the last hope of the falling cause. But the army of the Parliament was worn out by incessant marches, there was much sickness, and the general found it absolutely necessary to give his men a period of rest. In order to secure the line of the Exe he established a chain of garrisons, commencing from Tiverton, and including Stoke, Bishop's Clyst, Poltimore House—which was cheerfully

[1] *Flagellum Parliamentarium*, quoted by Harding. [2] Founded in 1604.
[3] For a good account of the ground see a *History of Tiverton*, by Lieut.-Col. Harding, Tiverton, 1845. See also *Sprigge*, from whom Colonel Harding quotes.

offered for the purpose by that stout Parliament man, Sir John Bampfield—and other positions. The army then went into winter quarters at St. Mary Ottery, and never did soldiers more need some rest and refreshment.

At this time a deputation arrived from the Parliament to present Sir Thomas Fairfax with 'a fair jewel set with rich diamonds of very great value,' to be hung round his neck by a blue ribbon. It was a gift from both Houses, to commemorate his brilliant services at Naseby.

There was much sickness in the army at Ottery. A fever of a peculiarly malignant type appears to have broken out, and among its victims was Colonel Pickering,[1] that gallant young hero who fought so bravely at Marston Moor and Naseby. Fairfax, in consequence of the sickness, removed the head-quarters to Tiverton on December 6, and remained there until the end of the year; having resolved to undertake a winter campaign, and finish the war before the following spring.

[1] The colonel was a son of Sir John Pickering by Susan, sister of Erasmus Dryden, and aunt of the future poet John Dryden. The colonel's brother, Sir Gilbert, who had married a sister of his companion in arms, Colonel Montague (afterwards Earl of Sandwich), expressed a wish that he should be buried at Pondennis Castle, and there is a letter from Oliver Cromwell to the governor on the subject. *Carly'e*, App. vii.

CHAPTER XXIII.

PACIFICATION OF THE WEST, AND SURRENDER OF OXFORD.

THE enemy that was opposed to Sir Thomas Fairfax in this final western campaign was the reverse of formidable. The account given by Clarendon of the Royalist commanders in Devonshire would be laughable if it was not so piteous. Goring, since the battle of Langport, had been drunk every night, while during the day he encouraged the men in every sort of excess. He disgusted the Devonshire men by his licentiousness, and enraged the people of Cornwall by patting his own ruffians on the back, and swearing that one of them was worth ten Cornish cowards. At last Goring threw up the game, embarking at Dartmouth for France in November 1645, and left his troops under the command of Lord Wentworth, eldest son of the Earl of Cleveland, with instructions to obey nobody, and to take no orders from anyone but the Prince of Wales himself. Wentworth was also a drunkard,[1] and quite as impracticable as Goring in other respects.

The Cornish troops were under Sir Richard Grenville, brother of the brave Sir Bevil who was slain at Lansdowne, but a very different man.[2] He was crochetty, tyrannical, self-willed, and wrong-headed; and was also resolved to take no orders from anybody, Goring and Sir John Berkeley, the governor of Exeter, being his special aversions. One of his crotchets was to cut a deep trench from Barnstaple to the south coast, behind which he declared he would defend

[1] *Clarendon.*

[2] Bevil and Richard were grandsons of Sir Richard Grenville of Stow, that glorious old Elizabethan worthy who fought five Spanish ships in his little *Revenge* off the Azores in 1591. Sir Bevil was a noble champion of a bad cause, which found a fitter representative in his brother.

Cornwall against the world. His tyranny was shown in the advantage he took of his military power, to enforce obsolete feudal rights on his estates. At one time there were thirty people in jail for refusing to grind at his mill, or for fishing in his streams. He gave orders that none of Wentworth's men should be allowed to cross the Tamar on any pretence whatever. Sir John Berkeley was jealous both of Wentworth and Grenville.

At the opening of 1646 the Royalists held all Cornwall, were closely besieging the Parliamentary force in Plymouth, and had strong garrisons at Exeter, Barnstaple, and Dartmouth. The Prince of Wales was in Cornwall, with Lords Cleveland,[1] Capel, and Colepepper, Sir Edward Hyde, Sir Ralph Hopton, and some others, as a council. The boy himself was only fifteen years of age. The object of the Royalists was to relieve Exeter, and hold out until reinforcements could arrive, either from France or Ireland.

But though the Royalists, as a military force, were contemptible, the weather and the country offered formidable obstacles to an advance. Fairfax's troops at Tiverton were recovering from the ravages of a deadly epidemic, and were terribly in want of warm clothing, though a supply of boots and stockings opportunely arrived at Christmas time. The new year was ushered in by heavy snow-storms, and the deep Devonshire lanes, pleasant enough in spring or summer, with their ferns and primrose banks, were nearly impassable. Wheeled vehicles were out of the question, and the waggon-master's occupation was gone. The general had to organize a transport service of pack-horses at Tiverton, to carry all stores and provisions for the army. In the midst of these absorbing cares Lady Fairfax had been stricken down with that terrible Ottery fever, but before her husband took the field she was in a fair way of recovery.

On January 8 the Parliamentary army marched through the snow to Crediton, and on the next day the cavalry

[1] Thomas Wentworth, first Earl of Cleveland, created in 1625, was of Nettlested in Suffolk. He died in 1667. His son, Lord Wentworth, died before his father, in 1664, leaving an only child, a daughter, who succeeded as Baroness Wentworth, and was the dear friend of the Duke of Monmouth. She and her duke died within a few months of each other.

surprised Lord Wentworth's brigade at Bovey Tracy. The Royalists had placed no sentries, and the officers were playing at cards, with very high stakes, in a public-house. They threw their money out of the window, and escaped by a back door; but about 300 men were taken prisoners.

On the 10th Sir Thomas advanced to Ashburton, and sent a brigade in the direction of Tavistock, which so terrified the Royalists, who mistook this detachment for the whole army, that they hastily raised the siege of Plymouth, leaving their guns behind them, and fled across the Tamar into Cornwall. The name of Fairfax inspired such terror that 300 Royalists ran before three troopers of the Parliament. The Cornish trained bands deserted in a body, and went off to defend their homes from being plundered by Wentworth's fugitive horse. In the retreat the troops of Wentworth and Grenville fell foul of each other at Tavistock; all the provisions, and 300 pairs of shoes, were left behind in the confusion; and thus the demoralized fugitives, or such of them as remained by their colours, gradually assembled at Launceston. Fit defenders of such a cause!

Sir Thomas Fairfax was at Totnes on January 16. There was a sudden thaw; and, after some consideration, he resolved to reduce Dartmouth, where there was a strong and formidable garrison. This was the only Royalist seaport on the south coast of Devon, by which they kept up communication with the Queen in France. Secretary Rushworth wrote to old Lord Fairfax that the attack on Dartmouth was 'one of the greatest businesses the general hath yet undertaken.'[1]

Dartmouth is built up the side of a hill rising to a height of 348 feet above the water, on the western shore of the beautiful little land-locked harbour. North of the town there is a hill called Mount Boone, and half a mile to the north-west is the church of Townstall, with its tower 70 feet high. The Royalists had thrown up works round the town, which rendered it capable of a long and vigorous defence. Round the northern suburb, called Hardness, there was a wall and ditch, and a stream with a drawbridge over

[1] *Additional MSS.*, 18.979.

it separated Hardness from Darmouth proper. Round Townstall church there was a fort with ten guns, manned by a hundred men; and to the south-west, along the height above the town, was the west gate with four guns, flanked by two guns in a redoubt near a mill pool, and two other works called Mount-flagon and Paradise Forts. On the opposite side of the harbour there was a strong fort at King's-wear with twelve guns, and at the mouth of the harbour was a fort and castle called the Gallant's Bower,[1] standing 338 feet above the sea.

Sir Hugh Pollard, a stout Devonshire knight, was the Royalist governor of Dartmouth, and several of his neighbours were with him—Carys, Seymours, and Fulfords. The Earl of Newport was also in the town, whom we last met with at Wetherby, acting as Newcastle's very negligent lieutenant-general on the day of Tadcaster fight.

When Sir Thomas Fairfax summoned the town, Sir Hugh gave him a very defiant answer, and he prepared to take it by storm; Captain Batten with his squadron arriving off the harbour at the right moment, and lending 200 seamen to co operate with the storming parties. The night of the 18th was fixed for the attack, and the sign by which the men were to know each other was having their shirts out before and behind.

Fairfax, after inspecting the works, divided his forces into three brigades. Pride was stationed on Mount Boone to assault Hardness; Fortescue was to attack Townstall church; Hammond was entrusted with the duty of carrying the west gate and adjacent works; and Colonel Lambert, who had arrived from Yorkshire, and had received command of a regiment, headed the reserves. The three assaults were made simultaneously at eleven at night, and there was hard fighting at all points, the Royalists only having time to fire one round with their great guns before the Parliamentary troops closed with them. Hammond and Pride carried all before them, and met at the drawbridge dividing Dartmouth and Hard-

[1] It is marked on the Admiralty chart, 'Queen's Bower; traces of ancient redoubt.'

ness, in the centre of the position. Fortescue, after a sharp fight, took the work round Townstall church, and the town was theirs. The governor jumped into a boat to go across the harbour to King's-wear, but a bullet pierced the boat's side, passed through the thighs of the man sitting next to him in the stern sheets, and lodged in his own thigh. Sir Henry Cary, who commanded at King's-wear, and the Earl of Newport at the Gallant's Bower, then surrendered without further resistance. Two small men-of-war were taken in the harbour, besides 103 great guns and 600 prisoners.[1]

On the 20th Sir Thomas Fairfax went on board Captain Batten's ship, and was nobly entertained. He then returned towards Exeter, and found that the whole county, grateful for its deliverance, was declaring for the Parliament. Recruits to the number of 3,000 came into Totnes, and were formed into a regiment under Colonel Fowell; and Powderham Castle, the seat of the Courtenays, surrendered to Colonel Hammond on the 25th. Exeter was then blockaded on all sides, the siege being entrusted to Sir Hardress Waller, with three regiments of horse and one of foot, while the general with the rest of the army advanced against the remnant of the Royalists in North Devon.

After raising the siege of Plymouth, the remains of the Royalist army had congregated like a flock of frightened sheep at Launceston. Clarendon describes it as 'a dissolute, undisciplined, wicked, beaten army. As for the horse only their friends feared, and their enemies laughed at them. They were only terrible in plunder and resolute in running away.' The prince's council urged Sir Ralph Hopton to take the command in chief. He replied that it was the custom of many, when they wished to excuse themselves from undertaking an irksome service, to say that their honour would not allow them. He could not but see that he could expect little honour from commanding such a force, but he was ready to risk all in the service of his king.

[1] We have the best account of the storming of Dartmouth in Sir Thomas Fairfax's own graphic despatch to the House of Lords, which is given by Rushworth, Sprigge, and Vicars, and was also published separately.

Sir Ralph Hopton was a man of the highest character, and it stands forth the more prominently owing to its contact with the disreputable persons who formed the bulk of the Royalist staff. He came of a respectable Somersetshire family, and, after a short stay at Oxford, went, like the young Fairfaxes, to fight for the queen of hearts. He was at the Battle of Prague, and assisted in the escape of the unlucky queen, who fled with the young knight-errant, sitting behind him on his horse. Returning to England, young Hopton was in several of Charles's early Parliaments, and when he was retured for Wells in 1640, he had acquired the title of an ancient Parliament man. No politician was more deeply impressed with the necessity for checking Charles's shameful misgovernment. He not only was one of Lord Fairfax's colleagues in presenting the Grand Remonstrance, but was the member who was selected to read it to the king. When, however, the question had to be decided by an appeal to arms, he saw more reason to dread the complete success of the Commons than that of the King; and like Falkland and a few others, conscientiously chose his side. He had since served in the west, was created a baron for his success at Stratton in 1643, and was the main prop of the King's cause in those parts. His age was about forty-eight.

Grenville was appointed to command the foot, and Wentworth the horse; but the former refused to serve under Hopton, was committed a close prisoner to Launceston jail, and was afterwards allowed to leave the country.[1] Lord Capel had the command of the Prince's guards.

When Hopton assumed the command on January 15, he found the remnant of the infantry to consist of 240 of the guards, 500 of Digby's broken regiment, 600 of Grenville's Cornish levies—a mutinous unreliable mob; 400 of the two regiments of Colonels Slaughter and Wise, and only 150 out of the three Cornish regiments of Sir Chichester Wrey, and

[1] Grenville tells his own story. See *Sir Richard Grenville's Narrative of the proceedings of His Majesty's affairs in the West. Carte*, i. p. 96. Sir Richard died at Ghent, before the Restoration.

Colonels Arundel and Trelawney; in all 1,890 foot. The horse, with the exception of the Prince's guard, was in a most disorganised and undisciplined state. It consisted of 800 life-guards, and 2,300 of Wentworth's brigade.[1] Sir Ralph had no artillery. He determined to march into North Devon, and watch for an opportunity of interrupting the blockade of Exeter, and on February 10 he arrived at Torrington.

Meanwhile Sir Thomas Fairfax, after snatching a few days to visit his wife at Tiverton, who was just starting for London, commenced his march in search of his worthy antagonist, with five regiments of horse, seven of foot, and five troops of dragoons under Captain Wogan.[2] On the 14th he reached Chumleigh, on the river Taw, in a snow-storm, and sent a detachment to reconnoitre as far as Ash Reigney,[3] on the road to Torrington.

The rivers Taw and Torridge flow parallel to each other from their sources in Dartmoor to their junction at Appledore, about six miles apart, with a beautiful country of combes and hills between them. Torrington is an ancient market town on the right bank of the Torridge, about five miles above its port town of Bideford; while Chumleigh and Barnstaple are on the right bank of the Torr. The town of Torrington stands on the top of a hill sloping down to the river, and then consisted of three streets, with a church and the ruins of an old castle. To the north of the town there was a common, and about a mile to the east was Stevenston, the seat of Mr. Rolle, where he had a deer-park and rabbit-warren, and a large house at the bottom of a long easy descent.

Sir Ralph Hopton saw no hope but in the event of a battle. He barricaded the entrances to all the streets of Torrington, stationing some of his infantry at the barricades, with small parties of horse to support them, and the rest in reserve.

[1] Sprigge greatly over-estimates the Royalist numbers. He places them at 5,000 horse and 4,000 foot, or 9,000 in all, whereas there were barely 5,000, all told.

[2] Sir Ralph Hopton, who is followed by Clarendon, numbers Fairfax's force at 6,000 foot, 3,500 horse, and 500 dragoons; which is about right.

[3] Called Ring Ash by Sir Thomas Fairfax.

Stevenston House was occupied by 200 dragoons; and the horse-guards, under General Webb, were advanced as far as Burrington, near the left bank of the Torr; but on the arrival of Fairfax at Chumleigh, they were withdrawn to Roborough, about five miles east of Torrington.

Sir Thomas Fairfax considered that, as the weather was very uncertain, and there were few villages to shelter his troops, it was necessary to attack the enemy without delay. He commenced his march on February 16, General Webb falling back and skirmishing as he retreated. As the advanced guard of the Parliament approached Stevenston House, the Royalist dragoons quitted it, and retreated towards the town. The Parliamentary troops followed, and got so far engaged that it was necessary to hurry up supports; and at last the general sent Colonel Hammond with three regiments to reinforce the advanced guard. By this time night had closed in, and Fairfax had no one with him acquainted with the country. But Hammond sent out a small party to reconnoitre at about nine in the evening, which was fired upon by the Royalists on the barricades. Supports were sent to the front, until at last the whole force was engaged. After some very hot firing the barricades were assaulted, and there was some desperate fighting with the butt-ends of muskets, and at push of pike. At last the barriers were carried, and their defenders fled down the streets; but the assailants were twice repulsed by charges of the Royalist horse. Hopton was on horseback in the main street, and when his men fled in confusion he was left with one officer and a wounded horse, which just carried him to the door of his own quarters, and then fell dead. As soon as he was remounted, he found that the foot had broken and run away; and seeing that all hope was gone, he formed the horse into two bodies, and fled across the Torridge, the darkness and the tortuous Devonshire lanes rendering his escape easy.

Several hundred Royalist prisoners were crowded into the church, where Hopton had deposited eighty barrels of powder; and just at the close of the action there was a terrific ex-

plosion. The magazine had blown up, and nearly all the prisoners were killed. Stones and masses of lead were hurled high into the air, and fell in every part of the town, the general having a hair-breadth escape,[1] and the houses were shaken to their foundations. Sir Thomas spoke in the highest terms of the gallantry and diligence of Colonel Hammond during the assault.[2]

Sir Ralph Hopton fled into Cornwall with the remnant of his force, sending the news to the Prince of Wales and his council at Pendennis Castle, where the greatest consternation prevailed. Colonel Colepepper was despatched to Hopton to consult as to future movements, and he stopped to dine with Colonel Slingsby (not Sir Henry) and other Royalist officers at Penryn, where scenes occurred which go far to explain the hopelessness of that falling cause. They all got very drunk; Slingsby and Colepepper fought with fists for some time, and then went out into the garden and lunged at each other with swords until one tumbled over, and the other danced upon him, crowing like a cock. At last they were got to bed. Next morning they had herrings and mustard for breakfast, and Slingsby threw a dish of mustard into Colepepper's face. Then there was another fight, which was stopped by the market people, and finally Colepepper rode forward on his bootless errand. 'Such a privy councillor,' remarks Sir Richard Grenville, 'will soon finish His Majesty's business.'[3] But the Prince of Wales did not wait for the result of this consultation. He embarked in the evening of March 2, with most of his councillors and attendants, and landed at Scilly on the 4th.

On the 25th Sir Thomas Fairfax advanced to Launceston,

[1] 'I stood where great webs of lead fell the thickest.' Letter to his father in *Additional MSS.*, 18, 979.

[2] We have excellent accounts of the fight at Torrington by the generals on either side. Sir Thomas Fairfax wrote a long and graphic despatch to the Speaker, dated from Torrington on February 19, which is given in Sprigge and Rushworth. Lord Hopton's relation of proceedings in the West, presented to the Prince on April 13, 1646, will be found in *Carte's Letters of Ormonde*, ii. p. 109.

[3] Letter from Sir Richard Grenville to an honourable person in the city of London, concerning the affairs of the West, dated from Nantes on April 9, 1646, in *King's Pamphlet*, No. 257.

on March 1 his army encamped on the open moor during a bitter frost, and on the 2nd he reached Bodmin; Hopton, with his broken remnant, falling back before him to Truro. Sir Thomas had guards right across Cornwall, from sea to sea. At this time a ship came into Padstow from Ireland, and was seized by the people. The captain threw a packet overboard, but it was picked up floating in the harbour, and was found to contain letters from the Earl of Glamorgan,[1] announcing that he had concluded a peace with the rebel Irish, and would be in a position to land several thousand of them in Cornwall in the course of the spring. This discovery enraged the Cornish people, and turned them against the Royal cause almost to a man.

Sir Thomas Fairfax sent a summons to Hopton on March 5. He thus wrote: 'Your forces being reduced to such condition as they are not like either to have subsistence or shelter long where they are, or to escape thence, nor if they could, have they whither to go to have better: I have thought good, for prevention of more bloodshed, and of further hardships, to send you this summons to lay down your arms, and withal a tender of such conditions as may be better than anything they can rationally expect by further standing out. Your soldiers can either go beyond sea, or to their homes, as they please, giving up horses and arms. The officers will be allowed horses for themselves and one servant, and twenty shillings a man will be paid to the troopers for their horses.'

To Sir Ralph Hopton himself Fairfax showed that generosity and anxiety to spare pain which was to be expected from his noble nature. 'For yourself,' he wrote, 'you may be assured of such mediation to the Parliament on your behalf, both from myself and others, as for one whom, for personal worth and many virtues, but especially

[1] Eldest son of the Marquis of Worcester by the Lady Anne Russell. Like his father he was a Roman Catholic, and had passed most of his time abroad before the civil war. He was sent to Ireland with extraordinary powers from the King in 1644, his faith being considered likely to make him popular with the rebels. He succeeded to his father in December 1646 and fled from Ireland into France in 1648. Returning at the Restoration, he published the results of his philosophical studies in 1663, in a work entitled *A Century of Inventions*. He died in 1667.

for your care of and moderation towards the country, we honour and esteem above any other of your party, and whose happiness, so far as is consistent with the public welfare, we should delight in, more than in your least suffering.'

Hopton acknowledged the kindness of the summons, and enquired whether there was truth in the report that the King had advanced in a treaty with the Parliament. If there was no chance of a general peace, he was ready to agree to terms of surrender. Fairfax replied that it seemed unlikely that there would be a treaty, because the Parliament had clear evidence that while his Majesty was pretending to treat, he was at the same time labouring by agents to bring about an invasion of England by foreign troops.

Meanwhile Fairfax continued to advance, and on the 10th he was at Truro, Hopton falling back to St. Ellen's. The Royalist officers declared, in plain English, that their men would never be brought to fight;[1] and Colonel Colepepper, the man who had the mustard and herrings for breakfast, added that if Hopton did not consent to a treaty, the soldiers would provide for themselves. The men were deserting by troops and companies, and the advanced guards mingled and conversed with each other.[2] Commissioners met on Tressilian bridge, and the same conditions were agreed to as Fairfax originally proposed. Sir Ralph Hopton and Lord Capel embarked at Pendennis, and joined the Prince of Wales at Scilly on April 11. Hopton never returned to England, dying at Bruges in 1652, in honourable poverty. After the surrender, a petition was presented to the general by Captain Vivian of St. Colomb, in the name of the people of Cornwall, rejoicing at the success of his army, and at the restitution of their liberties so long violated.

The army at once marched back to Exeter, by way of Launceston, while the general went aside to visit Plymouth, and inspect the works there. He was received with great

[1] *Clarendon.*

[2] Sir Ralph Hopton says, 'Our horse were breaking up every day more and more; so at last I could not set out my guards but a great part of them did intermix with the enemy, many going over in whole troops.'

enthusiasm by the garrison, and a salute of 300 guns was fired in his honour. On March 21 he arrived with his army before Exeter, and, in reply to his summons, the governor, Sir John Berkeley, professed himself ready to treat for a surrender. The Commissioners met at Poltimore House on April 3, and honourable conditions were granted to the besieged.[1] They marched out on the 13th with drums beating and colours flying, and the city was given up, with Rougemont castle and all its forts. There were two notable persons among the besieged. One was the little princess Henrietta, for whom fit carriages were provided to pass to any part of England she chose, with her nurse.[2] The other was quaint Thomas Fuller, the future author of the 'Worthies of England,' who recorded the curious fact that, during the siege, the largest flock of larks arrived that had ever been known, like quails in the wilderness, of which, he tells us, he was both an eye and a mouth-witness.[3]

On the 10th the general marched to Barnstaple, and the governor, Sir Allen Apsley, obtained the same generous terms as had been granted to Exeter. Sir Allen was brother-in-law to Colonel Hutchinson, and their friendship was never interrupted by the war; so that, after surrendering Barnstaple, he found a welcome and a home with the Hutchinsons in the Parliamentary garrison at Nottingham. This is another instance of two friends choosing opposite sides. Like Sir Thomas Fairfax and Sir Henry Slingsby, or Sir William Waller and Sir Ralph Hopton, Colonel Hutchinson and Sir Allen Apsley never allowed their political differences to interupt the affection and respect they had first felt for each other in happier days.

The great work was now nearly completed. The city of Oxford, so long the head-quarters of the King, and where all the insignia of government were deposited, still held out.

[1] Lord Paulet, whose son had married a sister of Lady Fairfax, was one of the besieged Royalists. Sir Thomas Fairfax succeeded in getting him admitted to a moderate composition. *Tanner MSS.*, vol. 59, p. 813.

[2] Princess Henrietta was born at Exeter on June 16, 1644, and the queen left her there on July 1, embarking at Falmouth for France. *Oliver*, p. 115.

[3] He adds that they were as fat as plentiful, and sold for twopence a dozen.

It had been made very strong, and its reduction was likely to be a formidable operation. Sir Thomas Fairfax prepared to face this final difficulty with his usual skill and rapidity of movement. Ireton and Rich had already been despatched with their cavalry, and on April 18 the general left Devonshire with the rest of the army. He arrived before Oxford on May 1, the King having fled in disguise to the Scottish army before Newark on April 27; and the troops were quartered in Hedington, Marston, and other neighbouring villages. On the 3rd Sir Thomas reconnoitred the works, and found them to be very strong, while several places, such as Farringdon and Wallingford, formed so many outworks. Branches of the Isis passed round the west side of the walls of Oxford, and on the east was the Cherwell, which had been made to overflow the meadows, so that the place was surrounded by water, and unapproachable except on the north, where there is higher ground. The garrison numbered 5,000 veteran soldiers, and there were plentiful supplies of provisions and warlike stores.

The general saw at once that Oxford could only be reduced by a regular siege. He decided upon throwing up a large work on Hedington Hill to the north, which he entrusted to old General Skippon, who had now recovered from his wounds. A bridge was made over the Cherwell close to Marston; the line was to be drawn from the great fort at Hedington, round St. Clements, and beyond Magdalen bridge; and various parts of the siege works were entrusted to Lambert, Rainsborough, and Herbert. Sir Robert Pye was sent to blockade Farringdon. Large supplies of siege tools and of tents for the soldiers were ordered from London, and meanwhile a heavy fire was kept up from the great guns of the Royalists on the working parties.

Our old friend Sir Thomas Glemham—that valiant defender of besieged cities—was in command. After his gallant defence of York he had endured a long siege from the Scottish army at Carlisle, and now he was again to face his generous foe of the old Yorkshire days. On the 11th Fairfax sent him a summons, saying that he very much desired the pre-

servation of a place so famous for learning from ruin. But the Royalist demands were so high that the Parliament ordered the siege to be proceeded with; and it was not until the 30th, after good progress had been made with the works, that Glemham consented to treat upon the articles offered by Fairfax. The negotiations took place at Mr. Crook's house in Marston. The general had his head-quarters at Lady Whorwood's house at Holton, a village five miles east of Oxford. Here he was joined by Lady Fairfax; and here his commissary-general, Henry Ireton, was married to Bridget, the eldest daughter of Oliver Cromwell, his lieutenant-general of horse, on June 15.[1]

Oxford was impregnable, but the cause was hopeless. The last Royalist force in the field under Sir Jacob Astley and Sir Charles Lucas had been utterly routed at Stow in the Wold on March 23, by Sir William Brereton. The soldiers brought the grey-headed old veteran, Sir Jacob, a drum to sit and rest upon, and he said: 'Gentlemen, you may now sit down and play, for you have done all your work, if you fall not out among yourselves.' So Sir Thomas Glemham agreed to surrender Oxford. He and his officers were allowed to march out with colours flying to some place fifteen miles from the city, where the soldiers were to lay down their arms and go to their homes; and all officers who desired it were to have passes to go abroad, on condition that they never again served against the Parliament. Sir George Lisle surrendered Farringdon on the same terms. It is important that this should be borne in mind; and also that, as the war was over, Sir Charles Lucas can never have been exchanged after he was taken prisoner at Stow in the Wold.

On June 24 the Oxford garrison marched out, and with it all the great officers of state. On this day Charles ceased to have the semblance of an executive, and his reign may be considered to have ended. Princes Rupert and Maurice, the

[1] Young Mrs. Ireton was afterwards on a visit to Lady Fairfax at the general's head-quarters at Cornbury House. Her father wrote to her there, and ended his letter thus: 'My service and dear affections to the general and generaless. I hear she is very kind to thee; it adds to all other obligations.' *Carlyle*, i. p. 213.

Duke of York, the lord keeper,[1] the lord treasurer,[2] the lord chamberlain,[3] the secretary of state,[4] the chief Royalist peers,[5] the great seal, all the other seals,[6] and the sword of state, were surrendered with Sir Thomas Glemham and the garrison. The German princes embarked at Dover soon afterwards, and the country was well rid of them. The Royalists knew the most notorious of the two as Prince Rupert of Cumberland;[7] but the people all over England, whose homes he had burnt, and whose hearths he had made desolate, long execrated the memory of the cruel foreign adventurer, whom they always called Prince Robber of Plunderland.

The first care of Sir Thomas Fairfax, after the surrender of Oxford, was to take measures for the security of the public buildings and libraries. He especially set a strong guard of soldiers to preserve the Bodleian library, to which he was himself eventually so great a benefactor. 'Fairfax was a lover of learning, and had he not taken this special care, that noble library had been utterly destroyed.'[8]

A very few scattered garrisons still held out. Colonel Whalley was sent to reduce Worcester, where Sir Henry Washington surrendered on July 19; Wallingford was taken on the 22nd, and a Colonel Morgan besieged the venerable Marquis of Worcester in Ragland Castle, who had a garrison of 800 men. Sir Thomas and Lady Fairfax—one suffering from ague and over work, the other from the effects of fever—went to Bath to recruit, and in the hope of getting a few weeks of complete rest. But it was not to be. The old marquis held out obstinately at Ragland, and on August 7 Sir Thomas arrived before the place, where the approaches were well advanced, in order to prevent the poor old nobleman from being handled too roughly. The truth was, that the

[1] Sir Richard Lane. [2] Lord Cottington. [3] The Earl of Dorset.
[4] Sir Edward Nicholas.
[5] The Marquis of Hertford, the Earls of Southampton and Chichester.
[6] The seals were brought up to Westminster, and broken to pieces at the bar of the House of Lords, in presence of the Commons.
[7] Charles created him Earl of Cumberland.
[8] Aubrey's Lives, in letters by eminent persons, ii. p. 346, quoted in the *Annals of the Bodleian Library*, by Rev. W. Dunn Macray.

marquis had invested so heavily on the chance of Royalist success, that the turn things had now taken made his affairs look very unpleasant. He began to date his letters from 'my poor cottage at Ragland,' and in reply to Sir Thomas's advice that he should surrender the castle, he said that he was over £20,000 out of purse upon His Majesty's promise, and that if he did anything displeasing to his debtor he feared he might lose it all. He declared that if he could quietly receive his means of subsistence, he would quickly quit himself of his garrison, which he had no great cause to delight in. Then he appealed to the general's feelings. 'If you knew,' he wrote, 'how well I was known to your noble grandfather at York, I am sure I should receive favour at your hands.' As if such an appeal as that was necessary to induce Fairfax to act with generosity and consideration!

After much correspondence a treaty was at last concluded, in which the poor old marquis was treated with as much tenderness as possible, and the castle was surrendered on August 19.[1] Sir Thomas had a long conference with the venerable nobleman, and, passing that night at Chepstow, returned to his wife at Bath.[2] This was almost the last operation[3] of the campaign—a campaign which has seldom been equalled in the rapidity and skill with which it was conducted, and in the generosity with which, on all occasions, the vanquished were treated. Sir Thomas Fairfax had performed a great service. He had restored peace to his country, after four years of desolating war.

[1] The Marquis of Worcester died in the following December, at the great age of eighty-four.

[2] In October Fairfax had his head-quarters at Cornbury House in Oxfordshire, having been engaged, with Ireton, in disbanding Massey's brigade at Devizes. The same month Parliament voted him £5,000 a year for his services; and on the 22nd he was in London to attend the funeral of the Earl of Essex, for two or three days. *Whitelock*, ii. p. 79.

[3] Pendennis and a few castles in North Wales held out a short time longer.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE PARLIAMENT AND THE ARMY.

In restoring peace to his country, Sir Thomas Fairfax had performed a great service. During four years the length and breadth of England had been desolated by war, and, as the waves of battle surged hither and thither, scarcely a town or village had escaped. At last the misery of the people had become so unbearable that they rose, in the south and west, to defend their fields and homesteads from both sides alike; and yet there seemed no hope of any end to the miserable conflict. Then it was that the Parliament summoned young Fairfax from Yorkshire, and the whole face of affairs was changed as if by magic. In one month he had organized and disciplined a new army, in another he had broken the enemy's force in a great battle. Then followed a series of rapid marches and decisive blows, which form a campaign of almost unequalled brilliancy; and, within a year, the war was at an end.

Fairfax was hailed as a benefactor to his country. When he came to London on November 12 he was met by the City militia, and dense crowds poured out to welcome the restorer of peace. He was conducted to his house in Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn, amidst deafening cheers and the ringing of bells; and was received at the door by his wife and his father the old lord, with his new bride.[1] The Queen Street of those days consisted of a row of handsome houses facing to

[1] Old Lord Fairfax had taken to himself a second wife in the previous September. She was a widow, Rhoda, daughter of a Mr. Chapman of London, and formerly wife of Thomas Hussey, eldest son of Sir Edward Hussey, Bart., of Honington in Lincolnshire. Sir Edward's daughter Rebecca married Sir Robert Markham of Sedgebrook, whose brother Henry was at the battle of Naseby, in Rossiter's regiment, and was well known to Sir Thomas Fairfax. Sir Robert's son married a daughter of Sir Thomas Widdrington and granddaughter of Lord Fairfax.

the north, and extending from Drury Lane to Lincoln's Inn, with a view over St. Pancras fields. They were built by Webb, a pupil of Inigo Jones, in 1629, and named after Henrietta Maria. In one of these houses Sir Thomas Fairfax received the almost unprecedented honour of a congratulatory visit from both Houses of Parliament, on November 14.

The Lords arrived first in a long train of coaches, and their Speaker, the Earl of Manchester, congratulated the young general in the name of their lordships' House. As soon as they were gone, the Commons were introduced, and Speaker Lenthall addressed the hero of the peace as follows:—

'It was the custom of the ancient Romans, after a glorious and successful Prince, to devise his name to posterity in memory of his virtues, as after that great Prince Julius Cæsar his successors retained the name of Cæsar. Thus hereafter all famous and victorious succeeding generals in this kingdom will desire the addition of the name of Fairfax. The world will admire your Excellency's worth, posterity will honour your name, and the whole House of Commons, in the name of the Commons of England, doth return you thanks for your faithful and memorable service.' To this Sir Thomas made a modest reply, accounting it his greatest happiness, under God, to be in the least kind instrumental for the kingdom's good.[1]

But there was no peace yet for the hard-worked general; and he had but a few days to enjoy the society of his wife and child, and of the brave old father from whom he had been so long separated. There was much work before him. The army had to be established in winter quarters, arrange-

Lord Fairfax thus announced his marriage to his brother Henry, the Rector of Bolton Percy, in a letter dated from Queen Street, October 20, 1646:—'My solitary condition and want of help in managing household affairs made me think of a gentlewoman for assistance and comfort. Her virtue was the chief thing drew my affections, which was much commended by the parents and friends of her former husband. She was the widow of Mr. Hussey, in Lincolnshire, and daughter of Mr. Chapman, of Hertfordshire, whose father was a citizen. She has five children, but provided for in such manner as I hope will not be burdensome. I heartily wish I could have had the advice of children, brothers, and near friends, but I hope the course I have taken will not be cause of offence.' *Fairfax Correspondence.*

[1] Rushworth, vi. p. 388.

ments to be made for the payment and disbanding of the regiments, and the convoy of money for paying the Scotch to be despatched. This money was due by the terms of the League and Covenant negotiated by Sir Harry Vane in 1644, by which £200,000 was to be paid on the evacuation of all towns in English territory, while the future payment of a second £200,000 was secured on the public faith. Fairfax despatched this money to Newcastle on December 13 in thirty-six carts, with a large convoy, under the command of General Skippon ; while he himself went to Northampton on the 18th to settle the army in winter quarters, and establish rules for the payment of all provisions and lodgings.

In the orders promulgated at this time great care was taken to cause as little inconvenience as possible to the households in which soldiers or officers were quartered. All soldiers were to content themselves with such ordinary diet as the families with whom they lodged usually afforded themselves ; anyone attempting to force his landlord to provide dainties was to be punished, and a fair tariff of prices was established.[1] In truth this New Model Army was as remarkable for its strict discipline in time of peace as for its valour in war, and, when we consider its enormous power at this time, and the temptations that surrounded the men, some idea may be formed of the value to the country of its general's services, and special aptitude for command.

Sir Thomas was joined at Northampton by Lady Fairfax, and, on their way to Nottingham, they passed the night of February 2 at Leicester, where they were received with great enthusiasm by the people. The mayor and aldermen met the general outside the town, and many of the inhabitants waited on him to give him thanks for favours. Next morning their wives presented Lady Fairfax with oysters, great cakes, wine and bouquets. The general and his wife fixed

[1] See *King's Pamphlets*, No. 296, which contains 'The orders established by his Excellency Sir Thomas Fairfax for regulating the army, and for the soldiers' paying of quarters and fair behaviour in the country. Published by special command of his Excellency, January 16, 1647.' Officers were to pay as they could agree with their landlords, but the sums for men and non-commissioned officers were fixed at 10*d.* a day for a mounted trooper, 9d. for a dragoon, and 6d. for a foot soldier. This is somewhat higher than the scale adopted in April 1645. No doubt provisions had become dearer.

their head-quarters at Nottingham, where they were the frequent guests of Colonel and Mrs. Hutchinson. It has often been said that Lady Fairfax exercised an undue influence over her husband, but the only foundation for the statement appears to be that at one time they were not quite agreed on the subject of their chaplains.

His Excellency was an Independent both in politics and religion, and found pleasure in the religious teachings of such men as Mr. Bowles; but latterly Lady Fairfax had taken an aversion to the Independent preachers, and had become a strong Presbyterian. The gentle and affectionate disposition of the general makes it likely that he would yield to his wife's wishes in all household arrangements, while he retained his own opinions. It appears, however, that at Nottingham, where Presbyterians had got possession of the pulpits to the exclusion of the army chaplains, Sir Thomas invited the Independent preachers to come to his own house, and that a great concourse of people flocked there to hear them; so that on this occasion Lady Fairfax had to defer to the wishes of her husband.[1]

On February 11, 1647,[2] Sir Thomas Fairfax rode out of Nottingham to meet the King, who was on his way from Newcastle to Holdenby House in Northamptonshire, accompanied by the Parliamentary Commissioners. Charles stopped his horse, and Fairfax alighted and kissed the King's hand. He then mounted, and they rode side by side, conversing, into the town. Charles afterwards observed to one of the Commissioners that Sir Thomas was a man of honour, and kept his word with him.[3] The last time they had met was on Heyworth Moor, in July 1642, when the King rudely pushed his horse forward, as the young knight presented the petition beseeching him not to embark in this wretched war. Now they met again, when that war was over, having been gloriously fought out and finished by the very man whose warning Charles had so insolently and wantonly rejected.

As soon as the King was established at Holdenby House,

[1] *Mrs. Hutchinson's Memoirs*, p. 270.
[2] *Iter Carolinium.*
[3] *Whitelock*, ii. p. 115.

Sir Thomas moved the head-quarters of the army to Saffron Walden, in the north-west corner of Essex, and on his way he visited his old haunts at Cambridge, in March. The University gave him a most flattering reception. A Fellow of Trinity, who had served in his regiment, delivered him a Latin oration, he was presented with a sumptuous bible in chapel, entertained with a banquet in hall, and made a Master of Arts in the schools.[1]

Now commenced the struggle between the Parliament and the army, or rather between the Presbyterians and Independents, the two parties being at first represented by the parliamentary majority and the military politicians. At first the dispute was confined to the settlement of army claims, and Sir Thomas Fairfax had an anxious and wearisome, but at the same time a perfectly straightforward and definite course to pursue in striving to reconcile the two parties. It was not until some months later—when the officers and men, goaded on by the folly of the Presbyterian leaders, were emboldened to interfere in politics—that the general's difficulties and perplexities began.

The Presbyterian leaders in the House were men of very second-rate ability, and were devoid of that patience, tact, and occasional reticence which, in their position, were essential to the attainment of their ends. They had a majority in the House, the aldermen and common council of the City were at their beck and call, and they could count on the help of the Scots. With these advantages they might have carried everything before them with a little prudence and discretion. But instead of at once satisfying the claims of the army, and treating it with that respect and deference which was due to the conquerors in a great war, they allowed their rancour and jealously to overcome all motives of policy, and attempted to treat the soldiers with injustice while they publicly insulted the army as a body. Their object was to disband the army as soon as possible without paying the men, and then to make a settlement with the King on condition that he agreed to abolish episcopacy, and conformed to the narrow bigotry of the Presbyterians. Having gained that

[1] *Whitelock*, ii. p. 120.

one point, they would have betrayed the cause, and sacrificed all the objects of the war.

The two leading men of this party were Denzil Holles and Sir Philip Stapleton[1]—the former a hot-headed venomous politician, whose memoirs are more like the scolding of an old woman than the writings of a statesman; the latter a less violent but an equally imprudent man. With them were associated three soldiers of the old army of Essex, who could not conceal their jealous spite against the New Model; although one of them commanded a regiment in it when it was first formed. These were Sir William Waller, General Massey, and Colonel Harley. A narrow-minded but very clever lawyer, Glynn, the Recorder of London, also followed the lead of Holles and Stapleton; and five other politicians, Sir John Clotworthy, Sir William Lewis,[2] Sir John Maynard,[3] Anthony Nicoll,[4] and Walter Long, were busy members of the party. Long appears to have been their whipper-in.

These politicians had succeeded in establishing Presbyterianism throughout England by law, to the exclusion of all other forms of worship; and they now proceeded to attempt the disbanding of the army with contumely and injustice, which they found a somewhat more difficult matter. It was resolved that eleven regiments should be sent to Ireland,[5] a few retained for home service,[6] and the rest disbanded; and a Commission, consisting of Sir William Waller and Sir John Clotworthy, was sent to head-quarters at Saffron Walden, to confer with the officers and arrange the details. The two Commissioners arrived on March 20, 1647, and Sir Thomas Fairfax called a convention of officers to meet them in the church on the following day. They naturally met with a strong spirit of resistance. The officers demanded full information as to the settlement of arrears, and the guarantees

[1] For a notice of Stapleton see a note at p. 45.

[2] Sir William Lewis, Bart., of Llangorse, co. Brecon, was M.P. for Petersfield.

[3] Not the lawyer, but a brother of Lord Maynard.

[4] This Nicoll afterwards, in 1654, tendered his devoted services to his Highness the Protector. *Thurloe*, iii. p. 227.

[5] 12,600 men.

[6] The home establishment was to have consisted of 5,400 horse, 1,000 dragoons, and no foot except for garrison duty.

for payment. Waller and Clotworthy then took their leave, but not before they had had some gossip with the men, and had found out that a petition was in course of signature, for presentation to the general. Sir Thomas had not heard of it when they told him, or more probably he did not choose to listen to their tale-bearing.

They came back to Westminster with an alarming story about the petition, and the Speaker was ordered to write to the general to prevent its presentation. But these incapable politicians would not stop there. They proceeded to insult the army by passing a vote which declared that the petitioners were enemies of the State, and disturbers of the peace. Holles declared that for an army to petition, when their superiors required any duty to be performed, was mutiny, and that the authors were punishable by death.[1] Very late on the night of March 29 he and his friends moved the declaration against the petition, Holles rapidly writing out the motion on his knees,[2] and thus this unwise measure was forced through a very thin House. Waller acknowledges these circumstances, but urges that the fault was not in the lateness of the hour, but in members having gone to bed too soon.[3] Be this how it may, the unjust reflection on the army caused the most violent indignation among the soldiers, and it was unfortunately the interest of many of their officers to keep this feeling alive.

The petition to the general, about which there had been all this unnecessary discussion, simply prayed for payment of arrears, indemnity for acts done during the war, freedom from forced service, and provision for widows and wounded.

On April 2 General Skippon was appointed to command the army destined for Ireland, with the title of field-marshal, and Massey was to be his lieutenant-general; and on the 13th a second parliamentary Commission, consisting of the Earl of Warwick—a very popular nobleman with a persuasive address—Sir William Waller, Sir John Clotworthy, and General Massey, was sent to head-quarters.

On April 17 the Earl of Warwick addressed about 200

[1] *Memoirs*, p. 77. [2] Ludlow. [3] *Vindication*, p. 63.

officers in the church at Saffron Walden, urging them to encourage the men to volunteer for service in Ireland. Lambert, who was the spokesman for his brother officers, replied by again asking what security there was for the payment of arrears, and what indemnity for past acts. The Commissioners could only reply that no provision had yet been made for settling the claims of those gallant fellows who had braved so many dangers for their country; but Fairfax assured the Commission that he would express a wish that the officers should volunteer for Ireland. Waller then signified to the general that he should not express desires, but commands; and Fairfax replied that the language was the same he had ever used to his own officers, and which, upon all occasions, had found a ready obedience.[1] If the result was different on this occasion, it would be the fault of the Parliament, not of the general.

Sir Thomas Fairfax, who had been tasked far beyond his strength, was suffering from a severe attack of ague. He had had a few days' rest in the end of March, at the seat of his mother-in-law the Lady Vere, at Kirby;[2] but on April 21 he was obliged to go up to London for medical advice.[3] Cromwell, Ireton, Fleetwood, and Rainsborough, who had seats in the House, were also at Westminster, and many other officers were on leave.

On May 21 the general returned to his onerous duties at head-quarters. Rushworth, his zealous secretary, wrote to old Lord Fairfax that 'were it not for the good of the kingdom, were he as the general, he would scorn to hold the command an hour longer; but truly the general's patience is great; yet he wishes he had a fair opportunity of giving it over.'[4] At this time Sir Thomas was most anxious to resign the command of the army, and he only retained it in consequence of the earnest solicitations of friends.[5] It was

[1] *Vindication*, p. 86.

[2] Near Castle Hedingham, in Essex.

[3] 'Sir Thomas Fairfax came to London upon pretence of taking physic, that the soldiers might be left to themselves to run up to extremes,' says spiteful Denzil. *Memoirs*, p. 84.

[4] May 18, 1647. By this time old Lord Fairfax had gone home to Denton.

[5] *Short Memorial*, p. 105.

well known that he was perfectly honest and single-minded, and that personally the soldiers were devoted to him. His resignation would have been a national calamity.

Cromwell and his son-in-law had made such strong protestations of their zeal for the Parliament, and of their desire that the army should show due subordination, that they were actually appointed as Commissioners, with Skippon as a colleague, to communicate to the officers the votes of the House for auditing the arrears and passing a bill of indemnity. But it was no intention of these military politicians to allay the discontent of their comrades; and the answer of the officers was, that the men would not be disbanded without payment of arrears, and that satisfaction must be given them for the insulting declaration passed by Holles and his party.

Meanwhile the House of Commons voted that the regiments should be disbanded forthwith at their different quarters, commencing with that of the general, which was to march to Chelmsford for that purpose on the 25th, and receive two months' pay.[1] On May 28 the general removed the head-quarters of the army to Bury St. Edmunds, and called a meeting of all his officers, to whom he communicated the votes of the House. There were about 200 officers present on this occasion, and nearly the whole body[2] declared that, as fifty-six weeks of arrears were due, it was no satisfaction to the soldiers to offer them eight weeks, that no security was given for eventual payment, and that the men required redress for having been declared public enemies. The soldiers had elected two men from each regiment to represent their interests, whom they called *adjutators* or *agitators*, and these men, at the same time, presented a petition to the general, praying him to appoint a rendezvous of the army, where the soldiers might declare their grievances. The officers expressed an opinion that their men were likely to refuse to obey orders unless their

[1] Whitelock tells us that he urged upon Holles and his party the impolicy of these violent measures, but in vain.

[2] There were five dissentients.

request was granted, and Fairfax had no alternative but compliance. It was from no want of judgment or fault on his part that the army had been brought into this state. It was due solely to the folly and injustice of the majority in the House of Commons.

He could not obey the orders of the House with reference to disbanding, but he resolved to make an earnest appeal to the common sense of members, and on May 30 he addressed a letter to the Speaker with this object. 'I entreat you,' he wrote, 'that there may be ways in love and composure thought upon. I shall do my endeavours, though I am forced to yield to something out of order, to keep the army from disorder. I desire you to take some speedy resolution for the composure of things; for the effecting whereof I should be content to be a sacrifice, as the last service you can have from me.'[1]

The general, having yielded to the prayer of the adjutators, appointed a rendezvous of the army to be held near Kenford, about six miles from Bury. Here seven regiments of foot and six of horse were drawn up on June 4, and when Sir Thomas Fairfax appeared on the ground he was received with loud cheers and acclamations. His personal influence was as firm as ever. The soldiers had followed him in many a weary march, and into the thick of many a deadly fight, and would again follow whithersoever he chose to lead. But these men were not ordinary soldiers. They were citizens who had taken up arms in a great cause, and who could think and act for themselves, and they would be persuaded by no man, not even by their beloved commander, to submit to insult and injustice. Fairfax went to each regiment separately, and addressed the men with judgment and moderation, while every regiment cheered him loudly as he concluded his speech. But the men remained unsatisfied. They represented that eight weeks' arrears were a very mean reward for all their labours, hardships, and hazards, and a very slender supply to carry them to their homes, and set them up again in their trades and callings. They were convinced, moreover,

[1] *Cary*, i. p. 217. Original among the *Tanner MSS.*

that the leaders of the parliamentary majority were their mortal enemies, and, in short, they had resolved to measure strength with them. The general passed nearly the whole night personally superintending the provision of quarters for the army, and did not go to bed himself, but rested for a few hours in his clothes, at a house in Kenford.[1]

While Fairfax was fruitlessly labouring to reconcile the army with the Parliament, Cromwell and Ireton, fearing that Holles and his party intended to bring the King up to London, and make a separate treaty with him, planned an audacious counter move. On the very day of the rendezvous, Cornet Joyce, with a party of horse, appeared suddenly at Holdenby House, and carried off the person of the King. Charles passed two days at Colonel Montague's house at Hinchinbrook, and was then taken on to the house of Sir John Cutts at Childersey, near Cambridge. The moment this news reached the general, he despatched Colonel Whalley with two regiments to intercept Joyce, and convey the King back to Holdenby; but Charles positively refused to return, and declared his resolution to remain in the hands of the army. It is quite certain that Fairfax had no previous knowledge of this seizure of the King; and when he attempted to call Joyce to account, he found that the council of officers would not act with him, and that the general feeling in the army was in favour of the insubordinate cornet. This state of things was entirely due to the unwisdom of the politicians at Westminster, and Fairfax could no longer check or control, but could only strive to guide and moderate, the demands of the army.[2]

The House of Commons, when it was too late, became

[1] Rushworth.

[2] Waller says: 'For the General (who was but too innocent), I am clearly of opinion that he was a stranger to this design.' *Vindication*, p. 128.

Fairfax himself tells us that when Colonel Whalley desired that the King would return to Holdenby, his Majesty refused, and said positively he would not go back; so the colonel pressed him no further, as Fairfax had given him special directions to use all tenderness and respect. The general then called for a council of war to proceed against Joyce for this breach of the articles of war; but the officers, from fear of the distempered soldiers, or from a secret allowance of what had been done, made all his endeavours ineffectual. *Short Memorial*, p. 116.

alarmed, and began to make concessions which only served to show its weakness without conciliating the offended soldiery. On June 3 and 5 votes were passed for auditing the army accounts, for paying all arrears, for devoting £10,000 to the satisfaction of present necessities, and for erasing the declaration against the army out of the journals of the House. A new Commission, consisting of the Earl of Nottingham,[1] Lord Delaware,[2] Sir Harry Vane, Field-marshal Skippon, and two other members, was sent down to announce these conciliatory votes; and it was arranged that this should be done at a grand rendezvous of the army on Triplow Heath, near Cambridge.

Charles remained at the house of Sir John Cutts for a few days, where the general visited him on the 7th. The interview took place in Lady Cutts's garden. Fairfax kissed the King's hand, expressed a desire to be of service to him, and urged him to return to Holdenby with the parliamentary Commissioners, but Charles positively refused; and when the general took his leave, he said to him, 'Sir, I have as good interest in the army as you.' 'By which,' says Fairfax, 'I plainly saw the broken reed he leaned on.'[3] On the 8th the King was removed to Newmarket at his own request, and Fairfax took care that he should be treated with all possible indulgence consistent with safe custody. On the same day the general's quarters were at Cambridge.

The army was drawn up on Triplow Heath on June 10, and formed a very gallant body of horse, foot, and artillery. The general, accompanied by the Commissioners, first rode along the line, and then the votes of the House were read to the general's own regiment. An officer replied that his comrades desired that an answer might be returned after perusal of the votes by selected officers and adjutators. On

[1] Sir Charles Howard, third Earl of Nottingham, was a son of the great admiral, and first cousin of Sir Thomas Fairfax's mother. He died childless in 1681, when the earldom became extinct.

[2] Henry West, fifth Lord Delaware, was grandson of the lord who was governor of Virginia. He was quite a young man, only just of age, when he came down to Triplow Heath, but lived until 1687.

[3] Mr. Hallam remarks on this that Fairfax had for once found a man less discerning of the times than himself. *Const. Hist.*, ii. p. 284 (*note*).

being asked whether the whole regiment agreed to this, there was a general cry of 'All! all!' and 'Justice! justice!' The other regiments made the same answer. This was very ominous. A storm had been raised which could not easily be allayed; and, in all matters relating to their differences with the Parliament, the army was no longer under the control of its general.[1]

It would be impossible to exaggerate the difficulty of the position in which Sir Thomas Fairfax was thus placed. A consummate general, a cultivated gentleman, the very soul of honour and straightforward dealing, he yet had no talent for politics. The wordy contention and finesse of a statesman's life were distasteful to him, and to engage in any intrigue or in any business which was not open as noonday was to him an impossibility. In the posture which affairs had assumed after the Triplow Heath rendezvous, every mere personal consideration would have led him to resign his commission at once. He strongly disapproved of any attempt on the part of the army to dictate to the House of Commons. At the same time he was naturally indignant at the injustice and contumely with which Holles and his party had attempted to treat the gallant fellows whom he had so often led to victory. Had he simply consulted his own ease, or his fame in the eyes of the world, he would have retired. But Fairfax was a man who had, through life, followed whither his sense of duty had called him, regardless alike of his personal interest and of the world's opinion. In this he was a true Englishman of the best type. He had drawn his sword in defence of his country's liberties, had fought a good fight, and had been victorious. It now remained for politicans to complete the work. If they so mismanaged affairs as to produce mutiny in his army, to make his soldiers uncontrollable, and to allow his officers to negotiate with them on affairs of state, as equals, let them see to it. His duty appeared to him to be clear. He would not desert his post, though sorely tempted to do so. He would continue to command, so far as

[1] At this time the soldiers refused to be called common soldiers, and insisted on the title of private soldiers; and this is, I believe, the origin of that term.

was possible, in strictly military matters, and would do his utmost to prevent collisions, and to further the public service —thankless and distasteful work, but it was his duty, and he would not shrink from it. At the same time he resolved to abstain from participation in the political interferences of the army; and he acted upon this resolution until the breaking out of the insurrection in the following year.[1]

During the next ten months the State papers signed by all the field officers, and with the general's name attached, were documents which he had never signed, and of which he disapproved. Of course this statement does not apply to letters or petitions on purely military subjects.[2] But the political acts of the army in that interval, apart from strictly military administration, were done in defiance of the general. It was hard to retain his post under such circumstances. Yet no man can accuse Fairfax of personal or interested motives. The course he adopted, whether wisely or unwisely, was the one which appeared to him to be best calculated to further the public service, and he sacrificed his own inclinations for what he believed to be his duty.

On the very day after the rendezvous on Triplow Heath the army advanced to St. Albans; and before they marched Cromwell wrote a letter to the Lord Mayor in great haste, and in his worst style, to which the general's name was

[1] He tells us that, 'from the time they declared their usurped authority at Triplow Heath, I never gave my free consent to anything they did. But being yet undischarged of my place, they set my name in way of course to all their papers, whether I consented or not, and to such failings are all authorities subject.' *Short Memorial*, p. 125. This statement is made by Fairfax without any qualification, both in the foul and fair manuscript copies of his memorial. These copies are preserved at Leeds Castle, and are in the general's own handwriting. But he never intended the memorial for publication, and he had never given it any final corrections. Had he prepared it for the press he would, we cannot doubt, have given the dates within which the above statement is applicable. After the siege of Colchester, Fairfax certainly did consent to the presentation of the army's *Large Remonstrance*, and to the publication of the subsequent *Declaration*, when he marched to London. Brodie suggests that the passage is an interpolation, but this is not so. It is simply a hastily-written, uncorrected sentence, without the required qualification which it would certainly have received if it had been published under the author's own eye.

[2] For instance, on the very day that the officers put his name to a political manifesto addressed to the Lord Mayor (June 11, 1647), the general wrote to the Speaker, urging the payment of his men. He said, 'It is very well known how

attached, and which was signed by Cromwell and Hammond and eight colonels.[1] In this letter Cromwell openly claimed for the army an equal right with the Parliament to settle the government of the country. He says, 'We have as much right to demand a happy settlement as we have to our money;' and adds that, to attain its desires, the army is approaching near the City, and that if the citizens take up arms in hindrance of the just undertakings of the army they must take the consequences.[2] The Lord Mayor and aldermen sent a somewhat defiant answer from Guildhall.

Fairfax remained with his head-quarters at St. Albans from June 11 to 25, 'in tolerable health,' his secretary says, 'but overtoiled with business.'[3] A very able State paper was drawn up at St. Albans, probably by Ireton, assisted by Lambert, who had been brought up as a lawyer, and by Harry Marten. It professed to be a declaration of what had hindered the disbanding of the army, but also claimed a right to a voice in settling the kingdom. Then follows a fine passage. 'We are not a mere mercenary army hired to serve any arbitrary power, but called forth to the defence of our own and the people's just rights and liberties; and so we took up arms in justice and conscience to those ends, and have so continued.' This declaration contained eight demands: namely, that corrupt members be removed; that such members as are enemies to the army be disabled; that a time be fixed for the dissolution of the Parliament; that future Parliaments be not dissolved at the King's pleasure; that the right of petitioning be allowed; that the arbitrary powers of

long the soldiers have been without pay, and how can it be expected that either I or my officers should have that influence upon them that is meet, considering the straits they are put into for want of pay? The private soldier is not ignorant that you have money by you, and certainly the knowledge of that doth not a little heighten them in their discontents.' *Tanner MSS.*, printed in *Cary*, i p. 228.

[1] None of Fairfax's specially selected officers signed this document, except Lambert. The names of Butler, Graves, Fortescue, Pye, Sheffield, Huntington, Rossiter, Montague, and Herbert, are absent. These men deserted their old general in his great need, and many of them threw up their commissions. In their places we find relations of Cromwell, such as Hammond, Desborough, and Ireton; and fanatics like Harrison, Rainsborough, Lilburne, Rich, and Pride.

[2] Carlyle has no doubt that Cromwell drafted this letter.

[3] Letters to the old Lord of June 15 and 25.

committees of counties be withdrawn; that an account be given of the expenditure of public money; and that, after a few examples have been made, there be an act of oblivion. The name of Fairfax was put to this document without his consent, and it was signed by Cromwell and all the colonels. The council of officers now acted against the advice of their general, and conducted their correspondence with the Parliament without his sanction. A strong sense of duty alone could have induced him to retain the command under such circumstances. But he still possessed that amount of influence which the personal attachment of all ranks, and their absolute confidence in his military talent, necessarily gave him. The prudent use of this influence as occasion offered, and the mere presence of a man in whose honour and patriotism all parties had unbounded trust, at the head of the army, was a great public advantage.

The counsels of the officers were mainly guided by the genius of Cromwell, and the great ability of Ireton both as an adviser and a penman. It appeared to these military statesmen that, as Holles and the Presbyterians only commanded a bare majority, the objects of the army would be gained by preferring charges against the heads of the party, which would lead to at least a temporary suspension of their sitting in the House, and consequently of their powers of mischief. Accordingly a general charge against the eleven leading members of the Presbyterian party was presented to the House of Commons on June 16, with an announcement that specific charges were in course of preparation, and a demand that in the meanwhile the accused should be suspended. Little notice was taken of this letter, so on the 24th another was presented, containing a distinct threat that unless the eleven members were suspended from sitting in the House the army would put things to a speedy issue. Fairfax moved his head-quarters to Berkhampstead on the 25th, and to Uxbridge on the 26th, and on the latter day Denzil Holles and his friends consented to absent themselves from the House, at the same time demanding a speedy trial.

On July 6 the specific charges against the eleven members

were presented at the bar of the House by a number of officers, with Colonel Adrian Scroop as spokesman. Some of the charges were general, others referred to the conduct of one of the eleven members, or of two or three together. There were twenty-five charges. All the eleven were accused of secret correspondence with the Queen, with a view to making their own terms; of inviting the Scots to invade England, and assist them in their designs; and of injustice to the army. Holles and Stapleton were specially accused of treacherous communications with the enemy; Clotworthy of embezzling public money; Glynn of taking bribes; Nicoll of having been unduly elected; and Long of standing at the door of the House and interfering with the freedom of members, so that he was commonly called 'the Parliament driver.' He appears in short to have been the whipper-in of the Presbyterian party.

On July 10 the charges were read, and on the 19th the impeached members delivered their answer, which was for the most part a flat denial of the truth of the accusations; and Mr. Long did not neglect the obvious rejoinder that the army deserved the name of Parliament driver much more than he did. They, however, offered to absent themselves from the House for six months, after which time, 'when the great and weighty affairs tending to a settlement of the kingdom were arranged,' they demanded a trial.

The council of officers had no desire to push matters to extremities against their opponents, and this voluntary retirement effected their object, which was to gain such a majority in the House as would give some prospect of a final settlement of the questions to be considered.

Meanwhile the Parliament had consented to treat with the army on the settlement of the kingdom as equals, and Commissioners were appointed on both sides. This was a great relief to Sir Thomas Fairfax. His council of officers was now recognised by the Parliament as a body entitled to discuss political questions, and he was relieved of further responsibility, and left to attend to his duties as commander-in-chief, which were quite sufficient to occupy his whole

time. He nominated Ireton, Sir Hardress Waller, Rich, Lambert, and Desborough, as the army Commissioners, with Mr. Rushworth's assistant, William Clarke, as their secretary. The parliamentary Commissioners were the Earl of Nottingham, Lord Wharton,[1] Field-marshal Skippon, Sir Harry Vane, Sir Thomas Widdrington,[2] Colonel White, Mr. Scawen, and Mr. Povey, with George Pyke as their secretary. On June 29 Fairfax moved his head-quarters from Uxbridge to Wycombe; and, after the forms of proceeding had been amicably arranged, the Commissioners had their first meeting there, in the Catherine Wheel inn, on July 2. Next day the general again moved to Reading, and the Commissioners continued their labours on the 5th and succeeding days. Mr. Rushworth wrote from Uxbridge to the old lord, that 'the general hath had a hard game to play, in managing a matter so much out of method and rule.'

One of the happy results of the seizure of Charles at Holdenby House was a great improvement in his condition. The Parliament had deprived him of access to his friends and chaplains, and refused even to allow him to see his children. But Fairfax was too generous and magnanimous to tolerate such unnecessary harshness. The King was at Newmarket while the army remained at St. Albans; but when head-quarters were removed to Wycombe, Charles became the guest of the Earl of Salisbury at Hatfield, and by Fairfax's order his favourite chaplains, Drs. Sheldon and Hammond, and his friend the Duke of Richmond, were admitted to live with him.

The general also insisted upon the royal prisoner being allowed to see his children. On July 8 he thus wrote to the Speaker from Reading:—'I conceive that to avoid all harshness, and afford all kind usage to his Majesty's person, is the most Christian, honourable, and prudent course. I further

[1] Philip, fourth Baron Wharton, was born in 1613, and died in 1696. His mother was Lady Frances Clifford, daughter of the Earl of Cumberland. Lord Wharton was a hard-working politician, a staunch Parliament man, and a great friend of Cromwell.

[2] Fairfax's brother-in-law.

think that tender, equitable, and moderate dealing, both towards his Majesty, his royal family, and his late party, is the most hopeful course to take away future feuds amongst ourselves and our posterity, and to procure a lasting peace and agreement in this now distracted nation. I find this to be the clear sense of the generality, or at least of the most considerable part, of the army.'[1]

In consequence of Sir Thomas Fairfax's authoritative intercession, the royal children left St. James's in charge of the Earl of Northumberland,[2] to meet their father at Maidenhead, on July 15. They arrived at ten in the forenoon, the people strewing boughs and flowers before them, and, after dining at the Greyhound inn, went with the King to Lord Craven's seat at Cavesham, and stayed with him for two days before returning to London. Two troops of Whalley's horse guarded the royal party. The general also insisted upon Charles's friends having free access to him. Such permission was granted to Lord Capel, and to the Earl of Ormond, who had lately arrived in England, after surrendering Dublin to the Parliament. Royalists arrived from abroad, who were allowed to live with the King, and act as his agents. Such were Sir John Berkeley, who had been governor of Exeter, Mr. Ashburnham, and Captain Legge. Everything that Fairfax could do, was done, to render Charles's position as comfortable as possible, and to facilitate his means of obtaining advice and assistance in negotiating with the victorious party.

While the head-quarters were at Reading the Elector Palatine, Rupert's eldest brother, dined with the general, and received a salute of twenty-one guns. This German Prince was waiting upon events, in the expectation of being wanted as a constitutional king. He was ready for any baseness—any change of religion or principle—so long as he could get two chickens for his dinner instead of one, as his uncle Charles pointedly put it. Meanwhile he had a pension of £8,000 a

[1] Rushworth, vi. p. 610.

[2] They had been, for a short time previously, under the care of Lady Vere, the general's mother-in-law.

year from the Parliament, and lodgings in Whitehall. But an article of this kind was not then in demand. When it was wanted, sixty-seven years afterwards, it was easily found in the person of this man's nephew, George I.

Sir Thomas Fairfax had his wife and little daughter Moll with him at Reading;[1] but on the 20th the head-quarters were removed to Aylesbury, and on the 24th to Bedford, while the King became the guest of the Earl of Bedford at Woburn Abbey. The army and parliamentary commissioners had been working hard, and Major Huntington[2] was employed to submit the proposals of the army for the settlement of the kingdom to Charles at Woburn. These proposals were very moderate, and the army commissioners debated the whole subject with the King, and even struck out several things that he disliked.

It appears that episcopacy was not only to be tolerated, but to be the religion of the State, so long as bishops had no coercive powers, and the other provisions were only such as we have now long enjoyed. Had Charles accepted them honourably and unreservedly, he would have been restored to the throne as a constitutional king. But honour and truth were unknown to him. At that very moment he was intriguing with the Scots through Lauderdale, and with the Presbyterians in London, and he had intelligence that the latter were on the point of an outbreak which he thought might be successful. He therefore contemptuously rejected the proposal of the army, and treated the officers with such haughtiness that his own agent, Berkeley, remonstrated at his folly and intemperance.

Yes; Holles and his hot-headed friends did not yet understand their position. They were about again to measure swords with the army, with what result we shall see in the next chapter.

[1] *Letter to the old lord*, dated from Reading, July 18.
[2] Thurloe. *State Papers.*

CHAPTER XXV.

THE PARLIAMENT AND THE ARMY (*continued*)—DEATH OF FERDINANDO, SECOND LORD FAIRFAX.

The eleven statesmen of the Presbyterian party had bowed to the storm by pretending to consent to retire from the House for six months; but, far from intending to do anything of the kind, they at once began to arrange with their friends in the City to attempt an open and armed resistance to the army and its Independent allies in Parliament. After their retirement their tools had been removed from the command of the City militia, which had been placed under Independents. This was the pretext for violence. As soon as the House met on Monday July 26, the Common Council came with a petition for the militia to be replaced in the hands of the Presbyterians. Both Lords and Commons replied that they would adhere to their former decision. Then a mob of apprentices, disbanded soldiers, and watermen, surrounded the Houses, and began throwing stones in at the windows. They broke into the House of Lords, cried out that they would call the Earl of Manchester to account, and frightened their Lorships into recalling their vote about the militia. Then, at about two in the afternoon, they forced their way into the House of Commons. Message after message was sent to the Lord Mayor for protection, but no help came. Clearly the assertion of Holles and his friends that this was an undesigned movement was false. The apprentice-lads were obeying orders from their masters, who were the tools of Holles and Stapleton. The rioters declared that the members should not stir out of the House until they had voted a repeal of the militia ordinance. About fifty noisy lads were actually within the doors and a thousand

more crowded in the passages. Ludlow, and some other members, drew their swords and kept the mob out for a time, but soon the foremost were forced in by those behind. At first the House was firm, but after the supper hour, as the mob still kept the door and cried 'Vote! vote!' the majority yielded to violence and hunger, and rescinded their militia ordinance. They were then allowed to go home, when it was nearly nine at night.

Open and brutal violence had thus been put upon both Houses, and Westminster was no longer safe. The Earl of Manchester, who presided in the House of Lords, and Lenthall, the Speaker of the Commons, resolved to take refuge at the head-quarters of Sir Thomas Fairfax. They were followed by fourteen Peers, and about a hundred Commoners, including Sir Harry Vane, Ludlow, St. John, and Hazelrig; and soon afterwards the Serjeant of the House, to the inexpressible relief of Speaker Lenthall, arrived at head-quarters with the mace.

The Houses may be said to have adjourned to the army. Those who remained at Westminster in no sense composed a House of Commons; but Holles and his friends immediately resumed their seats, in spite of their engagement to absent themselves for six months, and a certain Mr. Pelham was voted into the chair. Preparations were then commenced in the City to raise troops and resist the advance of the army. The Lord Mayor and aldermen appointed General Massey as their commander-in-chief and Sir William Waller as general of horse; and all *reformados*, as unattached officers and soldiers were called, were invited to muster in St. James's fields. Colonel General Poyntz, whom Fairfax had found it necessary to supersede in Yorkshire by Lambert,[1] was also active in promoting the sedition. This General Poyntz was a man of violent temper. He had caused a mutiny in York by his tyranny; and when the people of Southwark came to the Guildhall unarmed, to petition the Lord Mayor not to enter upon a second war, Poyntz rushed in amongst them and hacked and hewed them savagely with his sword. The men

[1] *Tanner MSS.*, vol. lvi. p. 1.

of this party were unequal to the occasion; and neither Holles and Stapleton as politicians, nor Massey and Waller as soldiers, were capable of conducting a great movement. London was simply in a state of anarchy until the army should arrive.

The duty of Sir Thomas Fairfax was quite clear. The members of both Houses of Parliament had appealed to him for protection, and he had no hesitation as to the course that he should take. He resolved to assemble his army, march to Westminster with the members, see them again seated in their places, and ensure to them free deliberation and protection from violence in future, so long as he retained his power.

On August 2 the general fixed his head-quarters at Mr. Wilson's house near the bridge at Colnebrook, and the King removed to Stoke Poges, near Windsor. Fairfax issued a declaration of the reasons for his march to London, and a grand rendezvous of the army was fixed to take place on Hounslow Heath on the 3rd. Accordingly the whole force was drawn up there, in a line extending for a mile and a half, and numbering 20,000 horse and foot, with a train of artillery. It was a grand sight, and when the general appeared at the end of the line at about noon, a deafening cheer resounded over the heath. Sir Thomas was attended by such a staff as no general has ever been honoured by, either before or since. It was no less a body than the Lords and Commons of England, headed by their Speakers. Here were the Earls of Northumberland, Denbigh, Kent, Salisbury and Mulgrave, Lords Grey of Warke, Wharton, Saye, and some half-dozen other Peers, Speaker Lenthall, stout old Sir William Constable of Flamborough, the impetuous Hazelrig, the stern incorruptible Ludlow, Harry Vane 'yet young in years but in sage counsels old,'[1] and about a hundred more members. As the brilliant cavalcade, headed by his Excellency the general, rode along the line, it was received with enthusiastic cheers and cries for a free Parliament. Soon afterwards the Elector Palatine came on the

[1] Milton.

field and was welcomed by the general. In the afternoon the people of Southwark sent a deputation to say that they were opposed to the proceedings of the City, and desired protection; and Rainsborough, with a brigade of three regiments, was sent over Kingston bridge to occupy the Surrey suburb, which he did without opposition. That night the general slept at Isleworth, and the army was quartered in and about Brentford and Hammersmith.

On the 5th the general was at Hammersmith, and August 6 was the day appointed for him to bring the Houses back to Westminster. The Lord Mayor and aldermen had already expressed abject submission and repentance, to the inexpressible rage of Holles and his friends, who loudly complained of the cowardice of the cockneys.[1] In the forenoon Sir Thomas Fairfax met the Lords and Commons at Holland House, in Kensington, where they expressed approval of his march to London. A double line of soldiers three deep was formed from Holland House to the line of defences by Hyde Park, and at about noon the procession set out. First came Colonel Hammond's regiment of foot, then Rich's horse, then Cromwell's Ironsides, then his Excellency the general on horseback, followed by his life-guards. Behind Fairfax were the Lords and Commons in coaches, and Colonel Tomlinson's regiment of horse brought up the rear. Every soldier had a branch of laurel in his hat. The Lord Mayor and aldermen met the general in Hyde Park, and humbly congratulated him.[2] At Charing-cross the Common Council stood in a line, and bowed low as he passed; and when he reached New Palace Yard he dismounted and went into the house of Sir Abraham Williams, while the Lords and Commons proceeded

[1] Holles says they had eight regiments of foot, some of them 1,800, and the weakest 800 strong, all well-armed, besides 5,000 horse with *reformado* officers. *Memoirs*, p. 184.

[2] The line of London defences, consisting of forts connected by a trench, passed across Hyde Park at Tyburn road, where the Marble Arch is now. There were two redoubts, one on each side of the road. The trench thence ran straight to Hyde Park Corner, and thence across Tothill-fields to the river. Fairfax and his procession probably passed through the strong double fort at Hyde Park Corner. See a good description of the London defences by William Lithgow—'lying Lithgow,' as he was called—in the *Somers Tracts*, iii. p. 534.

to their respective Houses. An ordinance was passed appointing Fairfax Constable of the Tower, and later in the day he was sent for, and received the thanks of both Houses, delivered by the Earl of Manchester and Speaker Lenthall. At the bars both of the Lords and Commons chairs were placed for him, and he was addressed sitting.

The army then marched through the City, preserving a perfect state of discipline, and the general proceeded with his life-guards to take formal possession of the Tower as Constable. After inspecting the magazines, he went up into the White Tower, and remained for some time enjoying the view. Then a Committee of aldermen waited upon him, and after giving him an invitation to dinner, on the part of the City, which he declined, their spokesman, Alderman Gibbs, announced that they were preparing a basin and ewer of beaten gold worth £1,000, to present to his Excellency. That night Fairfax went to Lord Paulet's[1] house on Turnham Green, where he rested with his family for two or three days.

The Presbyterian leaders were for the present completely checkmated. Glynn and Maynard were impeached, and sent to the Tower. Nicoll was under arrest at the army head-quarters. Poyntz and Massey went into Holland. Denzil Holles, Stapleton, Waller, Lewis, Clotworthy, and Long, fled to Margate, hired a fly-boat, and put to sea. But a valiant and watchful seaman, named Captain Lamming, thought they looked suspicious, and determined to overhaul them. He also put to sea, but a stern chase is always a long one, and he did not come up with the fugitives until they were within six miles of Calais. Bold Captain Lamming then plied them with small shot until they hauled down their sails; and, to their great rage and indignation, brought them back on board Admiral Batten's flag-ship in the Downs. But the admiral reproved the Margate skipper's officiousness, and dismissed the angry Parliament men. Stapleton died immediately after landing at Calais, killed, as Waller declared, by the inconveniences of the journey, and the rest

[1] The Lord Paulet's eldest son had married Lady Fairfax's sister.

went on to Flushing, very sad at the sudden death of their colleague.[1]

On August 11 the general fixed his head-quarters at Kingston, and on the 24th the King was established at Hampton Court, where he was treated with all possible respect, allowed all reasonable liberty, and where his party had free access to his presence. His children either visited him there, or he went to dine with them at the Earl of Northumberland's house, at Sion. On the 28th, owing to the great crowds of persons assembled at Kingston to visit the King, Fairfax removed his head-quarters to Putney, where he remained for nearly three months. The house in which he lived has only recently been pulled down.[2] Here he was visited by the Marquis of Ormond; and the two famous warriors, though they had fought on opposite sides, greeted each other most cordially, and formed a friendship based on mutual respect.[3] Fairfax received several letters from the King thanking him for many acts of kindness and civility, and especially for the care the general took to ensure frequent interviews between Charles and his children.

But Fairfax adhered to his resolution to keep as much as possible aloof from politics; and the obscure intrigues in which Cromwell and Ireton actively engaged with the King's agents, Ashburnham and Berkeley, have no place in a life of the great general. He devoted his time to his duties as commander-in-chief, and to earnest and zealous endeavours to further the public service. In this he was so successful that, in spite of the injustice of the Parliament and the

[1] We have versions of the struggle between the eleven members and the army, from two of their number. The *Memoirs of Denzil Holles, 1641-48, addressed to Oliver St. John and Oliver Cromwell, the two Grand Designers of the Ruin of the Three Kingdoms, dated from St. Mere Egilde, Normandy, February* 14, 1648, was published in 1699. It is a scurrilous, intemperate, untruthful party pamphlet. The *Vindication of Sir William Waller, written by himself*, was published from the original manuscript in 1793. See also Howell's *State Trials*, as well as Rushworth and Whitelock.

[2] See *Notes and Queries*, ix. 452.

[3] 'A month in England, and by Sir Thomas Fairfax, his leave and favour almost a week near, and sometimes at Court; yet I cannot give any probable conjecture how the present disorders will be reconciled.' *Marquis of Ormond to Lord Byron, Kingston, September* 8, 1647.

mutinous spirit engendered by the political intrigues of the officers, he was able to report to the Speaker, early in September, that 6,000 foot and 2,000 horse were ready for the Irish service, provided that justice was done in the matter of pay and arrears.

Yet it was not possible that the state of the country should not occupy the mind of the general; and although he considered it to be the duty of professed statesmen, and not of soldiers, to arrange the details of a settlement, he had himself formed a definite opinion on the subject. Evidence of this is furnished by a sort of rough draft for a treaty, which was long preserved at Leeds Castle. From this document we learn that, after taking secure guarantees for the rights of Parliament and the most complete liberty of conscience, the two great points in defence of which he had drawn his sword, Fairfax would have restored the King to his throne, and the bishops to all their former privileges. He would also have stipulated for all edicts and pleadings being in the English language, and for other law reforms. Had Charles thrown himself unreservedly and honestly upon Fairfax and his soldiers, all England would probably have rallied round them, and all might have been well. But the King was so perfidious—so bent upon betraying and deceiving all with whom he treated, whether the army, the Parliament, or the Scots—that a settlement was quite hopeless.

The intrigues of Cromwell and Ireton with the King gave rise to a suspicion among the soldiers that their officers were about to betray them. A mutinous spirit spread from regiment to regiment, which was fostered by several officers who also looked with a jealous eye upon the secret negotiations between the royalist agents and Cromwell. Early in November a paper, entitled 'The Case of the Whole Army,' was presented to the general, who decided that there should be three assemblies or rendezvous of the army, where he would address the regiments, repress mutinous tendencies, and restore discipline.[1] The first took place in Corkbush-field,

[1] 'I have appointed a rendezvous, and the officers will repair to their several charges and improve their utmost endeavours with the several regiments for

between Hertford and Ware, on Monday, November 13. Here Fleetwood's, Rich's, and Twistleton's (Rossiter) regiments of horse, and Hammond's and Pride's foot regiments, were ordered to assemble, together with Fairfax's own of horse and foot. But Harrison's horse and Lilburne's foot also came unbidden to the rendezvous, in a most mutinous spirit, with papers stuck in their hats inscribed 'England's freedom and soldiers' rights.' The danger was imminent, and very prompt measures of repression were evidently necessary. Fairfax addressed each regiment separately, assuring them that they had been misled, and warning them to return to their duty. Probably there was not a man who had for a moment doubted their honest straightforward general. They all declared their resolution to obey him. Harrison's men, after receiving a severe reproof, expressed penitence, and tore the papers out of their hats; and it was only necessary to put a few officers under arrest. But Lilburne's regiment continued mutinous, and as it was to Cromwell's intrigues that all this disaffection was due, the general ordered him to quell the mutiny among Lilburne's men. This was not effected before one soldier, named Arnold, had been shot at the head of his regiment. The other two rendezvous, which took place at Kingston and Windsor, passed off quietly; and for a time order was restored in the army.

Meanwhile the King had fled from Hampton Court, and gone to the Isle of Wight, after rejecting the proposals of the Parliament. Fairfax never saw him again. The Houses sent four bills to the Isle of Wight for the King's assent, as a basis for a final settlement; but he rejected them, and at last the Parliament voted that no more addresses should be sent to him, and resolved to proceed with a settlement of the kingdom without the King. The army fully concurred in this resolution. Indeed it was clear that no treaty could possibly be entered into with a man so devoid of honour, and so heartlessly selfish. The motives for his apparently

the quieting of them, and recovering the ancient discipline of the army.' *Sir T. Fairfax to the Speaker, Putney, November* 8, 1647, *Tanner MSS.*, vol. viii., p. 570.

aimless rejection of all the proposals that were submitted to him soon became evident. While treating with the Parliament at Hampton Court, he had all the time been arranging another treaty with the Scots, and urging the Royalists to plunge the country into a second civil war. In the Isle of Wight, as soon as he had rejected the four bills and thus finally broken with the English Parliament and army, he signed the Scottish treaty by which he bound himself not only to make Presbyterianism the established religion, but to prohibit episcopacy and all other forms of worship. It is, therefore, absurdly false to talk of Charles as a martyr to the Church of England. His aim now was to enter upon a second civil war with the help of the Scots. At the very time that he was urging the ill-fated Lord Capel to assemble his friends and prepare for a rising, he was solemnly declaring to Fairfax that he 'always has and does abhor any design of making war against the Parliament.'

On November 20 Fairfax removed his head-quarters from Putney to Windsor, and while there the council of officers resolved to march to London, and expel all members from the House who, in their view, obstructed a settlement of the kingdom. Then it was that the importance of retaining the services of Sir Thomas Fairfax became apparent. His influence, much strengthened by his prompt action at the Ware rendezvous, was still sufficient to prevent this revolutionary violence. Cromwell and others urged him to sign orders for marching, but he remonstrated and delayed until the outbreaks occurred in Wales and Kent, and, as he says, 'diverted this humour of the army from being statesmen to their more proper duty as soldiers.' Thus the general saved the House of Commons from violence for another year.[1]

On January 29, 1648, Fairfax came to his house in Queen Street with an escort of his life-guards, the head-quarters still remaining at Windsor, and on February 4 the Lord Mayor and aldermen entertained him at a grand banquet. He was also invited to dinner by his Lieutenant of the

[1] *Short Memorial*, p. 110.

Tower, where he inspected the magazines and artillery.[1] The position of public affairs was now most critical. The Scots were hostile, and were preparing to invade England. The great Presbyterian party, though defeated for the moment, was only watching for an opportunity to renew the struggle, the Royalists were preparing to rise, and the army had just been on the verge of mutiny. At last, in the spring of 1648, the storm burst. Cromwell was despatched in May to quell an outbreak in South Wales, while the general himself prepared to put down a formidable rising in Kent and Essex. There was plenty of work cut out for the summer, and the army would have for a time to abandon politics and return to its proper duties, under its able and brilliant leader.

In March, just before the insurrection broke out, the old Lord Fairfax died. After the passing of the Self-denying Ordinance, he had handed over his command in Yorkshire to Poyntz, and had come up to London to attend to his Parliamentary duties, living at his son's house in Queen Street. Here, in the autumn of 1646, he had married his second wife Rhoda, and here he had joyfully received his gallant son, when he returned in triumph from his famous campaign which restored peace to his country. Father and son had always lived on terms of the warmest affection and most perfect confidence. The general had never neglected an opportunity of writing to the old lord during their separation, and their short companionship in Queen Street in the winter of 1646 was a source of unmixed pleasure to both. They never met again. Lord Fairfax and his wife returned to Yorkshire in the spring of 1647, and lived at Denton. In the end of February 1648, his second wife gave birth to a daughter, named Ursula, who afterwards married Mr. Cartwright of Aynho, and ten days afterwards the old lord was on the point of death. It appears that he had received a blow on his foot where a corn was growing, which festered and turned to a gangrene.[2] The accident brought on a fever, of which he died on

[1] *Narrative of his Excellency coming to his House at Queen Street, and his Dinner in the Tower*, February 2, 1648, K. P. No. 349.

[2] Whitelock, ii. p. 284.

March 14, at Denton,[1] 'much lamented,' says Whitelock. Feeling the approach of death, he drew up certain deeds and signed his will, which is all in his own handwriting, having probably been prepared some time before. All the estates had been entailed upon his son, but he managed to make proper provision for his second wife and her little girl, and left remembrances to all who were near and dear to him.[2] He desired to be buried by the side of his dear wife, the Lady Mary, and this wish was attended to by his executors, who were his sons-in-law Sir Thomas Widdrington and Mr. Arthington. The following is the entry in the register at Bolton Percy church:—'Fferdinando Lord Ffairfax Baron of Cameron dyed att Denton March ye 13. Brought to the Parish Church of Bolton p-cie, and there buried in Brokett Quire within the said church. The x0th day of ye same 1647.'[3] A handsome tomb was erected to the second lord's memory in Bolton Percy church, with a long Latin inscription, which we shall not be very far wrong in ascribing to his son in-law, the erudite Sir Thomas Widdrington.[4] Ferdinando

[1] I give the date and place from the entry in the old Family Bible, in the handwriting of his brother Charles. The parish register at Bolton Percy gives the 13th as the date of his death, which is followed by Rushworth and Whitelock, who also say that he died at York (vii. p. 1030).

[2] The will is dated March 12. He desired to be buried by the side of his dear wife at Bolton Percy. To his son Thomas he left all plate, books, household stuffs, stallions, brood mares, and foals. To his daughter-in-law, Lady Fairfax, he left a jewel of gold, wherein were set one emerald, two rubies, and four little diamonds; to his grandchild Mary (she being otherwise provided for), £100 to buy a jewel withal; to all his daughters, to his brothers Henry and Charles and their children, to his brother-in-law Sir William Constable, to his nephew Michael Wentworth of Woolley, and his cousin Richard Aske, £10 apiece to buy remembrances. To Lady Constable £100, to the Rev. Thomas Clapham £100, and to his servant Charles Harpour £20. He conveyed the lands he had bought in Otley, Oulston, and Hartlington, to trustees, for the use of his wife during her life, and after her death to be sold, and the money divided amongst his grandchildren. To his little daughter Ursula £2,000. To his Aunt Brook a legacy of £20, with a request that his son will be good to her, and afford as much out of the tithes at Bilbrough yearly as she had been accustomed to receive. The executors were Sir Thomas Widdrington, Mr. Henry Arthington, and the Rev. Thomas Clapham.

[3] Old style.

[4] The inscription is very pompous. Lord Fairfax is called *Humanitatis Repumicator*, which smacks strongly of Widdringtonian erudition. Laborious Thomas Gent of York, in his history of Ripon, gives a very quaint English version of this inscription.

Lord Fairfax was a thoroughly honest statesman of moderate abilities, an energetic persevering commander, and an excellent clear-headed man of business. His correspondence bears witness to his amiability and warmth of heart, for the distressed and impoverished of both parties always seem to have turned to the old lord for advice and assistance. He was just sixty-three years of age when he died.

So Sir Thomas Fairfax succeeded to Denton, Nunappleton, Bishop-hill, and all the Yorkshire estates; and became the third Lord Fairfax, Baron of Cameron. Hard at work day and night with the business of the army, it was more than two years before he could spare time to attend to his private affairs, or to enjoy the society of relations and old friends. Meanwhile his uncle Charles, the lawyer, living at Menston near Otley, looked after the estates, and superintended the building of the new house at Nunappleton.

CHAPTER XXVI.

INSURRECTION IN KENT—MAIDSTONE FIGHT—DESCRIPTION OF COLCHESTER, AND MARSHALLING OF THE BESIEGED AND BESIEGING FORCES.

THE last campaign of Lord Fairfax offered special opportunities of displaying the most salient points in his military genius. Never was he more rapid in his marches, more quick to strike a decisive blow at the right moment, more prompt in taking advantage of an enemy's blunder. In spite of disease and physical suffering, that brave undaunted spirit was as active and vigilant as ever.

The Kentish insurrection was commenced by Royalist partisans, and the presentation of a petition to Parliament, praying that the army might be disbanded, was used as a pretext for raising a large body of men. All who intended to accompany the petition were invited to meet at Blackheath on May 30, 1648, and the petitioners seized the arms at Ashford and Feversham, summoned Dover Castle, and got possession of Deal and Sandown. Colonel Rainsborough, during the previous autumn, had been appointed vice-admiral of the fleet,[1] in place of Admiral Batten, and was in command in the Downs. Directly the rebellion broke out, the ships mutinied, and put Admiral Rainsborough on shore, who went up to London. The main body of the insurgents, some 12,000 strong, occupied Rochester, Maidstone, and the line of the Medway; and the old Earl of Norwich, our drunken friend Goring's father, was declared general. The other ringleaders were Sir George Lisle, Sir William Compton, and Colonel Culpepper. The mass of the rebel force consisted of Kentish

[1] His father had been an experienced seaman, and he himself had been brought up to the sea.

labourers, who were tempted from their villages by false representations and equally false promises.

The Royalist plot, planned between the King, Lord Capel, and the treacherous Scottish Commissioners in the previous autumn, was carefully laid. Almost simultaneously with the Kentish rising, there were insurrections in Hertfordshire and Essex under Lord Capel and Sir Charles Lucas, in South Wales and Devonshire, while the Scottish army led by the Duke of Hamilton and joined by malcontents under Sir Marmaduke Langdale, overran the northern counties.

The danger was extreme. Fairfax had already despatched a large force under his lieutenant-general to put down the rebellion in Wales, when it became necessary for him to take the field in person to quell the Kentish insurrection. The country had now enjoyed the blessings of peace for nearly two years. The great duel had been fairly fought out and decided. After a desolating war, which had ravaged almost every district in England, and which had lasted for four years, the people were beginning to settle down again to peaceful pursuits, and trade was slowly reviving. There was something peculiarly selfish and wicked in again plunging the unfortunate country into all the horrors of a second civil war, and sharp measures of repression were not only justifiable but imperative. Lord Fairfax, the restorer of peace, felt this very strongly; he fully approved of the ordinance of Parliament declaring that the ringleaders of the insurrection should be proceeded against as traitors, and he entered upon his work with a stern resolve to trample out the sparks of insurrection with a firm, unwavering tread.

The management of the affairs of Kent was placed, by the Parliament, wholly in the hands of the lord general, and by May 29 he had got together seven regiments of horse and foot on Blackheath.[1] The same day he commenced his rapid march to the Medway. Next day he passed through Dartford, the insurgents retreating and occasionally skirmishing in his front, and on the 31st he quartered at Mepham, the soldiers encamping in the surrounding fields. All the villages were

[1] Rushworth to the Speaker. *Tanner MSS.*, vol. lvii. p. 119.

deserted by the men, who had joined the insurrection; and their wives and children were in extreme anxiety for their fate, 'making sad moan,' one correspondent says, 'fearing the ill success of their husbands.' The general repressed all attempts at plunder, and the defenceless people had no cause to complain of the soldiers of this strictly disciplined army.[1] On June 1, Fairfax pressed on towards Maidstone, detaching Major Husbands with a commanded party to dislodge the insurgents from a bridge near Gravesend: a service which was ably and expeditiously performed.[2] The insurgent leaders, uncertain where the blow would fall, had divided their force. About 3,000 men occupied Maidstone, and the rest were encamped with old Lord Norwich on Aylesford hill, between Maidstone and Rochester. They seem to have expected that the attack would take place at one or other of these towns, after a few days of reconnoitring. They little knew their antagonist. He took in the position at a glance, by a rapid movement to his right he secured Farleigh bridge, three miles above Maidstone, crossed it with his whole force at seven o'clock the same evening, and, without an hour's delay, proceeded to take the town by storm.

Lord Fairfax was suffering from a sharp attack of gout, and his officers entreated him not to expose his person to danger. But he mounted on horseback with one foot wrapped in bandages, led on his men, and was foremost in the action throughout the night. Maidstone was defended by 3,000 men and eight cannon, under Sir William Brockman. Their watchword was '*King and Kent*,' that of the army '*Truth*.'

The action was commenced by a troop of parliamentary dragoons, which soon became so deeply engaged that it was necessary to send up supports of horse and foot. The night was very dark, and desperate fighting continued for several hours at the barricades which were thrown across the streets at intervals. Every street was gained by inches. Colonel Hewson led on his regiment with great gallantry, and a

[1] *The Lord General's Proclamation against plundering the inhabitants of Kent*, May 30, 1648. *King's Pamphlets*, No. 369.

[2] *News from Kent*, *King's Pamphlets*, No. 369.

deserving young officer named Price was slain.[1] But when at last, after midnight, the insurgents broke and fled, they left 300 dead and 1,300 prisoners in Maidstone streets, while many more were captured next day, concealed in the hop gardens. Most of the fugitives returned quietly to their homes.[2]

By this masterly movement and the capture of Maidstone, the rest of the insurgents on Aylesford hill, who had been kept in check by a strong detachment during the action, were completely out-flanked. Norwich and Compton led them across Rochester bridge, and through Dartford to Blackheath, in the hope that they would be joined by malcontents from the City, with whom they had been in correspondence. The general despatched Colonel Whalley after the Blackheath party, while Colonels Rich and Hewson were sent to relieve Dover, and reduce Deal and Sandown. Lord Fairfax himself marched to Canterbury, where he proclaimed a complete amnesty, except for deserters and such Royalists as had broken their parole of honour; and in two or three days he completed the pacification of Kent. On June 10 he was at Gravesend, preparing to cross the river and put down the insurrection which was spreading over Essex.

Lord Norwich and Sir William Compton meanwhile led their rabble rout to Greenwich Park, followed by Colonel Whalley. Here Norwich heard that there were 2,000 insurgents at Bow, on the Essex side of the river; so he crossed over by himself in a ferry boat, leaving Compton in charge of the Kentish men, who managed to get a supply of beer, bread and cheese brought into the park and served out to them But no friends appeared from London, Norwich did not

[1] The House voted that his arrears, and £200 in addition, should be paid to Captain Price's widow.

[2] The best accounts of the fight at Maidstone are Lord Fairfax's official despatch to the Earl of Manchester, dated from Maidstone on June 2, and Secretary Rushworth's to Speaker Lenthall. They were published at the time. In Rushwort there is a 'letter from a person of credit,' also dated from Maidstone on June 2, which gives a good account of the action (vii. p. 1136). See also Whitelock's *Memorials*, ii. p. 323.

return, and their condition seemed desperate. On Whalley's approach there was a cry of 'Shift for yourselves.' Many went back to their homes, but a few crossed the river to the Isle of Dogs, and joined Norwich at Stratford. Here the magistrates assembled and told the ringleaders they were not wanted in Essex, while the proclamation of a complete amnesty to the common people induced many more to go back to their villages.

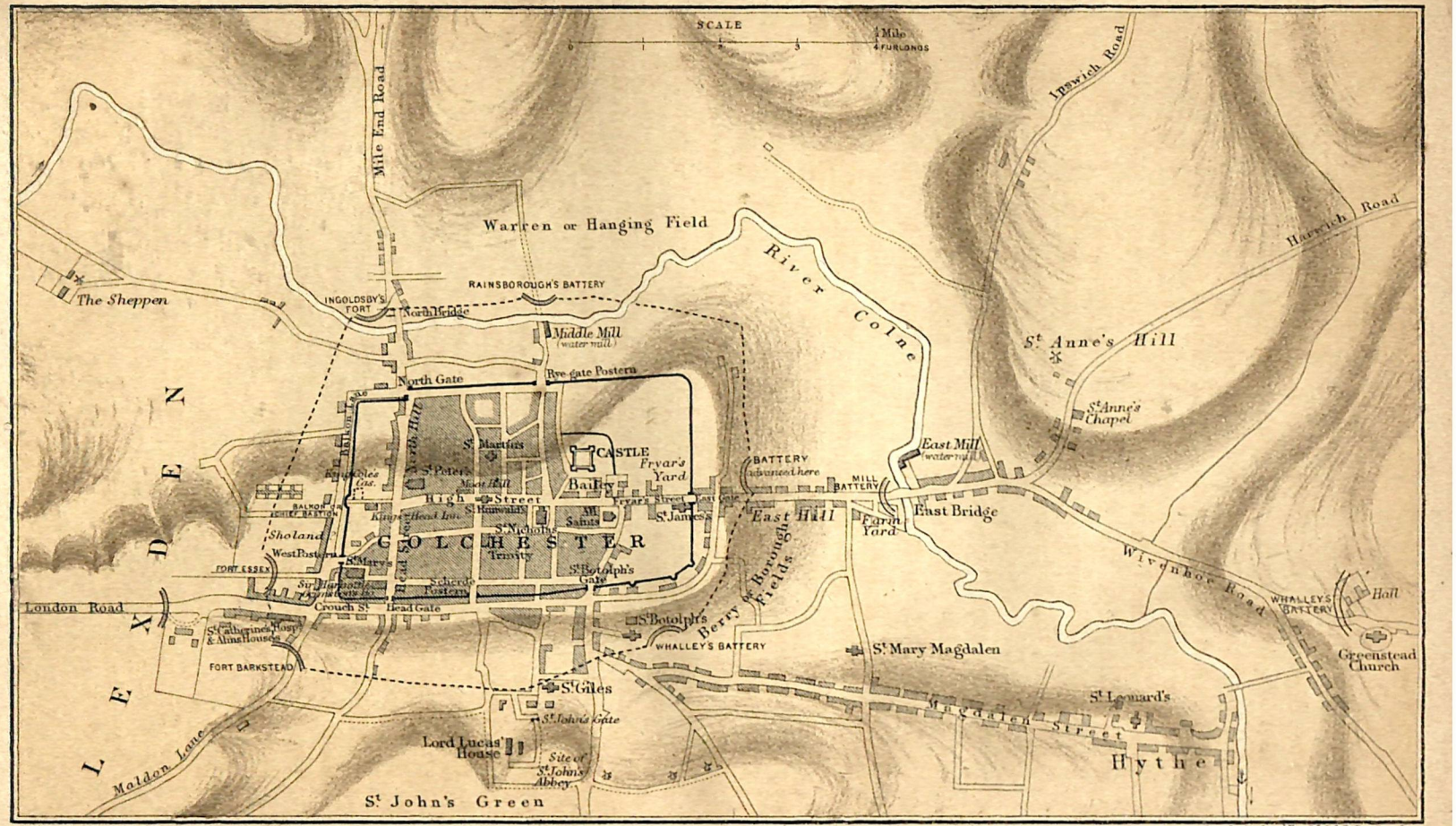
Norwich then led his party to Chelmsford, where he was joined by Lord Capel, Lord Loughborough, and Sir Charles Lucas with large reinforcements. The insurgents seized ten parliamentary Commissioners at Chelmsford, and on Saturday, June 10, they marched northward at the head of nearly 4,000 men. Late on the afternoon of Monday the 12th, they were within six miles of Colchester, and, hearing that the citizens intended to resist their entrance in arms, Lucas and a few others set spurs to their horses, and galloped down the Lexden road, which leads direct to the south-west gate of the town. They found the gate closed, and a body of armed and mounted citizens drawn up across the road. Lucas sent back to hurry up the main body, while his companions drew their swords, kept on their speed, and forced their way through the obstructing citizens. One man was shot and fell dead. The gates were then thrown open, and the insurgents took possession of Colchester without further opposition. They were just in time. Within twenty-four hours the lord general, with his advance guard, was thundering at the gates. The insurgent leaders intended only to remain a night or two at Colchester to raise recruits, and then to march away into the midland counties, and once more spread the horrors of war over the length and breadth of England. But it was impossible to do this with Lord Fairfax close in their rear, and there was nothing left for them but to defend themselves in the unfortunate town they had got possession of. They were fairly entrapped.

The ancient town of Colchester, on the site of an important Roman station, stands on the top and side of a steep hill looking to the north and east, with the river Colne forming

a circuit round its northern and eastern sides, and then flowing south to the sea. The walls of the town formed a parallelogram 3,077 yards round, enclosing 118 acres. They were seven to eight feet thick, built of large flints imbedded in lime, with three or four courses of Roman bricks, the whole having become, in the course of centuries, one solid mass. They were the work, no doubt, of the Normans, but built out of Roman materials. Most of the western wall is still standing, and extends down the steep side of the hill to within a few hundred yards of the banks of the Colne. In its centre there was, and is still, a semicircular bastion called the *balkon*, built on Roman brick arches, and supposed to be on the site of jolly old King Cole's castle. The north wall, running along the base of the hill, which rises from the Colne valley, was of the same massive character, and portions of the eastern half of it still remain. The east wall, especially the southern part, also survives; and it had small semicircular flanking towers, intended for musketeers or for light ordnance.[1] All traces of the south wall have disappeared. According to Cromwell's plan part of this wall also had flanking bastions. A ditch was carried along the swampy meadows at the foot of the north wall, and up the western hill side. There were four gates and three posterns in the walls. Near the western corner of the south wall was Head-gate (*Porta capitalis*), which, judging from a date with the arms of the town in the wall of a house where it stood, appears to have been demolished in 1753. From Head-gate a lane, turning sharp to the west, called Crouch-street, leads to the London road over Lexden common. In front of the gate another lane went south to Maldon. Near the centre of the south wall was the Scherde-gate postern, whence a lane led to St. John's gate-house. At the east end of the south wall was St. Botolph's gate, pulled down in 1820. It opened on Magdalen street. In the centre of the east wall

[1] Carter, the quartermaster-general of the Royalists, states that 'the walls had only one flanker and that very bad too, called the old fort.' He means the *balkon* on the west wall. It is impossible that he could have been ignorant of the existence of the flankers in the east and south walls. He makes this assertion, to exaggerate the difficulties of the defence. This man was clearly an unreliable authority.

SIEGE OF COLCHESTER



Stanford's Geog.l Estab.t 6 & 7 Charing Cross

London: Macmillan & Co.

was East-gate, whence the roads, crossing the river, led to Harwich and Ipswich. It fell down in 1651. In the north wall were the North-gate at the foot of the steep hill opening on the road over the bridge, and leading across Horkesley common to Suffolk, by Neyland bridge; and the Rye-gate[1] postern leading to a ford over the Colne, and a water-mill called King's or Middle-mill. There was also a postern in the west wall, opening on St. Mary's churchyard. The walls were much thicker near the gates and posterns than at any other part.

A street near the western wall, and parallel with it, crosses the town from Head-gate, on the south, to North-gate. Its southern half, on the level top of the hill, is called Head Street, and its northern part, where it descends the steep hill to North-gate, is known as North-hill. Just where the descent commences, the High-street branches off at right angles from Head-street, and traverses the length of the town to East-gate. A narrow slip of ground is thus enclosed between the west wall on one side, and Head-street and North-hill on the other. In the southern corner of this quarter, overlooking the walls, was the residence of Sir Harbottle Grimston, on the site of the former house of the crouched friars. Sir Harbottle was a wealthy and influential Parliament man, and afterwards Speaker of the healing Parliament, and the friend and patron of Bishop Burnett. On the highest part of the town, overhanging the west wall, was the church of St. Mary's-at-the-walls, (*ad muros*) with a strong square tower of the same materials as the town walls themselves, having massive buttresses at its angles. North of it was the parsonage; and the principal inn of those days, with the sign of the King's head, stood within the *balkon*. The rest of this quarter was, and is, covered with gardens and orchards, the spreading boughs of the trees over-shadowing the walls.

In the High Street was the old Moot-hall, and near the East-gate was the church of St. James on one side, and

[1] More correctly Rhee or Rea-gate, that is 'the river gate.' It was taken down in 1659.

an open space called Friar's-yard on the other. Colchester contained six other churches. Among them were St. Ronwald's in the middle of the High-street, St. Peter's at the top of North-hill with a conspicuous red brick tower, Trinity with its Roman bricks and curious western door, and St. Martin's, now a ruinous little place nearly smothered with ivy. The splendid old castle, built in 1076, is one of the finest specimens of an old Norman keep in England. Its massive walls of rough stone, with courses of Roman bricks, are twelve feet thick, and have square towers at the angles. The castle stands on a green or bailey, on the north side of High-street, whence there is a fine view of the valley of the Colne and the hills beyond. In 1648 it was used as the county jail.

The Colne approaches the walls at the foot of North-hill, so that the bridge was within a few hundred yards of the North-gate, and it continues almost to wash the walls as far as Rye-gate postern. But beyond this point the river takes a wide circuit round some low meadows, and on the east side of the town its banks are nearly a quarter of a mile from the walls. Here there was a water-mill, and the east bridge, over which the road led up East-hill to East-gate. Beyond the river the hills rise again, and were crowned with windmills, and the old Chapel of St. Anne's. The Magdalen street led from St. Botolph's-gate for a mile down the hill to the port of Colchester, called the Hythe, on the river Colne. Here all the trade of the town was carried on, vessels of 100 to 150 tons came up to load and unload, and goods were stored ready for shipment. Here too was the church of St. Leonard's, with its quaint old porch having a chamber above it; and on a rising ground beyond the river was the church of Greenstead, now replaced by a modern building. The gardens and enclosures round the south-east corner of the walls, between Magdalen street and East-hill were called Berry Fields.

The Scherde-gate postern, in about the centre of the south wall, opened on a lane leading into a slight dip or valley, and then up a hill to the extensive grounds once occupied by the Benedictine Abbey of St. John's, whence there is

a fine view of the town. The gate-house of flint, with perpendicular dressings and courses of hewn stone, is about 200 yards south of the town walls, and is still standing. It is a beautiful old ruin, with a tower, and massive crocketted pinnacles at each angle, walls with richly carved canopied niches, and a chamber over the great doorway. The other buildings have long since disappeared, but the ancient walls, enclosing the monastery garden and other precincts, remain. After the dissolution the site was sold to John Lucas, the town clerk of Colchester,[1] who built himself a house with extensive gardens. The breezy common on one side is called St. John's Green. The shabby little church of St. Giles's, with its flint walls and wooden tower, stands on the old abbey walls to the east of the gate-house, and here was the vault of the Lucas family.

The people of Colchester had always been staunch Parliamentarians, and hitherto Essex had, with the other associated counties, escaped almost entirely from the misery of being the theatre of war. In 1642 the House of Commons had granted £1,500 for repairing the walls of the town of Colchester, and in 1644 the zealous townsmen had seized the Royalist Lord Lucas, elder brother of Sir Charles and great grandson of the town clerk, and destroyed his house on St. John's Green. They even broke open the family vault in St. Giles's church, and desecrated the remains of Lady Lucas and her daughter Lady Killigrew. The brother, Sir Charles Lucas, now had an opportunity of wreaking fearful vengeance on the people of his native town, of which he did not fail to avail himself. A company of Flemings had settled in Colchester during the reign of Elizabeth, who had introduced

[1] John Lucas, town clerk of Colchester, who bought the site of St. John's Abbey, had a son, Sir Thomas Lucas, who was recorder of Colchester in 1575. His son, also Sir Thomas, by Elizabeth, daughter of John Leighton of London, his wife, but previously his mistress, had three sons and a daughter. The eldest was born before marriage. The second, John, was created Lord Lucas by Charles I. in 1644; and his only child and heiress, Mary Lucas, married Anthony Grey, Earl of Kent, from whom descends the present Countess Cowper and Baroness Lucas in her own right. The third son was Sir Charles Lucas, who inherited an estate called Brewood Hall, in the parish of Great Horkesley, about four miles north of Colchester. The youngest daughter, Margaret, the second wife of the Duke of Newcastle, is the lady from whose life of her husband we have so often quoted.

the cloth manufacture of *bays* and *says*, and at this time there were upwards of a thousand of their descendants in the town, living chiefly in the parish of St. Peter's, and *bay* and *say* making was a flourishing trade.

Such was the town which was occupied by the insurgents on that fatal June 12, 1648. Their principal leader, George Goring, Earl of Norwich,[1] was an elderly man with little military experience, having been in attendance on Queen Henrietta Maria, during the civil war, as her vice-chamberlain. He was of a jocose disposition, and a better man than his son, who, after ruining the King's affairs in the west, had now finally rid England of his presence. But that is not saying much. Lord Capel, the second in command, was a man of very high character, brave, faithful, and honourable. He had escaped from Cornwall when Sir Ralph Hopton capitulated, but had recognised the new Government afterwards, by compounding for his estates. Yet he had never been a prisoner of war, and therefore had a perfect right to risk his life by joining the insurrection, so far as his own honour was concerned. Charles, with his usual disregard for the interests of his friends, had exacted a promise from him to engage in this unfortunate rising.[2] We have already made the acquaintance of Sir Charles Lucas at Marston Moor, and of Lord Loughborough and Sir George Lisle at Naseby. The other leaders were Sir William Compton from Kent, an Italian adventurer named Bernardo Guasconi, Colonel Farre a deserter from the army, and Colonels Sir William Campion, Slingsby,[3] Culpepper, Tilly, Tuke, and Bard. Matthew Carter, their quartermaster-general, afterwards became the historian of the siege from the insurgents' point of view. They numbered 4,000 men, of whom 3,400 were foot and 600 cavalry.

[1] He was created Lord Goring in 1628, and Earl of Norwich in 1646. He married Mary Nevile, daughter of Lord Abergavenny, by whom he had George the drunken general, Charles the second earl, and four daughters, of whom Catherine, the youngest, married a Mr. Scott.

[2] Sir Arthur Capel was M.P. for Hertfordshire in the Long Parliament, and was created Lord Capel in August 1641. He married the heiress of Sir Charles Morrison of Cashiobury, and his son was created Earl of Essex in 1661.

[3] Not our old friend Sir Henry.

The ten parliamentary Commissioners, seized at Chelmsford, were still retained as prisoners, to be made use of as occasion might suggest.[1] The garrison was at first sufficiently strong not only to man the walls of the town and serve the guns they found there, but also to occupy St. John's-gate and the ruins of Lord Lucas's house, the Hythe, where they fortified St. Leonard's church, and other points beyond the walls.

But they had little time for preparation. Colonel Whalley, after dispersing the rioters in Greenwich Park, had crossed the river by London-bridge, and marched into Essex. That county had ever been loyal to the Parliament, and, as soon as the insurrection broke out, parliamentary levies were quickly raised, consisting of Essex volunteers, who assembled at Coggeshall to the number of 2,000 horse and foot. They were commanded by gallant old Sir Thomas Honywood of Charing,[2] who had reached his sixty-second year; and Colonel Whalley lost no time in joining them with his regiment of horse. Volunteers for the Parliament had also assembled in Suffolk, and occupied Neyland bridge and the other passes over the Stour.

On Sunday, June 11, Lord Fairfax, having collected a sufficient number of boats, with much difficulty, at Gravesend, crossed the river with his troops, and advanced to Billericay, about five miles east of Brentwood, on the London and Colchester road. Leaving the main body to follow, the general galloped across the county to Coggeshall with an escort of ten men; and on June 13, only a day after the arrival of the

[1] The principal commissioner was Sir William Masham, of Otes, member for Essex, a venerable and influential Parliament man. The other nine were Sir William Rowe, John Eden, Thomas Ayloff, Robert Crane, Samson Sheffield a friend of Lord Fairfax and relation of the Earl of Mulgrave, John Langley of Colchester, Timothy Middleton, Robert Smith, and Arthur Barnardiston. All ten belonged to the Parliamentary Committee for Essex.

[2] Sir Thomas Honywood was grandson of Robert Honywood of Charing, whose brother John was the ancestor of the present Sir Courtenay Honywood. Sir Thomas was one of the Committee for Essex in 1648, and was on the Commission for trying the King, but refused to act. He commanded a regiment of Essex men at the battle of Worcester, and was one of Oliver's lords. Sir Thomas died at the house of his son-in-law, Sir Robert Cotton, near the Houses of Parliament, in 1666, aged 80

insurgents, he marched along the London road across Lexden common, and summoned Colchester to surrender.

At first Lord Fairfax had only a very small force, which gave time to the insurgents to complete their defences, but reinforcements continued to arrive, and eventually he had a besieging army of about 3,000 men, besides volunteers, consisting for the most part of portions of regiments. Of regular horse there were four troops of the general's own, commanded by Major Desborough, six troops under Colonel Whalley, five troops of Fleetwood's regiment under Major Coleman, three troops under Commissary-General Ireton, and two troops of dragoons—in all about 1,200 cavalry. The foot consisted of a complete regiment of ten companies under Colonel Barkstead, seven companies under Colonel Needham, the general's old companion in arms at Selby and Marston Moor, some companies of Ingoldsby's regiment, and half a regiment commanded by Admiral Rainsborough, who had been driven from his fleet in the Downs by the mutineers. On the 18th Colonel Eure arrived, with four companies of foot, fresh from the taking of Chepstow Castle. This brought up the number of regular infantry to nearly 3,000 men, besides the Essex levies under Sir Thomas Honywood, and the Suffolk volunteers.

Three new colonels, whose names are not included in the list of commanders of regiments of the New Model Army, as originally constituted by Fairfax, appear in the history of the siege of Colchester, namely Needham, Barkstead, and Eure. Colonel Needham is an old Yorkshire friend. John Barkstead was a goldsmith in the Strand, and acquired his military experience with the city train-bands under Colonel Venn. He had only recently received a colonelcy in the regular army.[1] Isaac Eure was a gentleman of a very ancient family, and cousin of Lord Eure, a Royalist slain at Marston Moor.

[1] Colonel Barkstead was a regicide, Lieutenant of the Tower, and Steward of the Household to the Lord Protector. At the Restoration he fled to Hanau in Germany, was betrayed by a scoundrel named Downing, basely given up by the Dutch, and butchered at Tyburn in 1662. This Downing was created a Baronet in 1663, as a reward for his infamy, and became a Commissioner of Customs.

Colonel Isaac was a violent fanatic, but an able soldier. When the New Model Army was organised, he was lieutenant-colonel of Hammond's regiment.[1]

Thus commenced the memorable siege of Colchester.

[1] He was a regicide, but died before the Restoration.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE SIEGE OF COLCHESTER.

LORD FAIRFAX, marching along the London road towards Head-gate with a small advanced brigade, consisting of the regiments of Needham and Barkstead, Whalley's horse, and some Essex volunteers, arrived on Lexden or Stanway heath at midnight, and sent a trumpeter to summon Lord Norwich to surrender, in the forenoon of June 13. The old wit sent back an insolent answer, bidding the trumpeter tell the general that 'he heard he was ill of the gout, but that *Goring* would cure him of all diseases.' The soldiers were naturally enraged at this affront being put upon their general, and immediately assaulted Head-gate with great fury. The Royalists, led by Colonel Farre, came out to defend the approaches, and there was a fierce hand-to-hand fight, which lasted several hours. At last the insurgents fell back, abandoning the ground they had occupied, called Sholand and Boroughfield, and retreating within Head-gate and the Scherde-gate postern, closely pressed upon by Barkstead's men. There was a desperate struggle to close the Head-gate, Lord Capel leading on his men on foot, pike in hand, and finally fastening the gates for the moment with his own cane. Many of Colonel Farre's men were shut out and taken prisoners; and the assailants still continued to fire under and over the gates.[1] It was late at night before they withdrew, leaving several hundred slain under the walls; among whom was that gallant Yorkshireman, Colonel Needham.

Lord Fairfax, considering the great strength of the be-

[1] An account of this action was written from the field on the night of the 13th, but it is not of much use.—*The Lord Goring beaten at Colchester: A Letter from the Army*, *King's Pamphlets*, No. 371.

sieged, and the doubtful result of an assault, resolved to take the place by a regular siege.[1] He accordingly fixed his head-quarters at Lexden, and threw up a work in the Sholand called Essex fort,[2] facing St. Mary's church. His plan was first to open ground along the west side of the town from Essex fort to the river near North-bridge; then to occupy the points along the left bank of the river, and on the south side of the town, as soon as he was sufficiently reinforced; and finally to close in on all sides. Several weighty considerations led him to adopt this course. The numerical superiority of the insurgents rendered the result of an assault doubtful and a heavy loss of life certain. In the then critical state of the country it was most important to avoid all risks of even a temporary reverse, while the shutting up of so large a number of leading Royalists tended to prevent any rising elsewhere.

Accordingly the general at once commenced his operations, breaking fresh ground every night, and running his trenches from one small sconce or redoubt to another, until he had completely closed up all the approaches to the town from the west, between the river and the Lexden road. Meanwhile the insurgents continued to throw up defences. They showed great want of enterprise in not coming out and giving battle to the besiegers while they had the superiority in numbers; but we are told by their quartermaster-general that their reason for this inaction was that 'we thought to ruin our enemy by long delays.' The left bank of the Colne was still left open, and the insurgents took advantage of the respite to make raids into the country, and bring cattle and grain into the town. Several foraging parties traversed the Tendring hundred, and one successful dash was made across the North-bridge, into the parish of Great Horkesley. But this only lasted until the general was joined by the rest of

[1] *Short Memorial*, p. 122. 'Ireton compared the town and those therein to a great swarm of bees, and our army to a small swarm of bees sticking on one side of it.' Ludlow, p. 109.

[2] This fort was eight rods long and three broad. It was filled up and levelled at Michaelmas, 1742. Morant.

his force. Meanwhile great store of corn, wine, fish, and gunpowder was found in the warehouses at the Hythe, and removed into the town.

At the commencement of the siege the insurgent leaders rejected all terms of surrender, and went so far as to offer pardons to the soldiers of the Parliament, and to intercede with his Majesty for the officers. With Lords Norwich and Capel the general could treat, but some of the subordinate leaders were deserters, or had broken their parole of honour as prisoners, and with these no direct communication could be held. Sir Charles Lucas was told by Lord Fairfax, in reply to a proposal for exchange of prisoners, that 'he had forfeited his parole, his honour, and faith, being a prisoner on parole, and therefore was not capable of command or trust in martial affairs.'[1] He replied that, since he gave his parole, he had compounded for his estates;[2] which, instead of being any excuse, rather aggravated the offence. But it will be necessary to treat more fully of this matter when we consider the reasons for Sir Charles's military execution.

After the general had been about ten days before the town, the Flemish *bay* and *say* makers petitioned to have free trade with London during the siege. This was, of course, out of the question, but Fairfax, with his usual anxiety to cause as little suffering as possible to non-combatants, permitted them to hold a market on Lexden-heath with freedom to sell or take their goods back as the case might be.

By June 20 the works on the west side of the town were completed, and operations were commenced against the north and south walls. Colonel Eure, with his companies of foot fresh from the storming of Chepstow, crossed the Colne near a hamlet called the Shepen, and threw up a work in front of North-bridge, which was called Fort Ingoldsby. An attack upon it was easily repulsed, and the besiegers thus gained a footing on the left bank of the river. They were joined by 2,500 Suffolk volunteers, who encamped on Mile-end heath.

[1] Rushworth, vii. p. 1160. Whitelock, ii. p. 336.
[2] *Fairfax Correspondence.*

At the same time Colonel Barkstead was ordered to throw up a redoubt across the lane to Maldon, facing the south wall at Head-gate; and here the insurgents made desperate attempts to hinder the progress of the work. On the 26th they sallied out in force, but were driven back beyond their own guard-house, where the hour-glass for setting their watches was captured, and carried off in triumph. On the 28th a heavy fire was opened upon Barkstead's men from the windows of Sir Harbottle Grimston's house, which overlooked the south-west angle of the wall; and the general was obliged to bring some artillery to bear, which soon riddled the building and rendered it untenable.

By the end of the month Lord Fairfax was strong enough to extend his operations, and occupy the chief positions on the left bank of the Colne; and on July 1 Colonel Whalley took Greenstead church, opposite the Hythe, and erected a strong battery in the churchyard. The Suffolk volunteers also seized a water-mill at East-bridge, and thus blocked up the approaches on that side.

Finding themselves nearly surrounded, the insurgent leaders resolved to make a sally in great force from the East-gate. On the morning of July 6 Lucas and Lisle, with 200 horse and 500 foot, marched out of East-gate and down the long hill to the bridge. The Suffolk men fired upon them from behind a breastwork at the bridge-head as they advanced; but their position was carried by a rush, and Lucas led his men across the river, some running over the bridge and others wading through the water.[1] Flushed with success, and unsatisfied with the substantial advantage they had gained, they then charged up the hills towards St. Anne's chapel and the windmills, where they were met by Whalley's horse, and thrown into confusion. Sir George Lisle was for a moment taken prisoner, but was rescued by his own men. The insurgents then fled back into the town, losing many killed and wounded, and the position at East-bridge was recovered. In this affair Colonel Shambrooke, who had succeeded to the command of Needham's regiment, was wounded

[1] This was easy, as most of the water is here taken off by the millstream.

by a ball which had been poisoned by boiling it in copperas.[1] Such barbarous acts, contrary to the usages of civilised warfare, gave rise to a very bitter feeling in the army against the insurgents. On the 14th Colonel Whalley, with some Suffolk volunteers, took the Hythe with little opposition, and made prisoners of the garrison, which consisted of eighty Kentish insurgents.

Having secured these positions on the eastern side, the general proceeded to complete his leaguer by driving the enemy out of Lord Lucas's house, St. John's gate, and their other advanced posts beyond the south wall. He also raised hornworks and redoubts along the north side, by the river-banks, where Admiral Rainsborough commanded, and, planting several guns in a fort on the Warren, opened a heavy fire on the Middle-mill. The other water-mill at East-bridge, and all the windmills, had already been seized by Colonel Whalley.

But before continuing his operations, Lord Fairfax, anxious to prevent further suffering, sent an offer of complete amnesty to all the insurgents below the rank of captain, the ringleaders surrendering at discretion. The reply was that if another proposal was sent to the soldiers separately, excluding their officers, the messenger would be hanged. This was on July 15. If the ringleaders continued the defence after this offer, it would be for the sole object of securing their personal safety, respecting which they showed extreme anxiety. Regardless of the sufferings around them, and with the one selfish thought of making good their escape, they prolonged the defence from day to day; watching anxiously for a chance of breaking through the besieging force, and of leaving their humbler comrades to shift for themselves. Horses were kept ready saddled every night for Lucas, Lisle, and the other leaders, and many attempts were made to escape. On the very night of the 15th Lucas and Lisle forded the river at Middle-mill, intending to make for Neyland-bridge, and so get away into Suffolk. But their guides, who were to have opened a way for them through the

[1] Rushworth. Whitelock, ii. p. 533.

hedges to Boxted, ran away, and they were obliged to go back into the town by the Rye-gate postern. On the 18th they made another attempt to get away, and repeated the experiment on several other nights, until the suspicions of their own followers were aroused.

After the mills were captured, the besieged set to work with horse[1] and hand mills, and constructed a rude windmill on the top of the castle, which was, however, knocked over by a shot from Rainsborough's fort. But soon scarcity began to be felt, and on July 20 the garrison commenced the eating of horse-flesh. By way of entering upon this new diet with cheerfulness, a horse was roasted whole at the *corps du gard* near the North-gate, and the dismounted troopers were armed with scythes fixed to poles. Lord Capel marched on foot, with a halberd on his shoulder.

The operations on the south side were commenced in the middle of July. The first thing was to silence a *saker* which had been planted on a platform in the frame of the bells at the top of St. Mary's tower, and which, flanking the trenches near Barkstead's fort, caused considerable annoyance. A one-eyed marksman had also stationed himself amongst the bells of St. Mary's, and had picked off many soldiers. At last two demi-culverins were brought to bear upon the tower, and after about sixty rounds one side was breached, and there was an end of the *saker* and the one-eyed marksman.[2] Having abated this nuisance, the general ordered the posts at St. John's to be taken by storm. The house of Lord Lucas had been demolished, but the garrison occupied two enclosures containing ruined buildings, and were strongly posted in the gate-house. Fairfax, after effecting a breach in the outer wall with two culverins, led Barkstead's regiment to the assault, and carried both enclosures, driving their defenders into the gate-house. Here they made an obstinate stand,

[1] Or house-mills, as it is printed in Carter, p. 67.

[2] The tower was built up to its former height with bricks in 1729, and the line between the old and the new work is very clearly marked. The church was rebuilt in 1714.

and repulsed several assaults. At last eight guns were brought up against the building, under cover of which a storming party advanced, placed ladders, and effected an entrance. There was then a sharp fight with swords and the butt-ends of muskets, which ended in the retreat of the surviving defenders into the town through Scherde-gate postern. St. Giles's church was also taken, and the insurgents were now confined closely within the walls of the town.[1] Many a Parliamentary veteran was lying stiff and stark on St. John's Green through that terrible night, and the paths round the gate-house were thickly strewn with Royalist dead.

Lord Fairfax now advanced his trenches close up to the south wall of the town, and threw up redoubts in Berry fields, between Magdalen Street and East Hill. A determined sally of the besieged from St. Botolph's gate to interrupt these works was steadily repulsed, but Lord Fairfax had a very narrow escape. One of the insurgent leaders had watched him riding towards a redoubt near East-gate, took a careful aim with a *drake*, and the ball struck the ground so near him that he was covered with dirt. As soon as the siege works were completed the general removed his head-quarters from Lexden to the Hythe, and caused a heavy fire to be opened upon the walls from Head-gate to the Colne. Before storm-

[1] Matthew Carter (p. 71) accuses the Parliamentary soldiers of having broken open the Lucas family vault under St. Giles's church on this occasion, and desecrated the remains of the dead. He states that he got his information from an eye-witness. This conduct, natural enough in Royalist vultures—such as insulted the remains of departed genius and heroism and virtue after the Restoration—is very unlike what might be expected from the strictly disciplined and God-fearing warriors of the New Model army. And the accusation, grossly improbable as it is, is capable of disproof. It appears that when the citizens of Colchester seized Lord Lucas and demolished his house on St. John's Green in 1642, they also violated the repository of his ancestors' ashes in St. Giles's church. (See Cromwell's *Colchester*, i. p. 91.) No doubt Carter, a violent and unscrupulous partizan, got hold of this story and used it to slander the besiegers. The author of the *Loyal Sacrifice*, an equally unreliable authority, asserts that this desecration took place after the siege, when Sir Charles Lucas was buried. These statements contradict each other, but both are false, and both are doubtless derived from the same story, respecting the conduct of the townspeople in 1642. It is necessary to put this story in its true light, because Lady Theresa Lewis has adopted Carter's version without question.

ing, he intended to send for all women and children to come out of the town.[1]

As August set in, the sufferings of the besieged became very severe. There was nothing to eat but horse-flesh and cats and dogs, and the leaders had difficulty to preserve the horses by means of which they still hoped to desert their followers and escape. Soldiers reserved the scraps of ammunition loaf from breakfast and walked the streets in search of dogs. If one was found, a bit of bread was dropped to decoy him within reach, and the hungry soldier then knocked his brains out with the butt-end of a musket. The side of a small dog was sold for six shillings.[2] At this time, on August 10, Lady Catharine Scott, a daughter of Lord Norwich, got permission to have an interview with her father respecting some family affairs, at one of the posterns. The besieged entertained her there with a collation of horse-flesh, and a bottle or two of wine. The wretched townspeople were even worse off than the soldiers. Women and children lay about the door of Norwich's quarters, howling and crying on the ground for bread, and the unfeeling old joker of jokes told these heart-broken mothers that, if they were hungry, they had better eat their children. When the sentries beat them off, they bid them fire, saying they would rather be shot than starved.[3] Relief was now absolutely impossible, and the prolongation of the misery of these poor people, with the purely selfish object of getting a chance to escape, was utterly indefensible conduct on the part of the ringleaders of the insurrection. But the citizens of Colchester were exposed to still greater horrors. Their houses were ruthlessly burnt down, and the brutal soldiery committed unspeakable atrocities on their wives and children, in which Sir Charles Lucas set them an infamous example.[4]

[1] Rushworth, vii. p. 1193.

[2] Carter, p. 77.

[3] The reply of a soldier to one wretched woman who was crying for food for her child was, 'God damn me! that child would make a good deal of good meat well boiled.' *Colchester's Teares*, p. 11.

[4] *Colchester's Teares*, p. 11.

On August 11 arrows were shot into the town, with papers attached to them announcing the total defeat of the Scots by Cromwell, and offering terms to the soldiers. The stores were now nearly empty, the magazine would not maintain a two hours' fight, and the clamours of the townspeople for a surrender began to be echoed by the soldiers. Negotiations were attempted, but Lord Fairfax sternly adhered to the terms which he had resolved to enforce—quarter for the soldiers, but their leaders must surrender at discretion. Lucas, Lisle, and other officers now resolved to make another attempt to escape; and to put the men at the North-gate in good humour, they gave them 'sack, burnt claret, raisins, prunes, and good words.'[1] They intended to break through on the night of August 25, and leave the men to shift for themselves.[2]

But the soldiers naturally became mutinous when they discovered the intention of their officers to desert and leave them to their fate. They agreed among themselves not to let any of their officers go, and declared they would kill them if they attempted to stir. Then the clamour for a surrender increased, and the men swore that if conditions were not agreed to, they would make them for themselves.

So at last commissioners were sent out to accept such conditions as Lord Fairfax would offer.[3] Before he would agree to any treaty, the general insisted that the nine Parliamentary committee men must be released, which was accordingly done. Sir William Masham had been exchanged some weeks before. Articles were then agreed to, and signed at the Hythe at about ten at night of August 27. They were that all horses, with saddles and bridles, should be collected at St. Mary's churchyard and delivered over at nine the next morning; that all arms and colours should be deposited in St. James's church by ten; that all soldiers and officers under the rank of captain should have fair quarter, surrendering in

[1] Rushworth, vii. p. 1241.

[2] Carter, p. 87.

[3] The original submission, signed by Norwich, Capel, and Lucas, is among the *Tanner MSS.*, vol. lvii. p. 246.

Friar's yard by the East-gate at ten; that all superior officers should assemble at the King's Head Inn by eleven, and surrender to mercy; that all guards be withdrawn by eight; that powder and waggons be given up at ten; that the wounded should be cared for; that cannon should be left on the platforms; and that there should be a cessation of arms.[1] In reply to enquiries, it was clearly explained in writing that '*fair quarter*' insured to the soldiers their lives, clothing, and food while they were prisoners; and that '*surrendering to mercy*' signified surrender without any assurance of quarter, the general being free to put some to the sword at once, and to leave others to be dealt with by Parliament.[2] The town was to free itself from plunder by paying a sum of £14,000. Lord Fairfax afterwards remitted £4,000, and £5,000 was levied on Royalists throughout Essex; so that Colchester got off with £5,000, of which sum £2,000 was given to the Essex volunteers, who had left their homes at great inconvenience, £1,000 to the poor of the town, and the rest, with the fine levied on the Essex Royalists, to the besieging force.

At about two o'clock in the afternoon of August 28, after a siege which lasted for seventy-five days, Lord Fairfax entered the town of Colchester, and rode round it, to view the works of the besieged garrison.[3] He then went to his quarters at the Hythe, and a council of war immediately met at the Moot-hall.

The court-martial, sitting at the Moot-hall, condemned Sir Charles Lucas, Sir George Lisle, Colonel Farre, and the Italian Guasconi to be shot. Farre had escaped, and Guasconi was pardoned by the general; but the two knights were executed on the green on the north side of the castle

[1] The total number that surrendered was 3,471. Of these 3,067 were common soldiers, 324 subordinate officers, 65 officers' servants, and 75 superior officers.

[2] Rushworth, vii. p. 1247.

[3] Rushworth to the Speaker, *Tanner MSS.*, vol. lvii. p. 249. He says that the general found the place to be very strong in all its parts. He adds, 'It was a sad spectacle to see so many fair houses burnt to ashes, and so many inhabitants made so sickly and weak with living on horses and dogs.' Dated Colchester, August 28, 1648.

at about seven o'clock in the evening. Their bodies were interred under the north aisle of St. Giles's church.

The execution of these two knights has usually been looked upon as a dark spot on the character of Lord Fairfax. The facts were so unscrupulously concealed and perverted by the vile crew that did the carrion work at the Restoration, and strove to blacken the great names of those who opposed the tyranny of the Stuarts, that many modern writers have been mystified and misled. I think, however, that an impartial consideration of all the circumstances will tend to show that on this occasion Lord Fairfax did not belie that character for justice and integrity which he had acquired by his whole previous career.

The terms of the surrender were that the general should be free to put some of the superior officers to death at once, and leave others to be dealt with by the Parliament. This was distinctly understood by both parties to the treaty. In his Short Memorial, Lord Fairfax confines himself entirely to answering 'some who have questioned the just performance of the articles.'[1] In this he is of course completely successful. The executions involved no infringement of the terms of surrender. It is worthy of remark, however, that the accusations against the general, during his own lifetime, should have referred to this question of the fulfilment of the articles, rather than to the actual motives for the subsequent severity; which is at least negative evidence that the reasons for the general's decision were so unanswerable that the friends of the condemned knights thought it safer to raise a false issue than to attempt a discussion of the real points.

But, though the executions were justifiable under the terms of the treaty, it must be conceded that those terms would be rightly considered, under ordinary circumstances, to be exceptionally harsh and cruel. Let us, therefore, examine the grounds upon which Lord Fairfax felt it to be his duty to enforce such terms, and thus to deviate from the merciful

[1] *Short Memorial*, p. 122.

concessions which military commanders in those days, as in ours, usually granted to a defeated and helpless enemy.

The reasons which induced Lord Fairfax to confirm the sentence of the court-martial are stated in his official despatch to the Earl of Manchester,[1] dated from the Hythe on August 29, 1648. They are—

1. 'The satisfaction of military justice.'

2. 'Avenge for the innocent blood they have caused to be spilt, and the trouble, damage, and mischief they have brought upon the town, this county, and the kingdom.'[2]

We will now examine how far these charges are borne out by facts in the case of each knight.

Sir Charles Lucas was taken prisoner with old Sir Jacob Astley at Stow-in-the-Wold, the last action in the war; and he therefore can never have been exchanged. He was a prisoner to the commander-in-chief, and had given his parole of honour not again to serve against the Parliament until exchanged. Sir Charles fully admits this in his letter of excuse,[3] in reply to the general's declaration that he had forfeited his honour and faith, being a prisoner on parole. But he makes the excuse that he had compounded for his estates, and that this payment freed him from his engagements with the general. The excuse is obviously untenable. The composition was in fact a fine for having fought on the losing side, and those who were allowed to pay it acknowledged the existing Government and engaged to live as peaceable subjects under it. It was open to all Royalists to refuse to compound, and to remain as open enemies of the new *régime*. Far from cancelling his parole of honour, the composition to which Sir Charles Lucas was admitted increased rather than diminished his obligations. It bound him to keep the peace as regards the civil Government, on

[1] Then Speaker of the House of Lords.

[2] Rushworth, vii. p. 1243. The original letter is amongst the *Tanner MSS.*, vol. lvii. p. 252.

[3] *Fairfax Correspondence*, iv. p. 56. Mr. Morant asks when Lucas was ever a prisoner on parole, and observes that it behoves the admirers of Lord Fairfax to explain his reply to Sir Charles. Sir Charles Lucas's own letter, since published in the *Fairfax Correspondence*, answers this question.

pain of being proceeded against as a traitor, while his engagement to the general as a prisoner on parole continued in full force.

In joining the insurrection, therefore, he committed treason to the *de facto* Government, which he had acknowledged by paying his composition; and he also broke his parole of honour, and might justly be put to death by sentence of a court-martial whenever taken in arms.

The case of the other condemned knight was analogous.

Sir George Lisle was governor of Farringdon, and he surrendered on the same terms as the Oxford garrison, solemnly engaging not again to bear arms against the Parliament. Having dishonourably broken his word and joined the insurrection, he might also be justly sentenced to death wherever found in arms.

With regard to the second charge, the two Houses had passed an ordinance on June 20 declaring that all who made war against the Parliament were traitors, having been so adjudged by two Acts of Parliament (2 Richard II. and 1 Henry IV.), and ordering that they should be proceeded against as such. Both Lucas and Lisle had done all in their power to bring the miseries and horrors of war upon their country: they had cruelly prolonged the siege, with the selfish object of securing their own personal safety; they had allowed the most horrible atrocities to be committed by their soldiers on defenceless women and children;[1] and Lucas at least had set his men an infamous example.

It must be borne in mind that, although the fact has no bearing on the abstract rights of the case, the Royalists had no just cause to complain of proceedings which were infinitely more justifiable than those that had been adopted by themselves. In the early part of the war a Parliamentary officer was hanged in cold blood by the Royalist Governor of Exeter, with the full approbation of a Royalist judge, not because he was accused of breaking his parole or of infringing any article of a treaty by which he was bound, but solely on the

[1] For full details see *Colchester's Teares.*

ground that he had been taken in arms.[1] This act was not disapproved by the King or his advisers. Royalist commanders too, notably Lord Byron in Cheshire, had slaughtered their enemies in cold blood who had surrendered at discretion on more than one occasion. One of the Parliamentary soldiers took occasion to remind Sir Charles Lucas of this when he complained of his sentence.

In the cases of Sir Charles Lucas and Sir George Lisle there is no necessity for a resort to recrimination. They had both forfeited their words of honour as soldiers, and might justly be put to death in 'satisfaction of military justice;' and they had brought misery and desolation upon the country in defiance of the obligation they were under to refrain from bearing arms against the Government.

Their execution, then, was strictly just, and was a penalty which any military commander would be justified in exacting for a similar offence against the laws of honour. But although the justice of the general's sentence may be established, it may yet be asked whether there was any necessity for exacting the full penalty, and whether this was not a case for a display of generosity on the part of the conqueror. It may safely be answered that never was there a time when one or two severe examples were more urgently called for; and when, how much soever the general might wish to show mercy, he was more bound to perform what to him must have been a very painful duty. The state of the country was most critical. Insurrections were threatened or had actually broken out in all directions; and veteran Royalist officers were showing a total disregard to their engagements not again to bear arms against the Parliament. It is true that that glorious old warrior Sir Jacob Astley, and others of his stamp, would have sooner died than have forfeited their

[1] In July 1644 Captain Turpine, of the Parliamentary army, was taken prisoner near Exeter. The sole charge against him was that he was in arms for the Parliament. Chief Justice Heath held an assize at Exeter, and condemned Turpine to death. The sheriff properly refused to commit this murder. Sir John Berkeley, the Royalist Governor of Exeter, at Heath's suggestion, then hanged the unfortunate officer. See Campbell's *Lives of the Chief Justices*, i. p. 418, quoting from Whitelock.

honour. They made no sign.[1] Yet Sir Charles Lucas and Sir George Lisle were not the only ones who showed a different spirit. It is lamentable to find that Sir Thomas Glemham, the gallant defender of cities, who was equally bound to refrain,[2] was equally criminal; and others were following his evil example. If honour would not restrain them, it was necessary to furnish some other motive, and it became an imperative duty to make one or two examples of the ringleaders.

No great general was ever more distinguished for generosity and forbearance towards his enemies than Lord Fairfax, throughout his military career; and we may feel sure that an imperious sense of duty alone induced him to authorise these executions, and that no act of his public life ever gave him more pain than his approval of the sentence of the Colchester court-martial.

After the executions the other officers were assured of fair quarter as prisoners of war; and Lords Norwich, Capel, and Loughborough were sent to Windsor Castle. The latter escaped.[3] In November a resolution of both Houses decreed the banishment of the insurgent Lords, but this resolution was revoked in December, and in February 1649 they were tried for their lives before a High Court of Justice in Westminster Hall. Although it will slightly anticipate the course of events, it will be well to relate here the connection that Lord Fairfax had with these trials, and so take leave of this painful subject.

Lord Capel, at his trial, declared that he had free quarter given him at Colchester, and that all the gowns in the world had nothing to do with him.[4] But the words of the articles do not warrant Lord Capel's construction. Lord Fairfax,

[1] Sir Jacob was exactly in Sir Charles Lucas's position. Taken prisoner at the same time, he also was released on parole, and had compounded for his estate. But he was a man of honour, and could not, therefore, join this insurrection.

[2] By the articles of Oxford.

[3] 'March 16, 1649. My Lord Loughborough is safely landed at Rotterdam.' *Carte*, i. p. 231.

[4] Whitelock, ii. p. 530.

at the earnest request of Lord Capel's friends,[1] attended at the Court, and stated the meaning of the articles, as explained in writing before the surrender. Those who received quarter, he said, were to be free from military execution at the time, but not from the judicial proceedings of a Civil Court.[2] The unfortunate Lord appears to have thought that the clause providing that he might be proceeded against in a Civil Court referred only to his liberty and estate, and not to his life. There is no such reservation in the words of the articles, though he certainly ought to have had the benefit of the doubt. The judges ungenerously overruled his plea, and condemned both Norwich and Capel to death, but their fate was referred to the House of Commons. Lady Capel petitioned for her husband's life, and Lord Fairfax also addressed a letter to the House 'touching the Lord Capel,'[3] which unfortunately has not been preserved. But we cannot doubt that its purport was on the side of mercy. All was of no avail. The casting vote of the Speaker saved the life of Norwich, but the good and noble Capel was condemned by a majority of three or four and beheaded.[4] His execution was cruel and unnecessary; and the guilt rests with that bare majority of the House of Commons.[5]

Return we now to less painful events. As soon as the prisoners had been dismissed, a grand review was appointed to be held of the besieging army and all the Essex and Suffolk volunteers, on Wednesday, August 29. Unluckily it

[1] *Short Memorial*, p. 124. He had in the previous October fully explained his views respecting the articles of surrender, in a letter to the Speaker. See Rushworth, vii. p. 1303.

[2] Clarendon says that Lord Fairfax excused himself from attending at the Court in person on the plea of indisposition, and that when his testimony was sent for in writing he *boggled* so much in his answer that they misunderstood him. Both these statements are incorrect. He *did* attend at the Court in person, and he did not *boggle*, whatever that elegant expression may mean. He made a plain and clear statement of the facts.

[3] *Commons' Journals*, vi. p. 159.

[4] Godwin says there was no division.

[5] Lady Theresa Lewis, in her notice of Lord Capel, has stated the whole question with great fairness, and draws an interesting parallel between his case and that of Marshal Ney. See her *Lives of the Friends and Contemporaries of Lord Chancellor Clarendon*, ii. p. 108.

was a very rainy day, but the soldiers and volunteers shook hands with each other, volleys were fired as salutes, and the volunteers returned to their homes. No part of England is richer in Roman remains than the neighbourhood of Colchester. Their study had been the favourite and one of the earliest pursuits of the general, and he now gave himself a few days of relaxation while investigating all that was worthy of notice in this part of Essex, especially at Maldon. He then went to Harwich and crossed to Landguard fort, where he was saluted by the ships in the harbour, and on September 7 he arrived at Ipswich. Mr. Edgar the bailiff, with the magistrates, met him a mile outside the town, presented him with a long address, and gave him a sumptuous entertainment. From Ipswich he went, by Aldborough, to Yarmouth, where the ships fired a salute of a hundred guns in his honour. On the 13th he was the guest of Sir John Wentworth at Lovingland, and he went thence to Norwich, the Mayor and Aldermen coming out to meet him in scarlet gowns, at the head of the trained bands. Finally, after making this tour through the eastern counties, where he was enthusiastically received as having once more restored the blessings of peace, he fixed his head-quarters at Bury St. Edmunds, and on September 22 removed them to St. Albans.

NOTE ON THE AUTHORITIES FOR THE SIEGE OF COLCHESTER.

The best account of the siege of Colchester by an eyewitness was written by the Quartermaster-General of the Royalists. It is entitled *A True Relation of that Honourable, though Unfortunate, Expedition of Kent, Essex, and Colchester, by Matthew Carter, Quartermaster-General in the King's Forces.* I have quoted from the fourth edition, Colchester, 8vo, 117 pages.

This is the insurgent soldier's story. The people of Colchester have a very different account to give, which will be found in *Colchester's Teares, affecting and afflicting City and Country, dropping from the sad face of a new war, threatening to bury in her own ashes that woful Town, faithfully collected, drawn out into a moderate rela-*

tion and debate, by several persons of quality. John Bellamy, Three Golden Lions, near the Exchange. 1648. This curious tract was reprinted at Colchester in 1843, by W. Wire, a watchmaker.

There are also: *Bloody News from Colchester, concerning the late Fight on Tuesday last between the Town, under the command of Sir Charles Lucas, and the Suffolk Forces, near the East Gate.* 1648. A pamphlet entitled *A true and Exact Relation of the Taking of Colchester, sent in a Letter from an Officer of the Army to a Member of the House of Commons.* 1648. And *A Perfect Diurnal of all the Passages and Proceedings betwixt the Lord General's and Colonel Goring's Army, since his Excellency first marched into Essex, Saturday, 10th June, to Tuesday, 20th June. London,* 1648.

Very little information will be found in the very dull, but spiteful and pedantic little book entitled *The Loyall Sacrifice presented in the Lives and Deaths of those two Eminent and Heroick Patternes for Valour, Discipline, and Fidelity, the generally beloved and bemoan'd Sir Charles Lucas and Sir George Lisle, Knights. Printed in the year* 1648.

The particulars of the siege from a Parliamentary point of view may be gathered from the pages of Rushworth; and Whitelock gives a few additional facts.

The best modern account of the siege of Colchester will be found in the *History and Antiquities of Essex*, by the Rev. Philip Morant, 2 vols. folio, London, 1768, vol. i. pp. 57–69. Mr. Morant was rector of St. Mary's in Colchester, and was possessed of accurate local information. There is another account, derived from the same sources, in the *History of Colchester*, compiled by Mr. Benjamin Strutt, Colchester, 2 vols., 1803; and another in the *History of Colchester*, by Thomas Cromwell, 2 vols., 1825. The latter is mainly copied from Morant's *Essex*.

Lady Theresa Lewis has also given an excellent account of the siege of Colchester, in her notice of Lord Capel in the *Lives of the Friends and Contemporaries of Lord Chancellor Clarendon*, vol. ii. pp. 67–87.

Clarendon himself was so ignorant concerning the whole transaction that he actually says that Colchester was not fortified.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

EXECUTION OF THE KING.

No sooner had the great general put down the insurrection than again he found himself surrounded by the same harassing cares and perplexities which had proved far more trying to him than the fiercest battles, after the end of the first civil war. While the army was engaged in the field, all the mischievous brood of Presbyterians had once more flocked to Westminster. Holles had hurried over from France; Lewis, Massey, Clotworthy, and Waller had come from Holland; and again the enemies of the army, and of the great and good cause for which the army had fought, counted a majority in the House. If their evil work was to be done, it must be done quickly. They knew that full well. They repealed the ordinance of no-addresses on August 17, opened negotiations with the King at the Isle of Wight, and pressed a treaty rapidly forward by which episcopacy would have been abolished, a narrow intolerant system enforced, liberty of conscience destroyed, and all the objects of the war abandoned.

Colonel Ludlow, in great alarm, hurried down to Colchester during the siege, and represented the danger to Lord Fairfax. He showed the general that the design of the treaty was to render all his victories useless, and that, even if this were not so, the King when free would not account himself bound by anything he might promise while under restraint.[1] When the army was established at St. Albans, both officers and soldiers were enraged to find that all the progress that had been made towards a settlement had been undone by

[1] Ludlow, p. 709.

their enemies, while they were fighting the battles of the Parliament; and the persistent folly of Holles and his friends in refusing to make any arrangement for paying the troops, and in thus forcing them to live at free quarters on the people, threw the great mass of the army into a dangerous humour, such as enabled the ambitious or fanatical leaders among the officers to fashion it as they chose.

Early in October 1648 Lord Fairfax wrote to the Speaker, complaining of the almost unendurable burden under which the people groaned, in having to support the troops at free quarters. Complaints came to him from the people in every direction, and he did all in his power to satisfy them. But many regiments had not received a penny for eighteen weeks, and the men were sullen and discontented. The general prayed that a speedy course might be taken to pay the army and take off the oppression of free quarters; and the House voted that ways be considered for paying the arrears, but no step was taken. The politicians, mindful of nothing but their own intrigues at Carisbrook, were neglecting their simplest duties, and allowing a sense of injustice to rankle in the breasts of the soldiers until they were ready, as one man, to follow those who promised them redress. Soon the army became as an irresistible torrent, which the general had no power to stem—if he could not, it is very certain that no other man in England could.

Then there came a stern cry from the soldiers for justice on all delinquents. The King even must answer for his misdeeds, they declared. This ominous threat was first heard in the middle of October, when the men had already been kept for months without pay. Petitions began to pour in upon the general, showing a spirit that could not be mistaken. The men of Ireton's regiment prayed that the same fault might have the same punishment in the person of the King as in that of the poorest commoner; and the language of Ingoldsby's regiment was even plainer and stronger.

The feelings of Lord Fairfax himself had undergone a change. A year ago he was anxious to see the King and the bishops restored, so long as secure guarantees were

taken for civil and religious liberty. But the King's treacherous conduct had now convinced him that no trust could be placed in his word, that he would consider no promise as binding, no treaty as sacred. The conclusion was inevitable. A treaty with the King would be equivalent to a betrayal of England's liberties, and of the good cause for which Fairfax and his army had fought and bled.[1] The treaty, therefore, must not be suffered to be completed. The Parliament, which the general had restored to freedom in August 1647, must again be made free. The peace of the kingdom must be settled without the King, as had been decided by the Parliament, with the full concurrence of the army, before the insurrection broke out. The King must be brought to trial and deposed, to make way for a successor with whom a settlement might be possible. It is clear that this was the opinion at which Lord Fairfax had now arrived, though he was still as reluctant as ever to mix actively in politics or to step beyond the sphere of his duties as Commander-in-Chief of the army.

Meanwhile the council of officers, led by Ireton, and inspired to some extent by Marten and Ludlow, had prepared a 'Large Remonstrance,' which was so far countenanced by the general that he sent it to the House of Commons, with a covering letter to the Speaker, entreating the House to take it into timely consideration. It was presented by Colonel Eure and Lieutenant-Colonel Axtell on November 20, 1648. This Remonstrance demanded that further proceedings in the treaty with the King should be set aside, that there should be a return to the vote of no more addresses, that the King be brought to justice, that a day be fixed for the Princes to come in on pain of being declared incapable of government, and that the arrears of the soldiers be paid. It is evident, from the allusion to the Princes' succeeding to the government on certain conditions, that at this time the

[1] Ludlow says: 'The question between the King's party and us being, as I apprehended, whether the King should govern as a god by his will, and the nation be governed by force like beasts; or whether the people should be governed by laws made by themselves, and live under a government derived from their own consent.' *Memoirs*, p. 114.

deposition of the King was contemplated as the result of his being brought to justice, and not his death. Men who intended to kill the father could never have proposed to hand over the government to his sons under any circumstances; nor would Fairfax have for a moment countenanced a proposal to put the King to death.

The general removed his head-quarters to Windsor on November 25, and, as the House seemed resolved to take no notice of the 'Large Remonstrance' of the army, he yielded to the urgent solicitations of the council of officers, and consented to march to London. A declaration was accordingly published, setting forth the grounds on which His Excellency had come to this determination. In this document it was argued that the evident intention of the majority of the House of Commons was to delay the consideration of the army's Remonstrance until the treaty with the King had been concluded.[1] This conduct was attributed to a treacherous apostacy of the Presbyterian majority from the public trust reposed in them, and an appeal was made from them to the judgment of the people. A hope was expressed that the House would reject the corrupt members who injured the public interests, and proceed to the execution of justice and the settlement of the kingdom. If this could not be, then the upright members were urged to protest, and to withdraw from those who persisted in guilt; and the army promised to look upon them as having the chief trust in the kingdom. For this end the general declared that he was marching to London. Notice was also given to the Lord Mayor and aldermen, with a demand that they should advance £40,000 for the present necessities of the army, on security of the arrears;[2] and on December 2 the general arrived with several regiments of horse and foot, which were quartered in Whitehall, St. James's, the Mews, and in the surrounding villages. The strictest discipline was preserved.

In consenting to these measures, Lord Fairfax probably

[1] On November 3 the House resolved not to take the Remonstrance of the army into consideration, by a majority of ninety. Whitelock, ii. p. 463.

[2] The original of this letter is among the *Tanner MSS.*, vol. lvii. p. 416.

expected that some such movement would take place as occurred in July 1647, when the Lords and Commons threw themselves upon his protection. He thought that in this way the Houses would be weeded of the obstructive members; and he marched to London with the object of strengthening the hands of the well affected. He never contemplated the use of violence,[1] and it was not until unwarrantable acts had been committed by officers under his command, but without his authority, that he found how completely the army had taken the bit into its mouth, and that for the time he was absolutely powerless. He would there and then have resigned, had he not been urged by all the moderate politicians to remain at his post, where he might, if not at once, still eventually guide and restrain a body whose love and respect he possessed in no ordinary degree. Every personal consideration would have led him to throw up his command. A sense of duty to his country alone induced him to remain.

The interest of the story now centres round the classic ground at Westminster; but everything is so altered that no idea can be formed of the place as it then was, without a few words of description. Lord Fairfax had taken up his abode at his own house in Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn; the head-quarters being at Whitehall, where he went every day to transact business. The cavalry were quartered at the Mews, which covered the whole space occupied by Trafalgar Square. The road thence to Westminster is altered out of all recognition. The Mews opened on Charing Cross, whence a street led to Whitehall Gate, a lofty turreted building with an archway and chamber over it, designed by Holbein. Thence to King Street Gate,[2] a similar building, flanked with round turrets, there was a wider roadway, with Whitehall Palace, the banqueting house, and gardens on the left; and Wallingford House, (where the Admiralty now stands), the tilt-yard, and cockpit on the right. The only way to West-

[1] 'We do not insist upon the things declared or propounded as for our own will or judgment, but for the reason or righteousness that is in them, and as they are for the public interest and the safety of the nation.' Sir T. Fairfax to the Speaker, Westminster, December 3. *Tanner MSS.*, vol lvii. p. 459.

[2] Demolished in 1723.

minster was down King Street, a narrow lane with such deep ruts that it was necessary to fill them with faggots to enable carriages to pass. Parliament Street did not then exist, its site being covered with wretched courts and alleys, opening on King Street. At the south end of King Street a turn to the left, called Union Street, led to the High Gate, built in 1484,[1] which opened on New Palace Yard on the west side.

New Palace Yard was then a court surrounded by buildings on all four sides. On the south was Westminster Hall, with lean-to houses built up against it; to the east, with their backs facing the river, was a row of Elizabethan buildings, one of which was the famous Star Chamber, erected in 1602, a fine old wainscoted room, with an oak ceiling carved in an elaborate pattern. An arched gateway of the time of Henry III. in the north-east corner led to Westminster stairs. There was no bridge. On the west side was a row of houses, and the High Gate at the northern corner. In the centre of the north side, exactly opposite to the doors of Westminster Hall, was the lofty clock tower, with the clock on its south side, arched windows above, and a pointed tile roof. The gateway under it led across the Wool Staple to Canon Row, a street extending up to the wall of Whitehall privy gardens. In this street stood Derby House with a garden down to the river, where the Executive Committees of the Houses had transacted business since the civil war began, and where the Council of State of the Commonwealth was hereafter to sit. On either side of the clock tower there was a row of private houses, with their quaint gables facing the yard, one of which was the residence of Sir Abraham Williams, where Fairfax had alighted when he brought the Houses back to Westminster in triumph, in August 1647. In front of the clock tower stood a fountain, with a domed canopy supported on arches and light pillars. A narrow street called St. Margaret's Lane, with a gate-house at each end, led from Union Street, just outside the High Gate, to Old Palace Yard. On the right there was a wall separating it from St. Margaret's churchyard, and on the left were the

[1] Pulled down in 1706.

Exchequer Chambers, and a number of private houses built up against the west wall of Westminster Hall. A famous public-house, called *Hell*,[1] then kept by a Mr. Duke, was under the Exchequer Chambers, and communicated by a passage to a door opening into Westminster Hall at the north-west corner. In Old Palace Yard were the *Naked Boy* and *Star* public-houses on the south side, the Hall on the north with the gate-house leading to St. Margaret's Lane, the Court of Requests on the east, and Henry VII.'s chapel on the west.

The interior of Westminster Hall was much as it is now, and as it has stood for centuries; but the south end was fitted up for the sittings of the Courts of Chancery and King's Bench, with a passage between leading to a door opening on the lobby. On the left of the lobby was the door of the House of Commons, the venerable chapel of St. Stephen; and in front another door led to the Court of Requests. The latter was a chamber 120 feet long and 38 feet broad, in a line with Westminster Hall, with three Norman windows ornamented with the zigzag pattern at the south end.[2] Another chamber of the ancient palace stood at right angles with the south end of the Court of Requests, and parallel with St. Stephen's chapel. This was the Painted Chamber, 80 feet long by 26, and 31 feet high, with two Gothic windows at the east end, and two at the sides. The ceiling was ornamented with gilded and painted tracery of the time of Henry III.; and frescoes representing the battles of the Maccabees, St. John as a pilgrim presenting Edward the Confessor with a ring, and the canonization of Edward, with seraphin, were painted on the walls, together with black-letter texts of Scripture.[3] These wall-paintings were of the time of Edward I., who also built St. Stephen's chapel. A

[1] Demolished in 1793.

[2] After the fire the Court of Requests was used as a temporary House of Commons.

[3] In the time of Charles II. the painted walls were concealed by tapestry hangings, five representing the siege of Troy, and one a garden with fountains. They were taken down in 1800; and before the fire the Painted Chamber was used as a place of conference for the Lords and Commons. Afterwards Smirke fitted it up as a temporary House of Lords in 1835.

passage along the east wall of the Court of Requests led from the lobby of the House of Commons to the Painted Chamber; and the old House of Lords extended at right angles from the east end of the Painted Chamber, with walls seven feet thick. At the back of these ancient buildings stood Sir Robert Cotton's house, with its precious library, in the middle of a garden extending to the banks of the river. A lane led from Old Palace Yard, along the south wall of Sir Robert Cotton's garden, to the Parliament stairs.

Such were the localities in which the great events occurred that changed England from a monarchy to a republic.[1] The last act of the King's life commenced when, in the night of December 5, six men met in a chamber at Whitehall. Three were officers in command of regiments, and three were members of Parliament. Ireton and Ludlow were certainly two, and, if a guess is allowable, Lord Grey of Groby, Harry Marten, Sir Hardress Waller, and Colonel Pride were the other four. They agreed amongst themselves that troops should occupy the palace of Westminster, and that none should be permitted to enter the House of Commons but such as had continued faithful to the public interests.[2] Ludlow and his friends drew up a list of the unfaithful, going carefully over every name, and this list was delivered to Colonel Pride. Ireton then went away, stating that he was going to inform the general of this extraordinary way of proceeding.[3] But he either said this to deceive his friends, or he changed his mind on reflecting that the general was sure to refuse his consent; for no report of this intended violence was ever made to Lord Fairfax, and he was kept in ignorance until the revolution, for such it was, had been accomplished.[4]

[1] See *History of the Palace of Westminster*, by Brayley and Britton (1836), and the *Antiquities of Westminster*, by Smith (1807). See also the smaller work by Mr. Walcot.

[2] Ludlow, p. 116.

[3] Ludlow.

[4] Lord Fairfax says: 'To prepare a way for the trial of the King, the council of officers did first remove all out of the Parliament who were like to oppose them, and carried it on with such secrecy as I had not the least intimation of it till it was done, as some of the members of the House can witness, with whom I was at that very time upon special business when that attempt was made by Colonel Pride upon the Parliament, which I protest I never had any knowledge of till it

Instead of going to the general in Queen Street, Ireton went to the Mews and St. James's to give the necessary orders to the commanding officers. Accordingly, early next morning Colonel Rich got his regiment of horse under arms at the Mews, and rode down to Whitehall, where he was joined by the foot regiments of Sir Hardress Waller and Colonels Hewson and Pride. Rich's regiment then occupied New Palace Yard, while the foot soldiers lined Westminster Hall, the Court of Requests, and the lobby of the House of Commons. Lord Grey of Groby and Colonel Pride stood at the door of the House, and as the members appeared during the forenoon Lord Grey pointed out those whose names were on the list, and Pride ordered them to be arrested and taken to the *Hell* public-house, there to be entertained by Mr. Duke. Denzil Holles had already departed, but five out of the original eleven impeached Presbyterian leaders appear in the list of forty-one members that were sent to *Hell.*[1] This tavern proving inconveniently small, they were removed during the night to more comfortable quarters at the *King's Head* and *Swan* inns, in the Strand.

By this act of lawless violence the party of the army in the House of Commons obtained a majority, and for a time the House was simply a record office for registering the decrees of the council of officers. Lord Fairfax found that the great body of the army sternly and resolutely supported their officers in these and subsequent measures. A year ago he had saved the Parliament from similar violence; but now, thanks to the treachery and injustice of the Presbyterian leaders, his power was gone. He continued to command in

was done. The reason why it was so secretly carried that I should have no notice of it was, because I always prevented those designs when I knew them.' *Short Memorial*, p. 120. Whitelock incidentally furnishes evidence of the correctness of Lord Fairfax's memory, by mentioning that on that morning Sir Thomas Widdrington, Sir John Evelyn, and other members were sent for, to go on business to the general. *Memorials*, ii. p. 470. Clarendon also says, 'Fairfax knew nothing of it,' iv. p. 513.

[1] Namely Sir William Waller, General Massey, Sir John Clotworthy, Sir William Lewis, and Colonel Harley. On January 18 Massey escaped from St. James's, where he was confined, went to Holland, and became an active agent for the Prince of Wales.

all strictly military matters, but on political questions the council of officers took their own course, in direct opposition to the general, though with the full concurrence of their men. Yet he continued to hold his commission. He did not desert his post. It was strongly represented to him that the public interests would suffer if he retired at this critical moment; and, in spite of his own strong inclination, in spite of the certainty that his motives would be misrepresented, he resolved to continue at the head of the army. No feeling of personal ambition, no thought of advantage to himself, had any influence with him. His whole career proves this beyond possibility of dispute. It is unjust, therefore, to withhold from Lord Fairfax the acknowledgment that his course of action, whether mistaken or not, was prompted solely by the desire to do his duty as a public servant; and surely this is the highest praise that could be bestowed upon him.

Cromwell had taken no part in these transactions. He was absent in the north; but he returned on December 7, and declared that, though he had not been acquainted with the design, he was glad of it. He took up his quarters at Whitehall, and lay in one of the King's rich beds.[1] Ireton, Harrison, and other officers were also lodged in the palace.

The officers then devoted their time to the discussion of political questions, while the general was fully occupied with the details of military administration. He found it necessary to station troops at certain posts in the city, in order to enforce the payment of a sum, with the army arrears for security, by means of which the cruel hardships of free quarters might be averted from the people. He also demanded beds for the soldiers from the rich citizens, and as soon as they were supplied he removed all his men from private houses, and quartered them in York House and other large empty buildings. The council of officers, leaving these arrangements to the general, was busy with a document entitled the 'Agreement of the People,' which contained a detailed scheme for the settlement of the kingdom, by

[1] Whitelock.

means of annual Parliaments, universal suffrage, liberty of conscience, and equality of all men before the law. It was agreed to by the officers on December 29, and presented to the House by General Hammond on January 20.

Meanwhile the House of Commons resolved, on January 4, that they had the supreme authority in the nation, and passed an ordinance for the erection of a High Court of Justice for the trial of the King. The commissioners of this High Court, 135 in number, were named in the body of the ordinance. They included Viscount Lisle, Lords Monson, Grey of Groby, and Fairfax, three serjeants-at-law, and five barristers. The landed gentry were represented by eleven baronets, eleven knights, and over eighty other members of Parliament. There were also some aldermen of the city, and the principal officers of the army. The various ranks and interests in the kingdom were thus fairly represented. Among the relations of Lord Fairfax, his brother-in-law, Henry Arthington, was one of the members arrested by Colonel Pride. His other brother-in-law, Sir Thomas Widdrington, then one of the Commissioners of the Great Seal, hurried into the country, with his colleague Bulstrode Whitelock, to be out of the way. But his uncle—brave old Sir William Constable — thought it his duty both to sit in judgment and to sign the death-warrant; and his cousin, Richard Aske, was one of the counsel. Indeed the Yorkshire gentry were well represented among the King's judges. Besides Sir William, there were Sir Thomas Mauleverer, Francis Lascelles of Stank (ancestor of the Earl of Harewood), Isaac Pennington of the Muncaster family, Richard Darley, Chaloner of Guisborough, Colonel Alured, and others of less note.

Lord Fairfax, it would seem, had been convinced that there was no hope of a permanent peace under the present King, and he was therefore prepared to approve his trial and deposition. This is clear from his having countenanced the 'Large Remonstrance,' and the subsequent 'Declaration.' He, therefore, when he found himself placed at the head of the Commission, was too brave and too honest to shrink from the responsibility. The first informal meeting of

the commissioners took place in the Painted Chamber on January 8. There, in that grand old hall, with the colossal Maccabees—those ancient destroyers of another tyrant—looking down upon them from the walls, fifty-three of the commissioners were assembled, and among them was the lord general. The business was merely formal,[1] but Fairfax heard enough to convince him that the great majority of the commissioners were sternly resolved to go to the extremity of putting Charles to death. He looked upon the contemplated act as so utterly unjustifiable that he resolved not only to withdraw from the commission, but to do everything in his power to prevent the perpetration of a deed which he considered to be wicked in itself, and subversive of that monarchical form of government to which he was sincerely attached. From that day he retired from all connection with the proceedings of the High Court, and strove to save the King's life. Some of his old officers, such as Major-General Skippon, Overton, Lambert, and Desborough, followed their general's example.

But he found that his power for good was, for the moment, lost. Scarcely a regiment would have followed him in forcibly opposing the officers; and nearly all his own school, the warriors who had led his regiments to victory, had now deserted him. The New Model, which he organized at Windsor, and which won the fight at Naseby, was gone. Pickering, Lloyd, and Rainsborough were dead; Montague had retired to Hinchinbrook; Sir Robert Pye and Harley were actually among the members who were arrested by Colonel Pride; Sheffield, Fortescue, Graves, Rossiter, and Butler had retired; and Huntington, in throwing up his commission, presented his reasons to both Houses of Parliament, which were that Cromwell and Ireton were selfish intriguers, and that he feared 'the success of the army would be made use of for the destruction of all that power for which we first engaged.'[2]

[1] Aske, Dorislaus, Steele, and Cook were appointed counsel; John Phelps and Greaves to be clerks; and Walford, Powel, King, Payne, and Hall to be messengers. No other business was done, and the meeting was adjourned to the 10th.

[2] This paper will be found in Rymer's *Fœdera*, xx. p. 558; and in Thurloe's *State Papers*, i. p. 94. It is also printed in Masere's *Select Tracts*, ii. p. 397.

Yet these original colonels of the New Model should have rallied round their old general in his great need. If Fairfax had allowed personal inclination to influence him, he too would have long ago retired to his books and flowers at Nunappleton. The officers whom he had trained to victory had fallen off from him. In their places the energetic lieutenant-colonels and majors, unequalled in the posts where Fairfax originally stationed them as subordinate regimental officers, now commanded the regiments, and led them as they pleased. Sir Hardress Waller, Okey, Whalley, Ingoldsby, Rich, and Hammond alone remained of the orginal New Model colonels. The new men were fanatics, with little or nothing to lose:—Barkstead, Eure, Lilburne, Tomlinson, Pride, Hewson, Harrison, and Scroop. Following the lead of Cromwell and Ireton, these men had excited the soldiers of their regiments to a pitch that enabled their officers to undertake the perpetration of the momentous act which Fairfax was powerless to prevent.

The general resolved to keep entirely aloof; but Lady Fairfax, feeling even more strongly than her husband on the subject of the King's execution, could not refrain from witnessing the scene at Westminster Hall. She and a friend named Mrs. Nelson were escorted by Sir Purbeck Temple[1] to a house in St. Margaret's Lane, which was built up against the west wall of Westminster Hall. This house belonged to a certain Mr. Griffith Bodurdoe, a Welshman, who afterwards got a commissionership of the Wine Office during the Protectorate, was rather a frequent speaker in Cromwell's Parliaments of 1656–58 as member for Anglesea, and made himself disgracefully conspicuous after the Restoration as an over-zealous witness against the regicides. A door from the parlour of Mr. Bodurdoe's house opened on to a gallery in Westminster Hall, just over the seats of the

[1] Sir Purbeck Temple, of Edgcombe Place, in Surrey, was the fourth son of Sir John, and grandson of Sir Thomas Temple of Stowe, whose wife Esther lived to see 700 of her own descendants. Sir Peter Temple, Bart. of Stowe, uncle of Sir Purbeck, was appointed one of the King's judges, but never sat. Sir Purbeck was an old bachelor, and died childless in 1695. Mrs. Nelson was his sister. See *Herald* and *Genealogist*, iii. p. 543.

judges, with a light wooden staircase leading down to the floor of the hall. Mr. Bodurdoe himself says:—'I had a conveniency out of my house into a gallery that was some part of it over the court.'[1]

Lady Fairfax, Mrs. Nelson, Sir Purbeck Temple, and Mr. Bodurdoe took their seats in this gallery, before the proceedings commenced, on Saturday, January 20. There was another reserved position for spectators, called Mr. Squibb's gallery, but the mass of the people stood on the floor of the hall; and the back door, leading from the *Hell* public-house, was ordered to be closed. The guard, in red coats, under Colonel Axtell, was ranged along one side of the hall, near the foot of the stairs leading to Mr. Bodurdoe's gallery. After the King had taken his seat, the proceedings were commenced by reading over the names of the commissioners. When the name of her husband was called, Lady Fairfax, a 'Vere of the fighting Veres' as she was, could not restrain her indignation. She rose, and, addressing the court in a loud voice, declared that the Lord Fairfax was not there in person, that he would never sit among them, and that they did him wrong to name him as a sitting commissioner.[2]

Afterwards, when the President interrupted the King while he was speaking, and required his answer to the charge exhibited in the name of the Commons of England assembled in Parliament and the good people of England, Lady Fairfax again interrupted the proceedings. She rose up, with Mrs. Nelson, and cried out, 'It is a lie—not half the people. Where are they and their consents? Oliver Cromwell is a traitor.' Colonel Axtell required silence, and Mr. Dendy, the serjeant of the court, came up into the gallery to enquire who it was

[1] *Trial of Cook.*

[2] This is Rushworth's account, vii. p. 1395. Whitelock merely says that Lady Fairfax did not forbear to exclaim aloud against the proceedings of the High Court, without giving the words she used. Ludlow does not mention the circumstance. Clarendon says that she cried out, 'He has more wit than to be there.' But Clarendon was abroad at the time, and Rushworth was on the spot. The account of the latter must therefore be taken as the correct one. Rapin does nor mention the circumstance either, but Echard, Hume, and most modern writers quote the words invented by Clarendon.

that had made the disturbance; but the ladies had been persuaded to retire into Mr. Bodurdoe's parlour, and they did not come out into the gallery again.[1]

Lord Fairfax did all in his power, first to prevent, and then to delay Charles's execution, and his feelings were so publicly expressed that Cromwell accused him of an intention to rescue the King. The aversion of Lord Fairfax and General Skippon to the execution of Charles on any grounds was the talk of the town for some days before the perpetration of that famous act.[2]

During the last few days the general entirely absented himself from the council of officers. At one time he thought of attempting to prevent the execution at the head of his own regiment;[3] but he saw that this would only cause confusion and bloodshed, without attaining the desired end; and latterly he exerted himself to get the execution postponed for a few days. But all his efforts were fruitless. On the night of Monday, the 29th, some of the general's friends proposed to attempt a rescue of the King on his way to the scaffold, saying that 20,000 volunteers would join him. Fairfax replied that he was ready to venture his own life, but not the

[1] The words used by Lady Fairfax, when she spoke the second time, are given by the witnesses at Colonel Axtell's trial. They all say 'not half the people.' Clarendon turns this into 'No, nor the hundredth part of them;' but this is a slight exaggeration for him. Hume, without giving any authority, says, 'Not a tenth part of them.' Echard follows Clarendon. When they decided upon butchering poor Colonel Axtell, after the Restoration, one of the accusations against him was that he ordered the soldiers to shoot Lady Fairfax. The witnesses against him were Sir Purbeck Temple, Mr. Bodurdoe, and Edward Cook. Temple deposed that Axtell ordered his men to shoot the ladies; Bodurdoe only said that he gave orders to fire if they spoke one word more; and Cook did not assert that the soldiers were told to fire at all. In his defence Colonel Axtell said, 'Silence was required, and that was all that was done.' The Lord Chief Baron, interrupting him, said, 'You said *shoot* too.' Axtell answered, 'No, my lord; I said not any such word, or anything like it. I heard there was an officer went up and entreated the lady to be silent.' Any impartial person who reads the trial will, I think, come to the conclusion that the brave and honest New Model soldier spoke the truth, and that the over-zealous witnesses perjured themselves. See Howell's *State Trials*, v. p. 1146. It must be remembered that Colonel Axtell knew that he was to be slaughtered, and that the trial was only a form, so that he had no motive for concealing anything.

[2] Carte's *Letters of Ormond*, i. p. 210, 212.

[3] Herbert's *Memoirs*, p. 194.

lives of others, against the army now united in their stern resolve.[1]

In the afternoon of the fatal January 30 the lord general came as usual to transact business at head-quarters, and after attending prayers in Colonel Harrison's room, which was at the end of the gallery looking towards the privy gardens, he came out to go to his office. In traversing the long gallery he met Bishop Juxon and Mr. Herbert, following the King's coffin, which was covered with a black velvet pall. The general stopped, and Mr. Herbert, understanding him to ask how the King did, supposed that he did not know what had passed. In reality the question, put nervously and with much agitation, must have referred to Charles's carriage in his last moments. Fairfax knew too well what had taken place. Herbert adds that the general had all that morning been using his power and influence to get the execution deferred for some days. Having misunderstood this question, Herbert naturally mistook the agitation of Lord Fairfax for a feeling of surprise.[2]

[1] Brian Fairfax's *Life of Buckingham.*

[2] Herbert's *Memoirs*, p. 194. Hume tells a story, that Fairfax intended to attempt the rescue of the King, but that Cromwell and Ireton urged him to seek direction from Heaven by prayer, concealing from him that they had already signed the death-warrant. Harrison was the person appointed to join in prayer with the general, and, by agreement, he prolonged his doleful cant till intelligence arrived that the fatal blow was struck. He then rose from his knees and insisted with Fairfax that the event was a miraculous answer which Heaven had sent to their prayers. *History of England*, vii. p. 145, ed. 1793. Anthony à Wood also gives this story about Harrison. (Bliss, iv. p. 150.)

For this absurd story, in which Harrison is represented as a lying knave, and Fairfax as a born idiot, Hume quotes Herbert, who says nothing of the kind.

Godwin characterizes the story as inexpressibly the most absurd of all the stories which have been told respecting Charles's execution. *History of the Commonwealth*, ii. p. 681.

Hume falsely refers to Herbert, because he was ashamed of his real authority. The sole authority for the story, whom Hume quotes almost word for word, though he gives a false reference, is a wretched hireling scribbler of the Restoration, named Perrinchiefe. But even he prefaces the fabrication with 'as is credibly reported,' which Hume omits. The story will be found in what the author is pleased to call a life of Charles I. (prefixed to the *Eikon Basilike*, and other writings ascribed to the King), which is signed Richard Perrinchiefe. (*Works of Charles I.*, 2nd edit., folio, 1687.) Brodie has a long note on the subject, in his *History of the British Empire*, iv. p. 212–17.

Herbert is a most trustworthy authority, and I think that every word of his may be implicity relied upon as the honest impression of the writer.

The general had no reason to look back with regret on any part of the personal intercourse that had taken place between himself and the unfortunate King. It commenced ten years before, when Charles knighted the fiery young leader of the Nunappleton 'Red-caps' on the field near Berwick. When the tyrant King was at the height of his power, young Tom boldly forced a petition into his hand on Heyworth Moor, imploring him to refrain from plunging the country into civil war; and when they next met, the good fight had been fought and the battle was won. Then the great general dismounted in the road near Nottingham, and respectfully kissed the hand of the fallen King. Again they met in Lady Cutts's garden near Cambridge, and for some months afterwards their intercourse consisted in a series of thoughtful attentions and acts of kindness on the part of Fairfax, which were fully acknowledged by Charles. After the flight from Hampton Court, they never met again; and the general was at last reluctantly convinced that there could be no settlement of the kingdom with Charles as King. But he exerted all his power and influence to save the King's life,[1] and sincerely deplored his untimely death. Lord Fairfax wrote the following lines on the King's execution:—

> Oh let that day from time be blotted quite,
> And let belief of 't in next age be waved.
> In deepest silence th' act concealed might,
> So that the kingdom's credit might be saved.
> But if the Power Divine permitted this,
> His will's the law, and ours must acquiesce.[2]

[1] 'My earnest endeavours to prevent it will sufficiently testify my dislike and abhorrence of the act.' *Short Memorial*, p. 121.

[2] MS. in the Bodleian. It is headed 'On the Fatal Day, January 30, 1648.' P. 600.

CHAPTER XXIX.

RESIGNATION OF LORD FAIRFAX.

THE kingly office and the House of Lords having been abolished, a republican form of government was adopted, with the supreme power vested in the House of Commons. A Council of State, consisting of forty-one members, to administer the executive, was nominated on February 13; and thus the Commonwealth of England was established. Rarely has so large a number of men distinguished for talent and genius been brought together to administer the government of this country as was to be found in that Council of State. It consisted of four Peers—the Earls of Denbigh, Mulgrave, Salisbury,[1] and Lord Grey of Warke; and two eldest sons of Peers—Viscount Lisle and Lord Grey of Groby. The law was represented by the two Lord Chief Justices, the Lord Chief Baron, and the Commissioners of the Great Seal; the army by Lord Fairfax, Generals Cromwell and Skippon, and Colonels Hutchinson and Ludlow; the City by Alderman Pennington; the country gentlemen by Sir William Constable, Sir William Masham, and other members of Parliament; while one of the ablest administrators that has ever served this country, Sir Harry Vane the younger, successfully conducted the affairs of the navy. Walter Frost was Secretary to the Council, and John Milton the poet was Secretary for Foreign Tongues.

Lord Fairfax had drawn his sword in defence of the threatened liberties of his country. He fought to secure a free Parliament and the rights of his fellow-countrymen,

[1] The Earls of Denbigh and Salisbury became members of the House of Commons.

under a constitutional King. He was personally attached to a kingly form of government, and opposed to a Commonwealth. He did not, however, hesitate to serve his country under whatever form of government the ruling powers might introduce, and in this patriotic resolution he was followed by Admiral Blake, young Montague (the future Earl of Sandwich), Sir Matthew Hale, and all politicians who were worthy the name of Englishmen. Lord Fairfax accepted a seat in the Council of State; but he firmly refused to sign a declaration which was presented to the Councillors on taking office, by which they would have been made to express approbation of the abolition of kingship and of the House of Lords. He, with the peers, judges, and General Skippon, declared that they were now ready to serve their country, as represented by the new Government, with their lives and fortunes; but they declined to approve of the acts which had led to the establishment of a republic. Their objections were allowed, and they took their seats without signing.[1] Lord Fairfax thus became a Councillor of State; in the same month he was elected for Cirencester, and took his seat for the first time in the House of Commons;[2] and on March 31 he was appointed Commander-in-Chief of all the forces of the Commonwealth of England.

Mr. Godwin, the historian of the Commonwealth, thus sums up his character:—'He was a most accomplished general. The English army, revived under him in 1645, was a body of a totally different construction and character from what it had been before that period. He led them on to assured victory. In the field of battle he was collected and vigilant, seeing everything. He was a man of eminent virtue. He was inaccessible to the impulses of a crooked ambition, and was consequently the fittest man in the world to be at the head of a newly constituted republic.'[3]

The ambitious designs of the council of officers, which could not be concealed from the men, together with the suppression of the adjutators appointed by the regiments and

[1] Twenty-two Councillors, out of the forty-one, refused to sign this declaration.
[2] Elected February 7, 1649.
[3] Godwin, iii. p. 218.

the curtailment of the right of petition, caused a widespread feeling of discontent in the army, which eventually led to open mutiny. The soldiers believed that their officers had simply made use of them for their own purposes and then thrown them aside, and that the agreements made on Triplow Heath had been broken as soon as the officers had gained their own ends. John Lilburne, 'free-born' John as he loved to be called, a brother of Colonel Robert Lilburne, did all in his power to foster the dangerous spirit in the army. This troublesome firebrand was absolutely impracticable, declared every measure to be wrong, every government to be tyranny; but he was at the same time utterly fearless, and his popularity among the common people was unbounded. On March 1 five troopers presented a mutinous complaint of the opposition that was offered to the right of the soldiers to petition, and they were tried by court-martial and cashiered. John Lilburne published an account of this affair, with a quaint but suggestive title.[1] His next production was entitled 'England's New Chains,' which was voted treasonable by the House of Commons, and he was safely locked up in the Tower. But the seed he had sown in the army soon began to bear fruit, and the mutinies in several regiments placed the country in a most critical position. The firm, yet gentle hand of the Lord General once more steered the ship of state through the perils that surrounded it, into a safe harbour.

A certain Captain Thompson, generally known as 'Thompson the Great,' mutinied at Banbury on May 6, at the head of 200 horse, and published a manifesto entitled 'England's Standard Advanced.'[2] He and the other mutineers were called 'levellers,' because it was said that they aimed at the levelling of all ranks. But this is a mistake: they merely claimed that all men should be equal before the law. Thompson declared his resolution to redeem the magistracy of England

[1] The title of this pamphlet was *Hunting of the Foxes from Newmarket and Triplow Heath to Whitehall, by five small beagles.* Somer's *Tracts.*

[2] *England's Standard Advanced in Oxfordshire. A declaration from Mr. William Thompson and the oppressed people of this nation now under his conduct.* May 6, 1649. K. P. No. 421.

from the power of the sword, and swore that if one hair of John Lilburne's head was injured he would avenge it seven times sevenfold upon the tyrants. He demanded a new Parliament and the restoration of the office of adjutators in the regiments, and pronounced Richard Arnold, who was shot at Ware on November 15, 1647, for mutiny, to be a martyr. Colonel Reynolds encountered and dispersed this body of mutineers at Banbury, and Thompson fled into Northamptonshire.

But the danger was not over. Immediately afterwards portions of Scroop's and Ireton's regiments mutinied at Salisbury. An insubordinate feeling was spreading through the army. Nearly every regiment was tainted with it. The danger was extreme, and everything depended on the general's conduct; but this was in itself a host.

Lord Fairfax, impressed as he was with the necessity for prompt and vigorous action, yet felt that there were excuses for these poor mutineers. The example of insubordination, not only to the Parliament, but to the general, had been set them by their officers; they merely imitated a bad example, while they thought with some reason that they had been used as tools and then thrown aside.

The general collected his most reliable troops, among whom were Colonel Okey's famous dragoons, and marched to Alton, and thence to Andover. Meanwhile the mutineers went from Salisbury to Wantage, a thousand strong, where they were joined by two troops of Harrison's regiment. Fairfax sent Major White to them with offers of pardon on submission.[1] But they continued their march, and were attempting the passage of the Isis at Newbridge, when they received a check from Colonel Reynolds. They then turned off to Farringdon, where they swam and forded the river, occupying the town of Burford that night.

Everything now depended on the promptitude of the

[1] *Declaration of His Excellency concerning the present distempers of part of Commissary-General Ireton and Colonel Scroop's Regiments.* Alton, May 12, 1649. K. P. No. 421. This is a detailed expostulation with the mutineers.

general's movements. A day lost might give time for the contagion of mutiny to spread and gather head, until it became a formidable rebellion. Fairfax was equal to the occasion. He made the most wonderful march, on that Sunday in May, that had been accomplished since the war began. He rode nearly fifty miles, reached Burford the same night, rested his men and horses for a couple of hours, and attacked the town at midnight. The mutineers could scarcely believe their senses. Even they, accustomed as they were to march with Fairfax, could hardly credit the possibility of such a day's work. They were utterly taken by surprise; a few shots were fired from windows and behind walls, and then 340 mutineers surrendered, and were confined in the church. They at once expressed sorrow and contrition for their conduct, declared they had been cozened by lies and pretences, and entreated the general to forgive them.

Four were adjudged to die—Cornets Dean and Thompson, the latter a brother of Thompson the Great, and two corporals named Church and Perkins. But Dean, owing to his previous good character, was pardoned, and only three suffered. Dean wept bitterly. He declared that he had bought his winding-sheet, and that he was not worthy of such mercy. He said, 'I am more ashamed to live than afraid to die.' He afterwards published a temperate and well-written account of the various causes which had combined to give rise to the mutinous feeling in the army.[1] The other misguided men expressed contrition and were pardoned.

Thompson the Great fled to Wellingborough, in Northamptonshire, closely pursued by a troop of horse. He was well mounted and retired into a wood, where he refused to surrender, charged his pursuers three times, and, after receiving several wounds, was at last shot down by a corporal, who loaded his piece with seven bullets. He had sworn that he would never be taken alive, to be tried and executed.[2]

[1] *Levellers' Designe Discovered; or, The Anatomie of the Late Unhappie Mutinie*, written by Henry Dean, an actor in the tragedie. London, May 24, 1649.

[2] *Thompson the Great Kild; or, A Perfect Narrative of the Total Routing of the Levellers near Wellingborough, towards Rutlandshire, with the desperate death of*

The whole army was thus brought back to a sense of duty, partly by the combined firmness and clemency of their general, and in some degree by the influence that the vigour and ability of his movements had upon men whom he had so often led to certain victory. Their old feeling of respect and love for their brave leader returned to them in full force. Fairfax now completely regained all the power with his men that had been impaired by the insubordination of their officers and the unhealthy excitement of political discussion. After the Burford affair they would have followed him anywhere, even to rescue the King. But it was too late.

As soon as the mutinies were quelled, Lord Fairfax went to Oxford, whither he had been invited by the University to receive an honorary degree. The grand old place had been nearly ruined by the Royalists. The college plate had been melted down, the principal edifices appropriated to the use of the court, the schools turned into granaries and magazines, and the scholars debauched and brutalized by contact with the dissolute soldiery of Rupert's teaching. In April 1649 the Earl of Pembroke was appointed Chancellor, and a thorough reform was effected. The new system had already been introduced when the general arrived on May 17. He was lodged in the house of the Warden of All Souls', on the 18th he was waited upon by the Heads of Colleges, and on the 19th he was entertained by the President of Magdalen, and afterwards received the honorary degree of D.C.L. in the Convocation House. Cromwell and several of the chief officers of the army received honorary degrees at the same time.

Cromwell then proceeded to take command of the army in Ireland; and Lord Fairfax made a tour of inspection to the

Captain Thompson, being a full relation of all the proceedings between His Excellency and the Levellers. London, 1649.

See also, for further particulars respecting the mutineers, *Narrative of the Proceedings of His Excellency the Lord General Fairfax in the Reducing of the Revolted Troops, together with the humble petition of the sad and heavy-hearted prisoners remaining in the church of Burford.* May 23, 1649. K. P. No. 422. Also *Full Narrative of Proceedings between His Excellency the Lord General and the Mutineers.* Burford, May 16, 1649.

Isle of Wight, Portsmouth, and Southampton, being received everywhere with enthusiasm, and on his return in June he reviewed several regiments near Guildford. A mutiny broke out at Oxford in Ingoldsby's regiment, which was easily suppressed in the following September, and the year ended without the occurrence of any other event of importance. The Council of State was elected for one year, but on February 18, 1650, it was again installed with only four alterations. It was divided into five committees for the administration of different departments of public business. Sir Harry Vane was again at the head of the navy, and Lord Fairfax of the army. The other committees were for Ireland, Foreign Affairs, and Law Business. The Commonwealth continued to prosper, and never had the affairs of the nation been transacted with such efficiency, economy, and public spirit.

The invitation to Charles by the Scots, and his arrival in Scotland, led to the resignation of Lord Fairfax. On May 31, 1650, Cromwell returned from Ireland, and on June 24 the Council of State debated the question of invading Scotland. It was supposed that the Scots, with their new King, intended to invade England, and it was suggested, in Council, that it would be wiser to carry the war into the enemy's country than to wait till this invasion took place. It was finally resolved to make war upon Scotland, but Fairfax demurred to the justice of such a measure, and hesitated to conduct a campaign which appeared to him to be unjustifiable. He said that if the Scots invaded England, he was ready to lay down his life in opposing them, but he refused to march into Scotland and make war upon a people between whom and the English there still existed a Solemn League and Covenant. Ludlow and others of the Council laboured hard to overcome his scruples, but unsuccessfully. Cromwell, 'filled with admiration at the high and beautiful qualities of Fairfax,' as Godwin says,[1] declared that he would rather serve under his old general than command the greatest army in Europe.[2] All moderate politicians were in despair at the

[1] Godwin, iii. p. 216.

[2] Ludlow, p. 135; Hutchinson, p. 315.

threatened resignation of Fairfax—the one absolutely unselfish public man in England. In the same night Colonel Hutchinson and several other members of Parliament went to his house and earnestly strove to dissuade him, but in vain.[1]

Next day the Council of State appointed a committee, consisting of Cromwell, Lambert, Harrison, St. John, and Whitelock, to wait upon the general in a room at Whitehall, and endeavour to satisfy him of the justice of an aggressive war upon Scotland. The Lord Fairfax first stated his objection. He said, 'I think it doubtful whether we have a just cause to make an invasion upon Scotland. We are joined with the Scots in the National League and Covenant, and for us, contrary thereunto, and without sufficient cause given us by them, to enter their country and make war upon them, is that which I cannot see the justice of.' To this Cromwell replied that the invasion of England by the Duke of Hamilton in 1648 had freed her from her obligations as regarded the League and Covenant, and that the Scots were giving such cause of suspicion that it would be justifiable to attack them. But Lord Fairfax's clear and honest understanding was not to be blinded by such sophistry. He reminded the committee that the Scottish Parliament had disowned the invasion by Hamilton, and that his misconduct could not justify an equally gross breach of faith on the part of England. 'What my conscience yields unto as just and lawful,' he concluded, 'I shall follow; and what seems to me to be otherwise I will not do. My conscience is not satisfied, and therefore I must desire to be excused.'[2]

The conversation lasted for some time longer, and Cromwell urged every argument he could think of, but Fairfax

[1] Mrs. Hutchinson's *Memoirs*. She says that Lord Fairfax 'exprest that he believ'd God lay'd him aside, as not being worthy of more, nor of that glory which was already given him.' It is not improbable that he may have said something of the kind, in his conversation with her husband, for he was the most diffident and humble-minded of men.

The unsupported gossip of Whitelock, Ludlow, and Mrs. Hutchinson, that Lord Fairfax acted under the influence of his wife is quite unworthy of credit. It is on a par with Clarendon's suggestion that the Colchester executions were due to to the influence of Ireton. Lord Fairfax is well able to bear the responsibility of his own acts, nor would he suffer any one to induce him to act otherwise than as his conscience prompted.

[2] The whole conversation is given by Whitelock, iii. p. 207.

remained firm. Ludlow and Whitelock thought at the time that Cromwell was in earnest; but afterwards, judging from subsequent events, they came to a different conclusion. Mrs. Hutchinson is more just, and seems to have been convinced of Cromwell's sincerity. He it was that suggested the appointment of a committee to wait upon the general, and he himself urged the point most persistently and with the most persuasive arguments. Assuredly this was a strange way of securing the general's resignation; but no absurdity is too gross when the object is to fix a charge of dishonesty or hypocrisy on the greatest of England's sovereigns.

Lord Fairfax was ever ready to shed the last drop of his blood for his country, either in opposing a domestic tyrant or a foreign invader; and he was willing to serve her under any form of government. But it was not for England's honour, he conceived, that her army should be led to an aggressive war, by a general who, in his conscience, believed that war to be unjust. Such was his position now, and he accordingly resolved to lay down his commission.

On June 25, 1650, Lord Fairfax resigned his commission, sending it by his secretary, John Rushworth, to the door of the House of Commons. The next day an Act was passed for repealing the ordinance whereby his Lordship was appointed Commander-in-Chief of all the forces of the Commonwealth; and on the same day another Act was passed, appointing Cromwell to succeed him. Here we part company with diligent John Rushworth, without whose aid our road would have been far more difficult and toilsome. He afterwards served under Cromwell in Scotland, and lived, unhappily for himself, to extreme old age.[1]

[1] John Rushworth was born near Berwick, of Yorkshire parents, and it is said that he was related to Lord Fairfax, though I have not been able to make out how. He began life as a barrister, but devoted all his time to making notes of the speeches and proceedings in Parliament, and eventually he became assistant-clerk to the House of Commons. He carried despatches from Westminster to the King at York, in 1640 and 1642, riding post, and often going over the distance of 150 miles in twenty-four hours. On one of these occasions he pushed on further north, and was present at the action with the Scots at Newburn. On the appointment of Fairfax as Commander-in-Chief of the New Model army, Rushworth became his secretary, and continued to act zealously and efficiently in that capacity, until his Lordship's resignation, in June 1650. Afterwards he was in

It would be difficult to find a character in history whose public career was so entirely without taint of self-seeking as that of Lord Fairfax. He devoted all the energies and resources of his mind, all the powers of his body, to the service of his country, without one thought of personal aggrandizement. He retired covered with wounds, but with no rich grants of money to dim the lustre of his fame. He sheathed his sword, with his knighthood as pure and unsullied as when he first drew it ten years before. He was never known to use his power for the furtherance of his own affairs. But he never allowed the services of his officers to be overlooked. The widow and the orphan were safe to find in him a firm and persistent advocate, and many were the Royalist gentlemen who were saved from ruin by the generous intercession of the Lord General.[1]

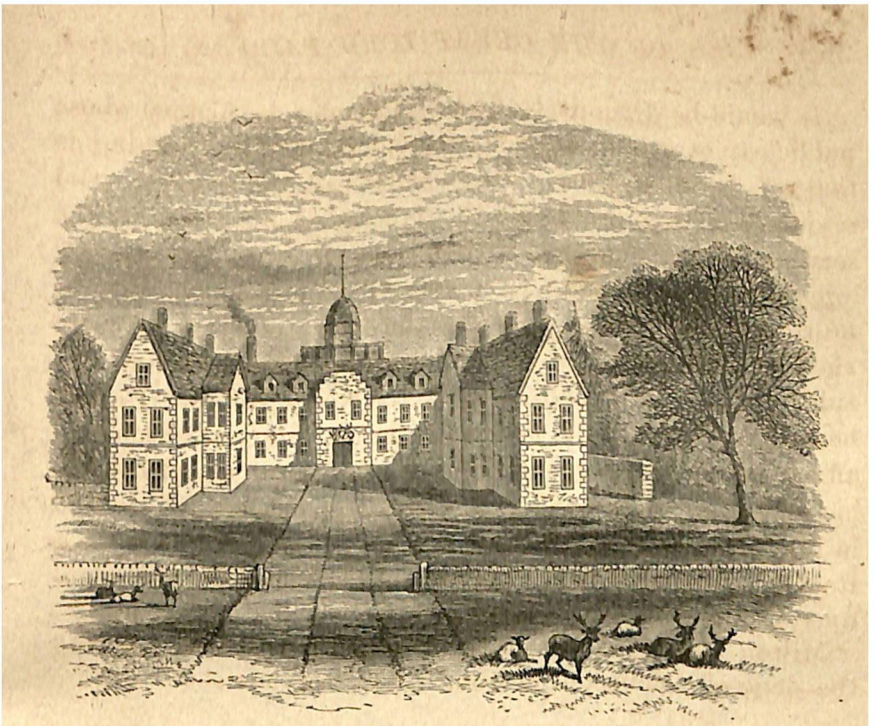
Milton addressed a sonnet 'To My Lord Fairfax' during the siege of Colchester, celebrating his services:—

Fairfax, whose name in arms through Europe rings,
Filling each mouth with envy or with praise,
And all her jealous monarchs with amaze
And rumours loud, that daunt remotest kings;
Thy firm unshaken virtue ever brings
Victory home, though new rebellions raise
Their Hydra heads, and the false North displays
Her broken league to imp their serpent-wings.
O yet a nobler task awaits thy hand,
(For what can war but endless war still breed?)
Till truth and right from violence be freed,
And public faith cleared from the shameful brand
Of public fraud. In vain doth Valour bleed,
While Avarice and Rapine share the land.

Parliament, and on a law commission, but latterly he became involved in debt and died, in extreme old age, in the King's Bench prison in 1690. He left only daughters, one of whom, named Hannah, was the wife of Sir Francis Fane, ancestor of the Earl of Westmoreland.

His historical collections, published after his death in seven folio volumes, are far and away the most valuable contributions to the history of the civil war.

[1] See his statements of the claims of General Lambert, Colonel Legard, Sir William Constable, and many others; his urgent recommendations in favour of the widow and children of Colonel Rainsborough, of Hopkinson the waggon-master-general, and of reduced officers in Yorkshire; and his intercessions for Lord Paulet, Sir John Acland of Colomb John, Sir Charles Trevanion, Mr. Edgecombe, Mr. Coryton, Mr. Glanville, and several Cornish gentlemen. *Tanner MSS.*



NUNAPPLETON (THE SEAT OF LORD FAIRFAX).

CHAPTER XXX.

RETIREMENT AT NUNAPPLETON.

Lord Fairfax retired to Nunappleton with his wife and daughter, and at length obtained that rest which he so much needed, and had so well earned. Worn out with the toils of many severe campaigns, and by the still more harassing duties of administering the affairs of the army after the war was over, and suffering from the effects of his wounds, and from diseases brought on by exposure and overwork, he was no longer able to enjoy those sports of the field which had been his favourite amusements before the war began. But he was not a man of one resource. He found constant and unfailing pleasure in the pursuits of literature, in the education of his child, in collecting books and medals, in his garden, and in his unrivalled stud. Many old friends

gathered round him, and Nunappleton hospitality became famous, even in Yorkshire.

He retired with clean hands. He might have obtained any grants of land he pleased for the asking; but he had no money or land but what he inherited from his father. Parliament had voted him £4,000 a year on several occasions, but they had never paid it; and at last they granted him the estate of Helmsley in Yorkshire, and York House in the Strand, being part of the confiscated property of the young Duke of Buckingham, in lieu of his pension. Fairfax was not a man to take what did not belong to him, or to benefit by the misfortunes of another. He merely held this property in trust, until an opportunity offered of restoring it to its rightful owner; and this opportunity occurred sooner than at first seemed likely. His country owed him a deep debt of gratitude for having restored the blessings of peace. He owed his country nothing.

On October 15, 1651, the Parliament granted Lord Fairfax the seignory of the Isle of Man, 'in public gratitude of his high deserts, and not as the issue of his own desires.' This grant furnishes another instance of the noble disinterestedness of the great general. He appointed Mr. James Chaloner, barrister and member of Parliament, who had married Ursula, sister of his cousin Sir William Fairfax of Steeton, to be his commissioner to settle the affairs of the island;[1] and associated with him a Mr. Robert Dyneley, and the Rev. Joshua Witton, a Yorkshire clergyman.[2] These three repre-

[1] James Chaloner had married Ursula Fairfax, while his sister was the wife of her brother, Sir William Fairfax of Steeton. Chaloner sat as a King's judge, but was not present when the sentence was pronounced, and did not sign the death-warrant. He was a scholar and an antiquary. While acting as Lord Fairfax's commissioner he wrote '*A Short Treatise of the Isle of Man, Digested into Six Chapters*, by James Chaloner, one of the commissioners for settling the affairs in the Isle of Man in 1652, and afterwards Governor of the Island from 1658 to 1660.' It was dedicated to Lord Fairfax, and first published in 1656, as an appendix to '*King's Vale Royal of England, or the County Palatine of Chester, Illustrated.*' It has been reprinted by the Manx Society in their volume for 1858. Mr. Chaloner also collected materials for the county history of Shropshire. He died in 1660. The story that he poisoned himself is an invention of the carrion vultures of the Restoration.

[2] Joshua Witton, born in 1613, was at Cambridge, and entered Holy Orders. He was chaplain to Ferdinando Lord Fairfax, who made him rector of Thornhill,

sentatives of the Lord Fairfax did their work ably and honestly, and were very popular in the island. He ordered them to set apart the whole of the proceeds from the sequestrated bishopric to increase the incomes of the inferior clergy, and for the establishment of grammar schools at Douglas, Castletown, Peel, and Ramsay, the four principal towns in the island. He also, with a kindness and generosity which has not often been equalled in history, caused the whole of the rents of the Isle of Man to be regularly paid to his fair antagonist at Lathom House, the Countess of Derby. This was done with such scrupulous honesty that the countess confessed she had never received her rents with such regularity from her own agents.[1] She was better off in having such a true knight as Lord Fairfax for an enemy, than in counting all the cavaliers who ever fled before him as her friends.

Nunappleton had always been the favourite residence of Lord and Lady Fairfax, since the first year of their marriage. In those days their grandfather had commenced the building of a new house, to take the place of the smaller and older one where uncle John was born, who fell so gloriously at Frankenthal. The long civil war had checked the progress of all work of this kind, but uncle Charles had since actively superintended his nephew's interests, and when the general at length returned to Yorkshire, the house was nearly or quite finished. On entering it, Lord Fairfax wrote the following lines 'Upon the New-built House at Nunappleton':—

> Think not, O man! that dwells herein,
> This house 's a stay, but as an inn
> Which for convenience fitly stands
> In way to one not made with hands;
> But if a time here thou take rest,
> Yet think eternity the best.[2]

It was a picturesque brick mansion with stone copings and

but he refused to conform at the Restoration, and retired to York, where he passed the rest of his life. Calamy says: 'He was a man of an excellent temper, of great integrity, and unusual capacity, a good scholar, and blessed with a plentiful estate.' He died on June 1, 1674, leaving by his wife Elizabeth, daughter of Tempest Thornton, Esq., a son, Richard Witton, a lawyer, who was Lord Fairfax's agent.

[1] Brian Fairfax's *Life of Buckingham.* [2] MS. at the Bodleian Library.

a high steep roof, and consisted of a centre and two wings at right angles, forming three sides of a square facing to the north. The great hall or gallery occupied the centre, between the two wings. It was fifty yards long, and was adorned with thirty shields in wood, painted with the arms of the family.[1] In the other rooms there were chimney pieces of delicate marble of various colours, and many fine portraits on the walls. The central part of the house was surmounted by a cupola, and clustering chimneys rose over the two wings.[2] A noble park, with splendid oak-trees,[3] and containing 300 head of deer,[4] stretched away to the north; while on the south side were the ruins of the old nunnery, the flower garden, and the low meadows called *ings*, extending to the banks of the Wharfe. In this flower garden the general took especial delight. The flowers were planted in masses—tulips, pinks, and roses each in separate beds, which were cut into the shape of forts with five bastions.[5] General Lambert, whom Fairfax had reared as a soldier, also loved his flowers, and excelled both in cultivating them and in painting them from nature. Lord Fairfax only went to Denton, the favourite seat of his grandfather, when the floods were out over the *ings* at Nunappleton; and he also occasionally resorted to his house at Bishop Hill in York.

He was surrounded in his retirement by many dear friends and near relations. His uncle Henry Fairfax was minister of the parish church at Bolton Percy. The rector was sixty-three years of age in 1650, a warm-hearted and scholarly old

[1] Thoresby.

[2] The orders for the servants of the household of Lord Fairfax are very curious. But I am not quite confident whether they were drawn up by the first lord or by the great general. They are printed in the *Excerpta Antiqua*, York, 1796, from a manuscript in the possession of George William Fairfax of Toulston, great-grandson of the fourth lord; and also by Bishop Percy in the *Antiquarian Repertory*, iv. p. 309, 1808. G. W. Fairfax says they are by Thomas Lord Fairfax of Denton, called 'Black Tom,' and the bishop also says they were for the third lord's household, 'after the civil wars.' On the other hand, Brian Fairfax, who is a higher authority than either of the other two, enumerates the *Orders for the House and Remembrances for Servants* among the writings of the first Lord Fairfax. They appear to be more for the times of Elizabeth than of the Commonwealth. This doubt prevents me from giving them here.

[3] Brian Fairfax. [4] Thoresby. [5] Marvell.

clergyman. He had lost his dearly loved wife, Mary, daughter of Sir Henry Cholmley of Whitby, in the previous year; but was rearing his two boys—Henry, then just twenty, who became the fourth Lord Fairfax,[1] and Brian, who was seventeen when his great cousin came to live at Nunappleton.[2] At Steeton, in the same parish, lived the widowed Lady Fairfax, whose heroic husband had fallen so gloriously at Montgomery Castle, bringing up her two sons and two daughters. Most of the general's sisters were also his neighbours. Lady Widdrington had died in the previous year, but her husband Sir Thomas had a home for his three blooming daughters in Lendal, at York, though he himself was generally busily engaged on public affairs in London. Mrs. Hutton still lived at Poppleton, and the home of Mrs. Arthington was on the direct road from Nunappleton to Denton. Uncle Charles Fairfax was the genealogist of the family, carefully preserving the records, making entries in the family Bible, and preparing his 'Analecta Fairfaxiana.' He was bringing up a family of fourteen children at Menston,[3] close to Denton, but took a keen interest in public affairs, and, though an active and successful lawyer, now held a colonel's commission under the Parliament. Mrs. Wolstenholme, one of the sisters of Lady Fairfax, lived at Nostell Priory, near Wakefield; and her aged mother, Lady Vere, as well as her other sisters, paid frequent visits to Nunappleton.

The general's only daughter, little Moll as he called her, was just twelve years old in 1650; and young Andrew Marvell, the son of the rector of Winestead in Holderness, who had passed four years on the Continent and was also a good classical scholar, was engaged to teach her languages. He appears to have remained at Nunappleton for about two years, and to have left in the autumn of 1652.[4] He formed a devoted admiration for the great man whose child it was

[1] Born at Ashton on December 20, 1631.

[2] Born at Newton Kyme on October 6, 1633.

[3] Part of the house at Menston is still standing. The gates have been removed to Farnley, the seat of Mr. Fawkes.

[4] See a letter from Milton to Bradshaw, in the *Life of Andrew Marvell*, by Hartley Coleridge.

his duty to instruct, and wrote two poems, one on Nunappleton and one on Bilbrough Hill, a favourite resort of the retired general.[1] Great pains were also taken by her parents in the religious education of Mary Fairfax, and they all three appear to have been in the habit of taking notes of the sermons they heard. Mr. Bowles, the former chaplain of the forces, had the church of All Hallows in York, and was constantly at Nunappleton, but Mr. Stretton appears to have been the domestic chaplain.[2]

Lord Fairfax made a large and very valuable collection of engravings, medals, and coins, which afterwards came into the possession of Thoresby the antiquary, whose father had served under fiery young Tom in the first Yorkshire campaign. But literature was the general's favourite pursuit. He was a good Latin scholar, and both spoke and wrote French and Italian. The results of his more serious literary labours were a translation of the five books on Roman discipline by Flavius Vegetius, a favourite classic author in those days; a history of the Church from our Saviour's time to the Reformation, in a large folio, all in his own handwriting; and Mercurius Trismegistus, with a commentary, translated from the French. He composed a short treatise touching the breeding of horses.[3] He wrote a complete metrical version of the Psalms, of the Song of Solomon, and of the songs of Moses, Deborah, Hannah, Hezekiah, Simeon, Zachariah, and David's lament for Jonathan. These are all preserved, in his own handwriting, in a volume which he called 'The Employment of my Solitude.' The great general's version of the Psalms, though rugged and sometimes halting, possesses merits of its own, and Archdeacon Cotton, a good judge, pronounces it to have considerable nerve and vigour.[4] Lord Fairfax also wrote

[1] Marvell's works.

[2] In Thoresby's library at Leeds were *Notes of Sermons preached by Mr. Wales, Mr. Stretton, Mr. Topham, and Mr. Barrett*, writ by Lord Fairfax, Lady Fairfax, and their daughter. See *Ducatus Leod*, p. 92.

[3] A manuscript copy of this treatise is in the collection of Mr. Hailstone of Horton Hall, in the handwriting of old Mr. Hardy, grandfather of the late Home Secretary.

[4] In his list of the editions of the Bible, Archdeacon Cotton gives the 137th

many poems and short pieces, which he called 'The Recreations of my Solitude.' The first is headed 'Honey Drops,' and consists of 170 epigrammatic sayings in couplets. Then there is a poem entitled 'The Solitude,' which, if it has no other merit, at least shows how thoroughly the old warrior appreciated the beauties of nature and the pleasures of a country life. 'The Christian Warfare' is another noble poem. He also wrote several hymns, translations from the Laura of Petrarch, and verses on 'Beauty,' on 'A Young Virago,' on 'An Ill Husband,' on Envy, Anger, Virtue, Patience and Temperance, Nature and Fortune, on the Shortness of Life, on Impartial Fate, and 155 couplets which he calls 'Vulgar Proverbs.'

I have given specimens of Lord Fairfax's poems in an Appendix; and I think it will be seen that they at least show some sprightliness and wit, a lively imagination, and a warm kindly nature in their author. It must in fairness be remembered, too, that they are the mere recreations of leisure hours, uncorrected and hastily written, and not prepared for publication.

Lord Fairfax was an extensive and careful reader, and he had several rare and precious editions in his library. Among these was a beautiful manuscript copy of Gower's 'Confessio Amantis,' which had once belonged to his great-grandmother the fair Isabel Thwaites, and others of Wickliffe's Bible, of Chaucer, of Jerome's works, and of Sir John Mandeville's travels.[1] In August 1654, on the death of that indefatigable antiquary Roger Dodsworth, the whole of his vast collection of manuscripts became the property of Lord Fairfax, and was deposited in the library at Nunappleton. His lordship had allowed Dodsworth an annuity of £40 a year, to enable

Psalm from the version of Lord Fairfax, p. 18 (*note*). The copy in the Bodleian was once in Thoresby's library at Leeds. Subsequently it belonged to the Duke of Sussex, and afterwards to Dr. Bliss, at the sale of whose library the Bodleian bought it for £36 10*s*. Another copy of Lord Fairfax's version of the Psalms is in the possession of Mr. Cartwright of Aynho; and the 18th, 24th, 30th, and 85th are at the end of the original manuscript of the *Short Memorial* at Leeds Castle.

[1] He left these and twenty-six others to the Bodleian Library, where they may now be seen.

him to prosecute his researches. It was by this means that copies of most of the records blown up in St. Mary's Tower during the siege of York had previously been taken by Dodsworth, and thus preserved to posterity. These Dodsworth manuscripts, consisting of copies of deeds, charters, and other records illustrating the family and ecclesiastical history of Yorkshire, were bound up in eighty-six volumes.[1]

Among the other manuscripts in the Nunappleton library were a copy of the Commentaries of Sir Francis Vere, which was lent to Dr. Dillingham to collate with other copies when the Commentaries were printed in 1657;[2] and a curious volume containing songs set to music by Robert Fairfax, the musical composer of the family in the time of Henry VII., now preserved at Oxford.[3]

Thus the great general employed his time. He refrained entirely from any interference with public affairs, as he strongly disapproved of the establishment of Cromwell's Protectorate, and desired to see the restoration of the monarchy. He was elected for Yorkshire in Cromwell's Parliament of 1654, but never appears to have taken his seat. His opinions were well known, and many idle reports did Secretary Thurloe receive of the secret correspondence between Lord Fairfax and the exiled Stuarts.[4] But Cromwell knew well that his old general was absolutely incapable of intrigue, and that if he ever opposed the new government, his every act would be public and open as the noonday.

[1] Lord Fairfax bequeathed the Dodsworth manuscripts to the Bodleian Library. They were taken from Nunappleton to Oxford in June 1673, and got wet on the road; so that Anthony à Wood had a month's labour to dry them on the leads adjoining the school tower. They are more used by students than any other collection in the Bodleian, so that in procuring their transcription and bequeathing them to that library Lord Fairfax has done a permanent service to literature. For some account of Dodsworth and his labours see *Three Catalogues describing the contents of the Red Book of the Exchequer, &c.*, by Rev. Joseph Hunter. London, 1836. p. 64.

[2] See Vere's *Commentaries. Epistle to the Reader.*

[3] See Sir John Hawkins. *History of Music.*

[4] See Thurloe's *State Papers*, vol. vi. pp. 706 and 809, vol. iv. pp. 302 and 364, vol. v. pp. 169 and 319. Ambassador Lockhart, a spy at Cologne, and other agents employed by Thurloe, kept reporting that Lord Fairfax was in communication with Charles Stuart.

In 1657 the young Duke of Buckingham arrived in England, and appeared as a suitor for the hand of Mary Fairfax, who was then just nineteen, while he was thirty. He was born in 1627, and he and his brother Francis were sent to Trinity College, Cambridge, where they formed a friendship with Abraham Cowley, the future poet. The mother of these two fatherless boys was a great heiress, the only child of the Earl of Rutland, and Baroness de Roos in her own right. She sent them from Cambridge to the Royalist garrison at Oxford, and they served under Rupert at the storming of Lichfield Close. But soon afterwards they went abroad, and remained in Italy, at Rome or Florence, until the war was over. The Parliament generously refrained from confiscating their estates or even exacting a fine, in consideration of their youth; but in 1648 they returned to England, and engaged in the insurrection headed by Lord Holland in Surrey. Young Lord Francis Villiers, then only nineteen, was slain near Kingston, fighting with extraordinary valour, 'and, refusing to take quarter, he received nine wounds in his beautiful face and body.' The duke escaped abroad, and his estates, worth £25,000 a year, were confiscated. His precious collection of pictures, made by his father, amongst which was the Ecce Homo of Titian,[1] was sent to him by a faithful servant, and he lived on the proceeds of their sale. He went with Charles to Scotland, was at the battle of Worcester, escaped to France, and afterwards served with distinction as a volunteer in the French army, at the sieges of Arras and Valenciennes. He seldom went near the dissolute court of the exiled Charles.

In 1657 young Buckingham was not the abandoned reprobate he afterwards became. He had suffered many misfortunes, had seen much military service, was handsome, winning, and accomplished. Lord Fairfax, as well as his daughter, was impressed with all this, and liked the young man. The general remembered that he too was descended from the Lords Manners of Roos, the two sons of Sir Guy Fairfax having married two ladies of that family. The

[1] It fetched £5,000.

young duke's suit was favoured by the venerable Lady Vere of Tilbury, and when the proposal was made by Mr. Robert Harlow, a mutual friend, the consent of the parents was obtained. The young lady already loved her suitor, and she never wavered in that love through all his erring, unfaithful career. It was arranged that the wedding should take place at Nunappleton, and thither went old Lady Vere in her family coach, with several chaplains, Abraham Cowley the poet as the bridegroom's best man, and many friends and relations.

Lord Fairfax restored York House and the manor of Helmsley to the duke, and by a subsequent deed of settlement, dated April 23, 1666, he gave Nunappleton to the duke and duchess for their respective lives, and to the heirs of her body, but if she had no heirs, then to the heirs male of the first Lord Fairfax. The arrangements were made by Mr. Witton, his lordship's man of business, son of his commissioner in the Isle of Man.

There was a gay and brilliant wedding at Bolton Percy Church on September 15, 1657,[1] attended by all the families in the neighbourhood, and Cowley, the duke's best man, wrote the following sonnet in honour of the occasion:—

Now blessings to thy noble choice betide,
Happy and happy making bride!
Though thou art of a victorious race,
And all their rougher victory dost grace
With gentle triumphs of thy face,
Permit us in this milder war to prize
No less thy yielding heart than thy victorious eyes,
Nor doubt the honour of that field
Where thou didst first o'ercome ere thou didst yield.
And though thy father's martial name
Has fill'd the trumpets and the drums of fame,
Thy husband triumphs now no less than he,
And it may justly question'd be
Which was the happiest conqueror of the three.[2]

[1] The entry in the Bolton Percy Parish Register is as follows:—

'George Villiers Duke of Buckingham and Mary ye daughter of Thomas lord fairfax, Baron of Cameron, of Nun-apleton w^th^in this parish of Bolton-Percy were maryed the fifteenth day of September an^o^ Dm 1657.'

The same date is given in the Fairfax Family Bible, now at Leeds Castle. Brian Fairfax, in his *Life of Buckingham*, gives September 7 as the date.

[2] *To the Duke of Buckingham, upon his Marriage with the Lord Fairfax his Daughter.* Cowley's works, p. 135 (ed. 1700, folio).

The Protector's Government meditated proceedings against the young duke as soon as it was known that he was in England; and it appears that Lord Fairfax took some steps to avert them. The following minute of the Council at Whitehall was entered on November 17, 1657:—

'His Highness having communicated to the Council that the Lord Fairfax hath made addresses to him with some desires on behalf of the Duke of Buckingham, ordered that the resolve and Act of Parliament in the case of the said duke be communicated to the Lord Fairfax, as the grounds of the Council's proceedings touching the said duke; and that there be withal signified to the Lord Fairfax the Council's civil respects to his Lordship's own person, that the Earl of Mulgrave, the Lord Deputy Fleetwood, and the Lord Strickland be desired to deliver a message from the Council to the Lord Fairfax to the effect aforesaid.'[1]

This message was resented by Lord Fairfax as a marked slight.[2] His wishes were not attended to, and it was not long before his son-in-law was apprehended by order of the Protector.

In the following year the new-married pair went up to London, and lived at York House with Lord and Lady Fairfax; but one day, as the duke was returning from Cobham, where he had been to visit his sister,[3] he was seized and imprisoned in the Tower, on August 24, 1658. Lord Fairfax was both alarmed and annoyed. He went in person to Whitehall, and remonstrated strongly with the Protector against this arbitrary arrest; but Cromwell refused the last, and probably the first favour his old general ever asked from him. Lord Fairfax was very angry. His young cousin Brian was with him, and says, 'He turned abruptly from the Protector in the gallery at Whitehall, cocking his hat,

[1] Thurloe's *State Papers*, vi. p. 616. Original MS. in the Bodleian.

[2] 'It was said that the Lord Fairfax had laid this usage up and would remember it when there was occasion.' *Rawlinson MSS.*, vol. lxi. December, 1657; and Thurloe, vi. p. 618.

[3] The duke's only sister, Lady Mary Villiers, married the Duke of Richmond and Lennox, and had a son Esme Stuart, the fifth duke, who died young in 1660, and a daughter Mary, married to Richard Butler, Earl of Arran, who died childless in 1667.

and throwing his cloak under his arm, as he used to do when he was angry.' They never met again.[1] Ten days afterwards the great Protector was lying dead at Hampton Court.

Richard Cromwell called a Parliament to meet on January 27, 1659, and Lord Fairfax was again elected for Yorkshire. He took his seat on February 3, with the object of obtaining the release of his son-in-law, and was warmly welcomed by the members. Sir Arthur Hazelrig said, in speaking of the petition for the duke's release, 'I bless God that the noble Lord who sits by me, having received so many wounds, is here on my right hand.' Sir Anthony Ashley Cooper (afterwards Earl of Shaftesbury) said, 'Let it not be thought that we have ingratitude to that person that offered the petition. The care that his Lordship will have of the duke in his family will be beyond all security you can care for. You may well trust him.'[2] Sir Harry Vane also urged the House to grant the request of Lord Fairfax, and it was finally resolved that his son-in-law should be released on undertaking to demean himself peaceably for the future. After Cromwell's death, he had been removed to Windsor Castle, where he had the society of his friend Cowley and of his wife; but on his release the whole family returned to Nunappleton. The next year (1659) was the happiest in the duke's life. He lived regularly and soberly with his wife and her parents, had plenty of fox-hunting in the autumn and winter, and indulged in no folly or extravagance. Many a time during his brilliant but wretched after-career he must have looked back with regret on the peaceful happy days passed at Nunappleton with the grand old warrior and his gentle loving daughter.

When the year 1659 came to a close Lord Fairfax once more found important duty cut out for him, and he prepared to perform it with all his old zeal and energy.

[1] Brian Fairfax's *Life of Buckingham.* [2] Burton.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE RESTORATION.

After the death of the great Protector the country fell into a state of absolute anarchy, and Lord Fairfax came to the conclusion that the only hope was in a restoration of the monarchy. There was no successor to Cromwell, for such a man only appears once in the course of several generations, and the Commonwealth statesmen had been tried and found wanting. The great general conceived it to be his duty to take measures for the election of a free Parliament, with a view to the restoration, and, as he had never been known to count odds when his mind was once made up, he was sure to declare his views without much delay. But it was absolutely necessary to watch the course of events for a few months.

On April 22, 1659, Richard Cromwell dissolved his Parliament. Then the council of officers invited Speaker Lenthall and the Long Parliament to meet again, Richard was dismissed by a vote passed on May 21, and a Council of State was formed, at the head of which was placed the revered name of Thomas Lord Fairfax. His cousin, Sir Horatio Townshend, Sir Anthony Ashley Cooper, Sir Harry Vane, Bulstrode Whitelock, Generals Lambert, Fleetwood, and Ludlow, and twenty-three others were associated with him. Monk, who commanded the army in Scotland, sent in his adhesion to this new form of government; but Lord Fairfax conceived the state of affairs in Yorkshire to be so critical that he did not come up to London to take office. In August a Royalist insurrection, headed by Sir George Booth, broke out in Cheshire and Lancashire, and General Lambert marched from London with a small but well-equipped force

to suppress it. He had scattered the insurgents and taken Booth prisoner before the end of the month, and on September 20 he returned to London. It has been alleged that during the time of Booth's rising Lord Fairfax opened a communication with Monk in Scotland.[1]

In October it became clear that the ambitious leaders of the army intended once more to dissolve the Parliament and usurp the supreme power. The House of Commons boldly, but rather precipitately, passed an Act against any money being raised without consent of Parliament, and discharged ten of the principal officers, including Lambert, from their employments. On October 13 the officers forcibly prevented the House from sitting. They elected Fleetwood to be Commander-in-Chief, and nominated a new supreme Council, which they called the Committee of Safety. Monk wrote from Scotland that he and his army were dissatisfied with the proceedings against the Parliament in England, and assumed a threatening attitude towards the Committee of Safety. He advanced to the banks of the Tweed with about 7,000 men, while Lambert went to York with 10,000 men to oppose him, and Colonel Robert Lilburne, as Lambert's second in command, occupied Newcastle. Lambert left London on November 3, and on the 23rd he was at Newcastle, while the council of officers busied themselves in framing a new constitution.

There was now, in fact, no Government at all, and Lord Fairfax felt that the time had come for taking some energetic step. Monk was a coarse, unprincipled renegade, but luckily he thought that his selfish interests would be advanced by supporting Lord Fairfax in his cry for a free Parliament. The first negotiations between them were managed by Mr. Bowles, his old chaplain, on the part of Lord Fairfax, while Monk employed his rascally brother-in-law Dr. Clarges. Mr. Bowles was a tall handsome man, an excellent scholar and preacher, and a devoted friend to Lord Fairfax. He had great influence in York, and had married Elizabeth Hutton, sister of Lord Fairfax's brother-in-law,

[1] *Memoirs of Monk*, by Hon. J. Stuart Wortley, p. 122.

Richard Hutton of Poppleton. The reverend negotiator was satisfied with the promises sent by Monk through Clarges, and his report led Lord Fairfax to decide upon taking the field. His brother-in-law, Mr. Arthington, Sir Henry Cholmley, Colonels Bethell and Smithson, and the old veteran of Lincolnshire, Colonel Rossiter, promised to join him. Then General Morgan, who was Monk's second in command, and had been left at York with an attack of the gout, came to Nunappleton with a Dr. Troutbeck, and told Lord Fairfax that Monk desired his co-operation. The old warrior replied, 'If General Monk has any other design than to restore Parliaments to their ancient freedom, and settle the nation upon its ancient government, I will oppose him; but otherwise I will heartily join with him.'[1] Dr. Troutbeck and General Morgan immediately posted to Scotland with this reply, and Monk wrote a letter to Lord Fairfax, which is not extant, but the purport of which seems to have been that he was ready to act with the great general against Lambert. Then Fairfax resolved to take the field.

There is something heroic in this fearless determination of the old Lord. He had not a single soldier, he was oppressed with illness, and was suffering intense pain, yet he at once decided upon taking the field against Lambert, who was at the head of a disciplined army of 10,000 men,

It was now December. Fairfax had resolved to commence operations on January 1, 1660, and it was necessary to despatch a messenger with this news to Monk, in order that he might co-operate against Lambert. The service was hazardous and difficult, Lambert's army being posted between Nunappleton and Coldstream on the Tweed, where Monk was encamped. Colonel Lilburne was at York, anxiously watching the movements at Nunappleton, for the one man there was more feared than Monk and all his army. One December evening young Brian Fairfax tells us that he was sent for into my Lord's private study at Nunappleton, where he found the general, the Duke of Buckingham, and Mr. Arthington sitting together. As he opened the door the

[1] MS. at Leeds Castle.

general exclaimed, 'Here is my cousin Brian; I will undertake he shall do this business.' He then explained the urgent necessity of a message being taken to Monk, and an answer returned before January 1; and Brian declared his readiness to do this service with all his heart. The message was a verbal one, and Mr. Arthington undertook to see the spirited young messenger well on his way. He was to tell Monk that Lord Fairfax intended to take the field, with such gentlemen of the county as were willing to join with him, on January 1; and to desire that, in case Lambert fell back into Yorkshire to attack his old general, Monk should advance to his assistance.

It was a severe winter, and on December 21, when Brian started, there was a hard frost and the snow was lying thick on the ground. Buckingham undertook the duty of disguising his wife's cousin, as his Grace had had many occasions to use disguises himself. So Brian was dressed as a young country clown; but the most serious thing was, that, to keep up the character, he was obliged to go unarmed, and thus to cross the border-country of the moss-troopers, 'the most cruel and merciless sort of banditti in the world,' says Brian. His brother Henry, however, gave him a sword-stick; and the keeper of Nunappleton park provided a capital horse. They would not let the young messenger go to bid his father farewell at Bolton Percy, for fear the old gentleman should object to the expedition; but sent him off the same night to York, where he had an hour's conference with Mr. Bowles, who advised him to change his name. Brian at first adopted the name of Malbis, with reference to a family which had intermarried with the Fairfaxes in ancient times; but he found it difficult to remember, and being suddenly asked his name on the borders of Yorkshire, he answered Green.

On the morning of December 21 he went from York to Mrs. Hutton's at Poppleton, with his brother Henry and Mr. Arthington. Here Henry Fairfax parted with him and returned to Nunappleton, whence he was sent by the old Lord with an important message to Colonel Overton at Hull.

It was decided that, to avoid Lambert's army, which was on the great north road, Brian should make a round by the wild hills of Westmoreland and Cumberland, a severe journey in the depth of winter. Mr. Arthington went with him as far as Sir Robert Strickland's house at Thornton Bridge, and then the young fellow set out by himself, with a letter from Sir Robert to his steward at Sisergh near Kendall in Westmoreland, a man named Thomas Shepherd, who was to act as a guide to Scotland. Shepherd accompanied Brian to Penrith, where they were stopped by some of Lambert's horse, but they had answers ready to all questions, and were allowed to go on to Brampton in Cumberland. Here there were more of Lambert's troopers, who were told that the two countrymen were on their way to my Lady Graham's at Netherby, and that one was a farrier. Pressing onwards, they reached Castleton, the first Scottish town, at about midnight, where Shepherd's horse unluckily fell dead lame.

They were forced to go into a house, and enquire for any one who would act as a guide to Coldstream, about thirty miles over the hills. There was a smoky fire in the middle of the room, and while they were drinking a pot of ale before it, a lusty fellow came in and offered his services as a guide. He then began to boast of his valour and to show his wounds, but honest Shepherd took young Brian aside and entreated him not to put himself in the power of such a ruffian. Brian replied that he could not sit there by the fireside when every hour was of consequence, and he set out with this very doubtful character. After they had gone about three miles, the fellow suddenly turned his horse and seized hold of Brian, who closed with his antagonist and threw him to the ground. The horse galloped back to Castleton, and Brian followed, to the great joy of Thomas Shepherd, who had found out in the interval that the fellow was a notorious moss-trooper and murderer named Tony Elliot. He was afterwards hanged at Carlisle.

Brian and Shepherd then wandered over the snow-covered hills all night, and arrived at Kelso next day, where they found General Morgan, who gave them a guide to Coldstream.

Brian reached the camp late the next night, and found Monk quartered in a little thatched house. The general took him into a private room, where he delivered his message and received the answer. It was, 'Tell Lord Fairfax that I will watch Lambert as a cat watches a mouse.' Monk then sent for his butler, and caused a bottle of sack and some cold roast beef to be set before the weary traveller. Brian then went to see his uncle Charles Fairfax the lawyer, who was commanding a regiment in Monk's army, and returned next morning to Kelso. The way was very dangerous, the steep sloping banks of the Tweed being covered with slippery ice; but this peril was soon passed, and Brian made the best of his way back to Nunappleton, arriving before he was expected. His horse died three days afterwards.

The next day was January 1, 1660. Lord Fairfax was very ill with gout and other ailments, but nothing could daunt that heroic spirit. He had told Monk that he would take the field on that day, and no one could persuade him to delay for an hour. He set out for Arthington in his family coach. Henry Fairfax and Mr. Arthington were with him in the coach, while Brian, Sir Thomas Widdrington, a certain Tom Morley, and a few servants acted as an escort. At Oglethorpe, close to Newton Kyme, the old Lord became so ill that he was obliged to stop for an hour at the paper mill there.[1] Near Harewood they met about twenty troopers of Colonel Lilburne's regiment, and two of them rode up to the coach side. Lord Fairfax bade his cousin Henry give him his pistols; and the men, seeing who was in the coach, and that he intended to defend himself, rode off, only asking whither my Lord was going. The answer was, to his house at Denton. Soon afterwards they arrived at Arthington, the seat of his Lordship's sister, where they were joined by Sir Thomas Slingsby[2] and about fifty men. The Duke of Buckingham

[1] On the stream, still called 'Paper Mill Beck,' which flows down from Clifford Moor to the Wharfe.

[2] Our poor zealous old friend Sir Henry Slingsby had been beheaded by the Protector's Government on June 8, 1658, for distributing commissions signed by Charles Stuart among the officers in the garrison at Hull. This Sir Thomas Slingsby was his eldest son.

had been sent to Knaresborough, to meet the levies under Sir Henry Cholmley,[1] and Colonels Bethel, Smithson,[2] and Strangeways, who had all declared for Fairfax.

Lord Fairfax went to bed very ill soon after he arrived at Arthington, and, sending for Brian, said to him, 'Cousin, you are unacquainted with these things. We have here some honest country gentlemen that are willing to venture their lives; but what could we do if any part of Lambert's army came upon us? If I had such a troop as I had at the beginning of the war[3] I would not fear him, for I would venture to go with them all the world over.' Then he consulted with his friends and decided to go next morning to Denton, and defend himself there until Monk, according to his promise, should advance into Yorkshire.

They then sent Brian to bed, for he had not been between sheets since he set out from Nunappleton on his Scotland journey. But before he was asleep there was a loud knocking at the gates, and a gentleman desired an interview with Mr. Brian Fairfax. He turned out to be an old college chum at Cambridge, who was then an officer in what was called the Irish brigade of Lambert's army. He said he came with a message from Colonel Redman and the rest of the officers, to the effect that the whole brigade, 1,200 strong, in the rear of Lambert's army, was ready to join the Lord Fairfax next day on Marston Moor. Of course the design of going to Denton was abandoned, and the old Lord countermarched to the scene of the memorable battle.

When Lord Fairfax arrived on the moor, the brigade tendered a paper to him, declaring in favour of a Commonwealth and against any government by a single person. The intrepid old warrior fired up at once, tore the paper to pieces, and placed himself at the head of his raw Yorkshire levies, which were drawn up near Poppleton, facing the Irish brigade. This heroic resolution had an almost magical effect. The men, a few minutes before stubbornly enforcing

[1] Sir Henry Cholmley we have met before as colleague with Ferdinando Lord Fairfax at York. He was then an elderly man.

[2] Hugh Smithson of Stanwick, ancestor of the Duke of Northumberland.

[3] His Nunappleton 'Red-caps.'

their own views, came over in squads and took ground beside their beloved old general, ready to obey him in all things. Regiment after regiment followed their example, until Lambert found himself almost deserted, and was obliged to seek safety in flight.

That day decided the fate of England, and secured the restoration of the monarchy. It was January 3, 1660, and Lord Fairfax, having gained this memorable but bloodless victory, went to pass the night at the house of his widowed sister, Mrs. Hutton, at Poppleton. Monk was thus enabled to advance to York without opposition, Lord Fairfax having already occupied it.[1] Had the general remained neutral at Nunappleton, Lambert, with his superior force, would probably have defeated Monk.[2] Had he joined Lambert, Monk's soldiers would have come over to their old commander, just as Lambert's did. In either case the course of events would have been changed. The overthrow of the Committee of Safety, and the assembling of a free Parliament which recalled Charles, is due directly to the action taken by Lord Fairfax. He it was who, whether for good or for evil, restored the monarchy.

Monk did not arrive in York until January 11, when Lord Fairfax dined with him privately at his lodgings; and the same night Mr. Bowles fully explained the old Lord's views, and went so far as to urge Monk to proclaim the King at once.[3] On the 12th Lord Fairfax entertained Monk and

[1] Brian Fairfax wrote a lively account of his journey to Monk's camp at Coldstream, and of the subsequent operations, which he called *Iter Boreale*, headed with this motto—*Qui va et vien fait bon voyage.* The original manuscript, in his own handwriting, in a quarto vellum-covered book, is preserved at Leeds Castle. Another version of the *Iter Boreale* is printed in the Fairfax Correspondence, vol iv. p. 151, with a different motto at the head—*Hæc olim meminisse juvabit.* From internal evidence I judge that the Leeds Castle version was the original, and that the printed one was written afterwards. The latter is more carefully composed, but does not contain so many details.

On January 4 Brian was despatched to London with a letter to Speaker Lenthall reporting these events, which was signed by Lord Fairfax, Sir Henry Chelmley, and Mr. Arthington.

[2] 'Without my Lord Fairfax his engaging in Yorkshire, Lambert's army had never quitted him, nor the Duke of Albemarle marched out of Scotland.' *Buckingham to Charles.*

[3] Skinner's *Life of Monk*, p. 188. Masere's *Select Tracts*, ii. p. 752.

his officers in the gallery at Nunappleton, at a magnificent banquet. Monk offered to give up the command of the army to Lord Fairfax on this occasion, who declined it; but in a subsequent conversation in the old Lord's private study the open-hearted Fairfax told Monk what he ought to do. He said that there could be no settlement in England but by a free Parliament and upon the old foundation of monarchy, and that a free Parliament must be called.[1] Monk was a selfish schemer, with no thought but for his own interests. He was not yet quite clear what course to pursue; and his answers were so shuffling and unsatisfactory that they roused the suspicions even of the single-minded old general.

Monk and his officers returned from Nunappleton to York the same night. The next day was a Sunday, and Mr. Bowles preached to them in the Minster, and on the 15th they commenced their march to London.

In consequence of the doubtful conduct of the renegade Monk, an address was prepared in Yorkshire, declaring that a free Parliament must be called, and that no taxes would be paid until after the elections. Fairfax headed the list of signatures, and his name was followed by those of Sir John Daunay and all the principal Yorkshire country gentlemen. Young Brian, who had fairly earned the credit of being a good horseman, was again sent up to London with this address.

The policy of Lord Fairfax was adopted. In February an order for the election of members for a free Parliament was issued, and the Lords and Commons met on April 25, the Earl of Manchester being chosen Speaker of the Lords, and Sir Harbottle Grimston of the Commons. Lord Fairfax was elected member for Yorkshire, with Sir John Daunay[2] as his colleague. In May, Sir John Grenville[3] and Lord Mordaunt[4] presented letters from Charles to both Houses, and it was resolved that he should be invited to return. A

[1] *Iter Borcale.*

[2] Created Viscount Downe in 1680.

[3] Eldest surviving son of Sir Bevil Grenville, and nephew of Sir Richard, who ruined the Royalist cause in Cornwall. He was created Earl of Bath at the Restoration.

[4] John Mordaunt, younger brother of the Earl of Peterborough, was created

commission consisting of six Peers and twelve members of the House of Commons was appointed to convey this invitation to Charles at the Hague, and Fairfax's gallant young colonel, Edward Montague, then in command of the fleet, provided a squadron of ships to convey them to Holland. The House of Commons appointed the Lord Fairfax, to whom, and not to Monk, the restoration was due, to head the commission. He was accompanied by his chaplain, Mr. Bowles, and by young Brian; and his principal colleagues were his cousin Sir Horatio Townshend, Sir Anthony Ashley Cooper, Sir Henry Cholmley, Sir George Booth, and troublesome Denzil Holles. They set out on May 18, and the great general was received by Charles at the Hague very graciously, as well he might be.[1] But the somewhat insulting form was gone through of giving Lord Fairfax a full pardon under the Great Seal.[2] They all returned to England on May 26.

Lord Fairfax provided the horse on which Charles rode at his coronation, from his splendid stud at Nunappleton. He was by Bridladon out of the chesnut mare ridden by Fairfax at Naseby. The old Lord wrote four couplets on the occasion, which, however, appear to have been intended to celebrate the horse quite as much as its rider.[3]

Viscount Mordaunt of Avalon at the Restoration. His son Charles was the great Earl of Peterborough, and his grandchild Elizabeth married Sir William Milner, Bart. of Nunappleton.

[1] 'His Majesty sent my Lord Gerard to compliment him particularly, and to conduct him to the Court.' *Brian Fairfax.*

[2] This document is preserved at Leeds Castle.

[3] 'Upon the Horse which His Matie Rode upon at his Coronation. 1660.'

'Hence then despair, my hopes why should it bury,
Since this brave steed bred first was in my query.
Now thus advanc'd wth highest honors laden,
Whilst his that bred him, on, by most men troden.
But 'tis no matter seeing thou hast got the advance.
Then please the Royal rider with thy prance.
Soe may thy fame much rayse thy praises higher
Than chesnut that begott thee or Brid-la-don * thy Sire.'

Horace Walpole, who had evidently never seen these lines, waxes very facetious in alluding to them. He says: 'But of all Lord Fairfax's works, by far the most remarkable were some verses which he wrote on the horse on which Charles the

* *Brid-la don: Anglice*, Golden Bridle.

The restoration of the monarchy was thus effected, and in producing this great change Fairfax acted with perfect consistency and good faith. He first engaged in the war to put an end to the lawless tyranny of Charles I., and to secure liberty of conscience and the rights of the people through a free Parliament, under the sway of a constitutional king. To this end all his efforts were directed up to the time of the King's execution. Fairfax was a great general, and his military operations were completely successful. He was no statesman, and is not answerable for failures at the council board. When a Commonwealth was established, he chose the part of a true patriot, and served his country zealously and faithfully, though he disliked the form of government which had been adopted by the ruling party. But when the war was made upon Scotland, which he believed to be unjust, he refused to be responsible for a measure of which he conscientiously disapproved, and retired into private life. So long as the country was steadily and efficiently governed under the Commonwealth and the Protectorate, the true-hearted warrior frankly and honestly acknowledged the rulers adopted by his countrymen, but personally disapproved by himself. When, however, absolute anarchy broke out after the death of Cromwell, Lord Fairfax saw his duty once more clear before him. He insisted upon securing the objects for which he had originally drawn his sword—a free Parliament and liberty of conscience under a constitutional king. Thus was the Restoration brought about, while the adherents of absolutism had been taught a lesson by the sword of Fairfax which rendered a permanent return to the old tyranny impossible. The renegade Monk, a very suitable companion for Charles, was loaded with honours. The great Lord Fairfax returned to his retirement at Nunappleton, with the proud consciousness of having done good service to his country, a higher reward than any king could give.

Second rode to the coronation, and which had been bred and presented to the King by his Lordship. How must that merry monarch, not apt to keep his countenance on more serious occasions, have smiled at this awkward homage from the old victorious hero of Republicanism and the Covenant!' *Royal and Noble Authors.* Works, v. p. 110.

CHAPTER XXXII.

DEATH OF THE GREAT GENERAL.

THE consciousness of having acted honourably and faithfully throughout his long public career was very necessary to sustain the great general in his retreat. For there was much in the public events during the years that followed the Restoration which was calculated to shake the faith of the firmest adherents of monarchy in the wisdom of that measure. England was never disgraced by a viler and baser government; and though we know that our hero was supported by a firm faith that his life had not been lived in vain, and that God in His own good time would make the right prevail, yet one cannot but regret that he was not spared, like Lord Wharton and old General Ludlow and a few others, to behold the final triumph of the good old cause. As soon as Charles and his friends were safely established they began their carrion work. The condemned regicides were executed,[1] while the new King gloated over the sight from a window. The excuse of indulging a thirst for vengeance on his father's murderers fails him, because Dick Ingoldsby, whose regiment had been the first to call for Charles's death, who signed the death-warrant, and who excused himself by telling a particularly base lie, was honoured by being made a baronet and a knight of the Bath at the coronation. So that Charles II. did not hate his father's judges as such. He murdered Sir Harry Vane, one of England's ablest and purest statesmen, in the face of a solemn promise made by both himself and Clarendon to the Parliament that they would refrain from committing that crime. The hirelings who tried the illustrious victim avowedly acted as the tools of their employers. 'We

[1] Among them our gallant old friend Colonel Okey of the Dragoons.

do not know how to answer him,' they said, 'but we know what to do with him.' There was indeed a cynical contempt for even the outside pretence of justice in these proceedings. Vengeance in its vilest form, as it would be understood by the lowest savage, was the openly avowed motive. The Lords who were most nearly related to the peers condemned in 1649 were actually invited to select their victims. Lord Denbigh, the nearest relation to the Duke of Hamilton, refused with disgust to be mixed up in these barbarous proceedings.

Then Charles and his advisers began to desecrate the graves of departed genius and valour. The remains of England's most distinguished statesmen, of her bravest admirals, and of some of her most learned writers and lawyers[1] were thus insulted; nor were even the virtues and graces of noble women any safeguard from this sacrilege. The work was so shockingly indecent, and excited such popular odium, that at last the new rulers of England were frightened from their occupation.

Lord Fairfax heard the news of these enormities with feelings that we can easily understand. When he was told of the proceedings against the victims, he openly and indignantly exclaimed that 'if any man must be excepted, he knew no man that deserved it more than himself, who was the general of the army at the time.'[2] The Earl of Northumberland also spoke out as a Percy should do, declaring that, though he had no part in the death of the King, he was against questioning those who had been concerned in making an example which would be useful to posterity, and profitable to future kings. Honour to the two brave noblemen who thus spoke out fearlessly and generously at a moment when all other public men were prostrating themselves in the dust before the perpetrators of these atrocities!

[1] The bodies of the Protector, of President Bradshaw, and of Lord Deputy Ireton were dragged to Tyburn; while those of Admirals Blake and Popham, of John Pym, of William Strode, of Sir William Constable, of Sir John Meldrum, of Thomas May the historian of the Long Parliament, of Dennis Bond, of Dr. Twiss, of Cromwell's mother, and of Lady Claypole were torn from their coffins and thrown together naked into a pit, near the back door of one of the prebendaries' houses at Westminster.

[2] Ludlow, p. 380.

Mr. Bowles, Lord Fairfax's chaplain and chief adviser, was equally indignant at the base conduct of Monk; and at the executions, acts of sacrilege, and treacherous persecutions which were the results of the Restoration. Before returning to York, he went to Monk and said, 'You have given up your opportunities to do your country service, for a feather in your cap and a little trifling honour. But the Lord says of you as he did of Coniah, "Write this man childless, a man that shall not prosper in his days; for no man of his seed shall prosper." Your title will be mentioned as a reproach to yourself, and after your son has had it a little while it will go out in a snuff.[1] As for me, I have buried the good old cause, and am now going to bury myself.' At Doncaster, on his way north, he was met by several clergymen, to whom he bewailed the hand he had had in the Restoration. The non-conforming clergy were to be expelled on St. Bartholomew's Day 1662. Mr. Bowles was offered the deanery of York if he would conform, but he refused. 'As the day approached he grew sick of the times, died in the flower of his life aged 49, and was buried at York on St. Bartholomew's Eve.'[2]

Sorrows and anxieties of a private nature also clouded the last years of Lord Fairfax, as dear friends dropped off one by one, and his fears increased for the happiness of his only child. The Duke of Buckingham was made Lord Lieutenant of Yorkshire and master of the horse. He became one of the gayest and most dissolute of the courtiers, and plunged into every kind of dissipation and excess. His fortune was very large, but no estate could stand the drain which was caused by Buckingham's wild and lavish expenditure. Brian Fairfax, who became his agent, found himself powerless either to control or restrain his employer; but the reckless duke only ruined himself. He charged his debts on his estates, and left enough to pay them all at his death. He

[1] Monk died in 1670. His vile wife, Anne Clarges, daughter of a farrier in the Savoy, had been his washerwoman, and married him while her own husband was still alive. Their son, the second Duke of Albemarle, died childless in Jamaica in 1688.

[2] Neale's *Puritans*, iv. p. 379.

was always kind and affectionate to his wife, and had a profound respect and friendship for his father-in-law. The poor duchess loved him to the end, in spite of his neglect. She bore patiently with all his faults, and 'was a most virtuous and pious lady in a vicious age and court.'[1]

She was the first lady in England, next to the Royal Family;[2] and, from a similarity in their unhappy circumstances, the Duchess Mary and Queen Catharine of Braganza formed a close intimacy.[3] Mary, in her dreary splendour, derived some innocent pleasure from the Queen's sympathy, and from a few of the usual occupations of ladies in those days. The old Viscountess de Longueville described the duchess as much such another in person as the Queen, 'a little round crumpled woman very fond of finery;' and she remembered paying her a visit, when she found her lying on a sofa with a kind of loose robe over her, all edged or laced with gold. Madame Dunois rather contradicts this description. She says, in her Memoirs, 'The duchess has merit and virtue. She is brown and lean; but had she been the most beautiful and charming of her sex, the being his wife would have been sufficient alone to have inspired the duke with dislike.'[4]

Lord Fairfax's uncle Henry, the beloved Rector of Bolton Percy, was looked upon as intrusive at the Restoration. He was induced to resign to Mr. Wickham, and retired to his private estate at Oglethorpe, near Newton Kyme, where he died on April 6, 1665, aged seventy-eight. His former parishioners were so devoted to his memory, and he was so respected by the new rector, that they buried him within the altar rails of Bolton Percy church. His two sons, Henry, the heir presumptive to the barony, and Brian, continued to be frequent visitors at Nunappleton. In 1664 Sir Thomas

[1] Brian Fairfax's *Life of Buckingham.*

[2] The dukedom of Norfolk was not restored until 1664, and the then duke was unmarried.

[3] The Royal Family of Portugal had a high respect and admiration for Lord Fairfax. See a letter from the Princess Anne, dated September 5, 1660. *Fairfax Correspondence*, i. p. 112.

[4] *Memoirs of Count Grammont*, p. 405 (Bohn's ed. 1853).

Widdrington,[1] Lord Fairfax's brother-in-law, died, leaving four daughters, who lived in their father's house at Lendal in York until their marriage.[2] Thus friends and relations were fast dropping away, and the great blow of all was not long withheld.

On October 16, 1665, the old Lord's true and faithful wife during all the dangers and hardships of the war, died at Nunappleton of a short illness. Lady Fairfax was a woman of strong mind and energetic will, devoted to her husband, and making his interests her sole object in life. She shared all the perils and toils of the Yorkshire campaign with him, nursed and attended him in his constant attacks of fever and when prostrated by wounds received in battle, and was his supporter and adviser in the perplexities and difficulties of the years following the end of the war. It has been said that she exerted undue influence over him to induce him to resign his command. The assertion is based on mere gossip, but if it be true, as the act was one of the noblest and most disinterested in the general's public life, she only proved herself to be a true and wise counsellor. She was

[1] Thomas Widdrington, of Chisbourne Grange in Northumberland, was a barrister of Gray's Inn and Recorder of York. He was knighted by Charles on April 1, 1639, for reading to him a most fulsome address. He was elected M.P. for Berwick on April 13, 1640, and again in the Long Parliament on November 3. He took the Covenant, but when the Presbyterian party lost ground he became an Independent, and one of the Commissioners of the Great Seal in March 1647. Opposing the King's trial, he retired from the commissionership, but was again sworn a commissioner on April 5, 1654, elected M.P. for York in 1656, and chosen Speaker of the House of Commons. In that capacity he invested Oliver Cromwell as Lord Protector on June 26, 1657, and the next year he became Chief Baron of the Exchequer. In January 1659 he was appointed a Councillor of State, and was elected M.P. for York on April 25, 1660, and for Berwick again in 1661. He wrote a description or survey of the city of York, which was never published, but from which Drake got much of his material. His wife Frances, sister of Lord Fairfax, died in London on May 4, 1649, leaving four daughters. Sir Thomas died on May 22, 1664.

Sir Thomas Widdrington was a faithful and generous friend, but as a public man he was a trimmer, and was fussy, pedantic, obsequious, and full of small ambition.

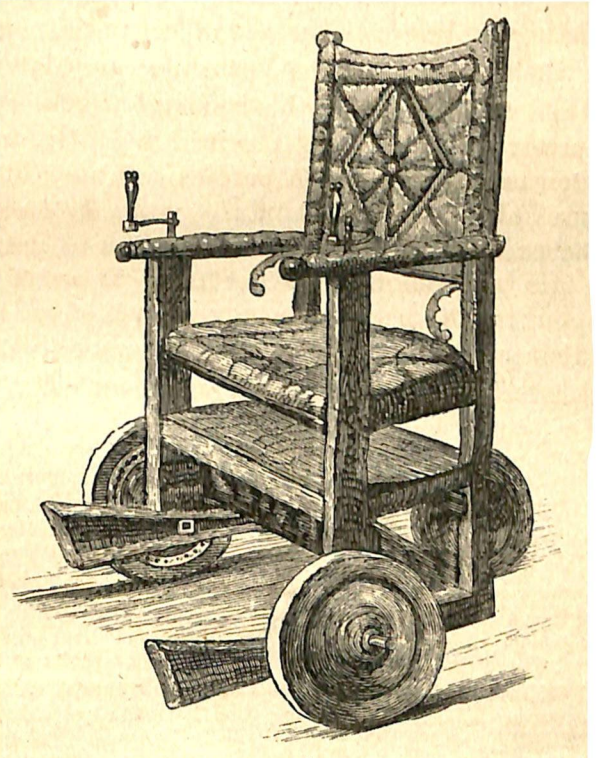
[2] Of the four daughters, Frances was married to Sir John Legard, Katherine to Sir Robert Shafto, Ursula to the Earl of Plymouth, and Mary to Sir Robert Markham. There is an interesting account of the death and burial of Lady Markham, by her husband Sir Robert, in a pocket-book now in the British Museum.

the daughter and the wife of two of England's greatest generals:—

A Vere—a Fairfax—honour's honour she.[1]

Lady Fairfax was buried in the south choir of Bilbrough church.

During the last seven years of his life the old Lord was bowed down by diseases, the results of exposure and wounds. The gout took from him the use of his legs, and he was



LORD FAIRFAX'S CHAIR.

confined to a chair of peculiar construction on wheels, which he could move about at pleasure. It was long preserved in the chapel at Steeton, and is still in existence.[2] Brian Fairfax thus describes his cousin at this time:—'He sat like an old Roman, his manly countenance striking awe and reverence

[1] *Elegy on Lady Fairfax*, by Lady Carey. MS. at the Bodleian.

[2] It was for some years at Farnley, and is now in the house of Miss Fairfax at Newton Kyme, to whose kindness I am indebted for the drawing whence the

into all that beheld him, and yet mixed with so much modesty and meekness as no figure of a mortal man ever represented more. Most of his time he did spend in religious duties, and much of the rest in reading good books, which he was well qualified to do in all modern languages, as appears by those he hath writ and translated.'

He preserved his mental faculties to the last, in spite of his bodily sufferings. We see this in his annotations on the account of Marston Moor in his copy of Fuller's Worthies;[1] and in his re-writing and improving his metrical version of some of the Psalms,[2] which he had composed several years before. It was also during the last year or two of his life that he wrote the two Memorials which have been published.

The first is entitled a 'A Short Memorial of the Northern Actions in which I was engaged, during the war there, from the year 1642 to the year 1644.' It was not intended for any eye but his own, and was written that he might not be deprived of the comfort of the 'remembrance of God's mercies; but not in that methodical and polished manner as might have been done, being intended only for my own satisfaction and help of my memory.' It is much to be regretted that he did not begin this work earlier, and write it carefully with a view to publication. His admirable and lucid despatches after the storming of Dartmouth and the fight at Torrington prove that he could use his pen to good effect if he chose. But such as it is, the 'Short Memorial of the Northern Actions' is indispensable for a knowledge of the Yorkshire campaigns, which comprise, perhaps, the most interesting portion of this great man's life-story.

The second is called 'Short Memorials of some things to be cleared during my command in the army.' It consists of notes hastily jotted down, and is full of mistakes and in-

above woodcut has been taken. The great Lord Fairfax's walking-stick is in the collection of Mr. Hailstone of Horton Hall. It is a long ebony staff with a silver ferule and head. The Fairfax crest, arms, supporters, and baron's coronet are engraved on the top. Some subsequent owner has engraved the following inscription round the side:—*Manus hæc inimica tyrannis ense petit placidam sub ibertate quietem.*

[1] *Antiquarian Repertory*, 1808, vol. iii.

[2] At the end of the MS. copy of the Memorials at Leeds Castle.

accuracies, having been written from memory, to show to a few friends, but without any idea of publication. The 'things to be cleared,' upon which he touches, are the causes which induced himself and his father to take up arms for the Parliament, his appointment to command the New Model army, the mutinous spirit of the army fostered by the adjutators, the seizure of the King at Holmby, the purging of the House by Colonel Pride, the execution of Lucas and Lisle and of the King, and the writer's reasons for retaining the command, while the council of officers acted in opposition to his views and contrary to his orders. He left these two Memorials in manuscript, and they were preserved by his successors in the library at Denton, until Brian Fairfax published them in 1699. He did this with the best intentions; but he should have printed the manuscripts exactly as they stood, instead of omitting many passages for fear of offending ultra-Royalists. In thus garbling the originals, he did not act as a true friend to the memory of his famous cousin.[1]

[1] There are two manuscript copies of these Memorials preserved at Leeds Castle, both in the handwriting of Lord Fairfax. The first is in a small quarto book, with metrical versions of Psalms 18, 24, 30, and 85 at the end. This appears to have been the first foul copy. The second is the fair copy. It has the following inscription on the first page:—*Presented by Sir Peter Thompson to the Hon. Robert Fairfax*, 1760. *MS. bought at Mr. Granger's sale on January* 22, 1733. *The undoubted handwriting of Sir Thomas Fairfax. Mr. Brian Fairfax wanted it much, but Sir Peter could not then make up his mind to part with it.* The Brian Fairfax here mentioned was the son of the Brian who published the Memorials in 1699. There is a third manuscript copy of the Memorials at Leeds Castle, in the handwriting of the elder Brian, in a folio book, with several passages erased and altered. This is evidently the one that was prepared for publication.

In 1699 the Memorials were published in a small book of 128 pages, with a preface by Brian Fairfax. In this preface he states that they were never intended by the old Lord for publication, but to remain for the satisfaction of his own relations. The reason for not observing the wishes of the departed hero is stated to be that a copy had been surreptitiously obtained and was about to be published. Brian states that the Memorials are sent to the press without any *material* alterations from the original. This is a matter of opinion. He should have made no alterations. The version of Brian Fairfax was reprinted in the Somers *Tracts*, v. p. 374, and in Masere's *Select Tracts*, ii. p. 409.

In the beginning of this century another copy of the Memorials was taken 'from the original manuscript in Leeds Castle, and obligingly communicated by Edmund Lodge, Lancaster Herald,' to the *Antiquarian Repertory*, where it was printed in 1808, at the beginning of the third volume. This version is complete,

One of the last letters of Lord Fairfax is to his son-in-law, giving valuable advice respecting the organization and officering of troops, in the event of disturbances, which appear to have been expected in 1663.[1] A few years later there appears to have been some idea of persuading the grand old warrior once more to emerge from his retirement and superintend the organization of troops. 'Old Black Tom,' as he was called, would, it was still believed, scare away all insurgents by the very terror of his name. But his infirmities rendered active service impossible for him.[2]

His latest letters are on the subject of his daughter, who was a constant source of anxiety to him, owing to the

and has no alterations or omissions. It is, therefore, the one that should always be used by students, instead of the garbled version of Brian Fairfax reprinted in the Somers *Tracts*. Three local editions have been printed in Yorkshire—one at Leeds in 1776, with some astounding woodcuts; a second at Knaresborough, by Hargrove in 1810; and a third by Holroyd at Bradford a few years ago. There are also three manuscript copies in the British Museum. *Harleian MSS.*, Nos. 1786, 2315, and 6390.

Internal evidence, such as mistakes in dates, careless writing, and the placing of events out of their regular sequence, lead to the conclusion that the Memorials were written quite at the close of the great general's life. Other considerations go far to prove the correctness of this conclusion. The version of the 18th Psalm in the manuscript book at the Bodleian Library is rugged and abrupt. The version of the same Psalm at the end of the manuscript of the Memorials at Leeds Castle is evidently a corrected and improved edition, composed afterwards. Here they are, side by side:—

Bodleian Version.	Leeds Castle Version.
Lord, I should ingrate in hiest nature prove, Not thee, my rock, my fort, salvation, love; To give thee thanks how much am I engag'd, By mercy sav'd, foes being high enrag'd.	If thee, my Lord, I should neglect, I must ungrateful prove; The rock and fort of his elect, What saint enough can love? To prayse him how am I engag'd Whose worth transcends all prayse; He when my foes was most enrag'd, My sinking heart did raise.

Now, the Bodleian manuscript contains an elegy on Lady Fairfax's death, and cannot therefore have been finished until after that event. The Leeds Castle manuscript, containing the new version of the 18th Psalm and the rough copy of the Memorials, must have been written after the Bodleian manuscript, containing the old version of that Psalm. This places the date of the rough copy of the Memorials after that of Lady Fairfax's death, or quite at the close of the great general's life, between 1665 and 1671; but probably nearer the latter date.

[1] *To the Duke of Buckingham*, October 13, 1663.

[2] See letter from the Kimbolton library, dated January 20, 1667, and another

conduct of her husband. The latest extant, dated August 6, 1670, is preserved at Leeds Castle. It is not addressed, but is supposed to be to Lady Clinton, and, after touchingly alluding to his helplessness and his infirmities, anxiously enquires after his daughter—his little Moll whom he had borne through that desperate fight at Selby so many years before—his good and gentle, but unhappy child. He had heard she was going to Calais,[1] a mere garrison of soldiers, and could not understand it. God comfort the good old man. His release was very near. In these last years Mr. Stretton acted as his secretary and domestic chaplain, and his widowed sister Ellen, Lady Selby, came to live with him. But she died on March 17, 1670, and was buried next day at Bolton Percy.[2] In the last days of all, Henry and Brian Fairfax, his faithful cousins, and Mr. Stretton the chaplain, with his wife, were in attendance on the old general.

Lord Fairfax died of a fever, after a short illness, at Nunappleton, on November 12, 1671. On the last morning of his life he called for a Bible, saying his eyes grew dim. He read the forty-second Psalm—'As the hart panteth for the water-brooks.' Then, perceiving his end approaching, he said that he had already arranged his affairs. He settled Denton, Askwith, Rigton, and Bilbrough on his cousin Henry, who succeeded as fourth Lord Fairfax; and Nunappleton, Bolton Percy, and Bishop Hill in York on his daughter the Duchess Mary, for her life and her heirs male, and if she had none, then on his cousin and successor, Henry Fairfax. His will is dated 1667, with a long codicil dated November 11, 1671.

There was grief and mourning in Yorkshire when the news spread abroad. The good old Lord was dearly loved by his Nunappleton tenantry, whose fathers had followed him in his conquering progress from Berwick to the Land's End. He was buried by the side of his wife, under a very handsome altar tomb, in the choir on the south side of Bilbrough

without date, given in a communication signed W. W. S. in *Notes and Queries*, vol. xii. p. 295.

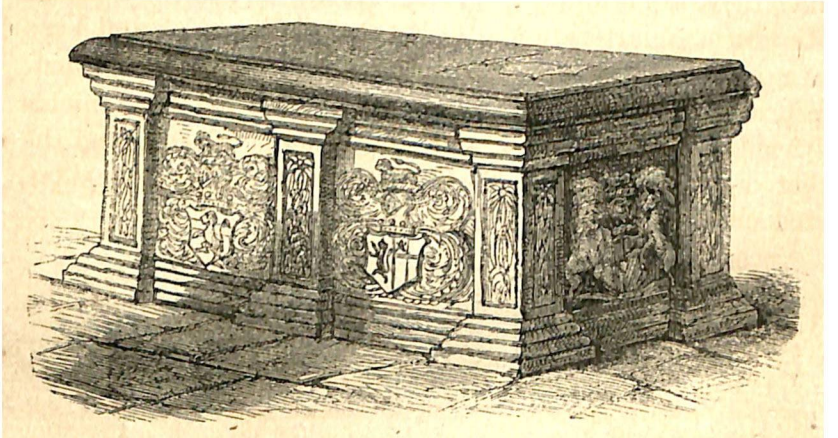
[1] Probably to accompany the duke on his embassy to France.

[2] Parish Register at Bolton Percy. Family Bible at Leeds Castle.

church. The inscription, on a slab of black marble, is very simple:—

HERE LYE THE BODIES OF THE RIGHT HON^ble^
THOMAS LORD FAIRFAX OF DENTON,
BARON OF CAMERON,
WHO DYED NOVEMBER Y^e^ XII. 1671,
IN THE 60th YEARE OF HIS AGE;
AND OF ANNE HIS WIFE, DAUGHTER AND CO-HEIR OF
HORATIO LORD VERE,
BARON OF TILBURY.
THEY HAD ISSUE
MARY DUCHESS OF BUCKINGHAM
AND ELIZABETH.

THE MEMORY OF THE JUST IS BLESSED.

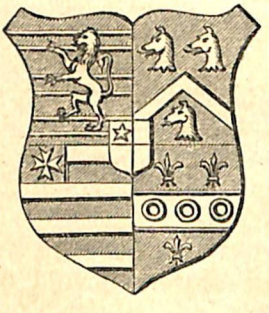


TOMB OF LORD FAIRFAX, IN BILBROUGH CHURCH.

(From a sketch by Rev. J. P. Metcalfe.)

The little church of Bilbrough is absolutely devoid of architectural interest, and contains nothing but the Fairfax tomb and that of John Norton. In 1492 the Lord of the Manor was this John Norton, who built a choir on the south side of the church, and was buried under a tomb beneath the arch dividing the nave from the new choir. Norton left six marks towards the maintenance of Sir William Dryver, chantry priest, and his successors for ever, 'that he and they should sing and occupy the service of God for the souls of the said John Norton and his family.' This sum is still paid to the rector.

In 1546 Sir William Fairfax bought the estate and tithes of Bilbrough; and the great Lord Fairfax, who had generously given the tithes to Mr. Topham the clergyman during his life, left them in his will for the use of the preaching minister of Bilbrough for ever. The Fairfax tomb is in the south choir, called the chapel of St. Saviour, between John Norton's tomb and the wall. The black marble slab is seven feet six inches long by four feet six inches, and six inches thick. At the west end of the slab is a coat of arms, Fairfax impaling Vere, with the motto FARE FAC. Then follows the inscription. The sides are three feet six inches high, of a lighter stone. Shields of arms are carved between pilasters, on which there are military trophies. At the west end is a shield with Fairfax quartering Malbis Etton and Thwaites, and Vere on a scutcheon of pretence, with helmet, baron's coronet, crest, and supporters. On the north side are two shields with helmet, coronet, crest, and mantle—one Fairfax, and the other Fairfax impaling Vere. The east and south sides, being close to the wall, are blank.



SHIELD AT THE WEST END OF THE TOMB.

ON THE TOMB OF LORD FAIRFAX. (Fairfax impaling Vere.)

Bilbrough church is now in a dilapidated condition, and no worthier monument could be raised to one of the noblest of Yorkshiremen than a new church to cover his tomb. He himself munificently endowed the living; and something is due to the memory of the great Christian warrior who saved York Minster, and cast such unsullied lustre upon the annals of his county.

The funeral sermon of Lord Fairfax was preached by his chaplain, Mr. Stretton.[1]

The Duke of Buckingham wrote a very noble epitaph, as he called it, on his father-in-law :—

I

Under this stone doth lie
One born for victory.
Fairfax the valiant, and the only He
Who ere for that alone a conqueror would be.

II

Both sexes' virtues were in him combin'd:
He had the fierceness of the manliest mind,
And all the meekness too of womankind.

III

He never knew what envy was nor hate;
His soul was fill'd with worth and honesty,
And with another thing besides, quite out of date,
Call'd modesty.
* * * * * *

VI

When all the nation he had won,
And with expense of blood had bought
Store great enough, he thought,
Of fame and of renown,
He then his arms laid down,
With full as little pride
As if h' ad been oth' conquer'd side,
Or one of them could be that were undone.

VII

He neither wealth nor places sought.
For others, not himself, he fought.
He was content to know,
For he had found it so,
That when he pleas'd to conquer he was able,
And left the spoil and plunder to the rabble.

[1] Richard Stretton was born at Claybrook, in Leicestershire, in 1632, of an ancient family. He was M.A. of New College, Oxford, and was ordained by the Presbytery on October 26, 1658. He had a benefice in Sussex, but refused to conform in 1662, though he was offered a prebend by Dr. King, the Bishop of Chichester. A Mr. James Nalton introduced him to Lord Fairfax, who was then in want of a chaplain, and he continued to reside at Nunappleton until the great general's death. He married, and his wife and children lived there with him. After his patron's death he removed to Leeds, and thence to London, where he had a dissenting congrega-

VIII

He might have been a king,
But that he understood
How much it is a meaner thing
To be unjustly great than honourably good.

IX

This from the world did admiration draw,
And from his friends both love and awe,
Rememb'ring what he did in fight before.
Nay, his foes loved him too,
As they were bound to do,
Because he was resolv'd to fight no more.

X

So blest of all he died, but far more blest were we
If we were sure to live till we could see
A man as great in war, as just in peace as he.

There are few names in history so spotless as that of the great Lord Fairfax. Hireling slanderers literally swarmed at the Restoration, yet not one of the brood has dared even to hint at a blemish on the private character of the Parliamentary general. An attempt was made to fix a charge of cruelty upon him, with reference to the executions at Colchester. His whole career proclaimed its absurdity; but that question has already been disposed of. Only one more attempt to depreciate his merits has ever been made; and that was aimed against his judgment, not against his honour. It has been urged against him that he was the tool of Cromwell. The unscrupulous Clarendon and the spiteful Denzil Holles first originated this charge; and they have been followed by modern writers. By calling one man the tool of another it is, I suppose, intended that he, whether knowingly or unknowingly, furthered the designs of him who used the tool. When did Fairfax do this for Cromwell? Was it when he organized the New Model army? Cromwell had nothing to do with its organization, was only at Windsor for one day to take his

tion. He died on July 3, 1712, aged 80, and was buried at Bunhill. An extract from his funeral sermon on Lord Fairfax's death is preserved at Leeds Castle. Lord Fairfax left Mr. Stretton the tithes of Bilbrough for sixty years, 'provided that he supply the office of preaching minister there, or find one to do it;' and afterwards the tithes were left to the use of a minister nominated by the Lords Fairfax.

leave while Fairfax was forming the army; and the majority of the colonels, appointed by Fairfax, were opposed to the extreme views of Cromwell and Ireton. Was it during the victorious campaign which was the result of Fairfax's labours? Cromwell was then Fairfax's lieutenant-general or tool, not Fairfax Cromwell's. Was it during the course of the troublous year that followed? Fairfax then openly opposed the schemes of Cromwell, and on one occasion, when Cromwell wanted to march to London and purge the House of Commons, he successfully thwarted them. Was it when Cromwell procured the execution of the King? Fairfax exerted all his influence to prevent it. Was it when Cromwell persuaded the Council to declare war upon Scotland? Fairfax positively refused to approve of this measure, and resigned his commission. Thus the charge that Fairfax acted as the tool of Cromwell is without foundation; and it is quite time that its absurdity should be laid bare. Fairfax may have been unsuccessful in his opposition to the measures of Cromwell, but that is just the opposite to being his tool.

The great general's want of success as a politician is due to the absence of all suspicion or capacity for intrigue in his disposition. He had no finesse, little insight into character, was disposed to believe and not to suspect. These very deficiencies, if they may be so called, mainly account for his marvellous success in the field. His open-hearted frankness, straightforwardness, and generosity obtained for him the love of his men; and with that love he acquired a power over them which made his army invincible. He was the terror of cowards or traitors, for he hesitated not to punish, and that severely. But all true soldiers knew that their general was their best friend; and his dauntless courage, his accurate calculation, the promptness of his decisions, and the rapidity of his movements gave them a confidence in his judgment which inspired them to follow him with the assurance of success, and made victory certain.

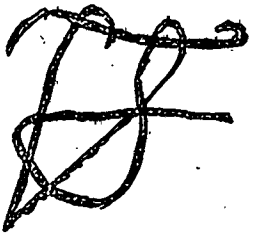
But the noblest phase in his character was that which exposed him to the charge of being a tool. It was his sense

of duty, his resolution to place the service of his country above his own interests or wishes, that led him to retain the command of the army while his officers were mutinously disregarding his orders, and plunging into political intrigue. There is something very noble in his proud determination to keep aloof from these intrigues, and in his long and earnest endeavours to keep himself and the army in subordination to the Parliament. The cause was a great and good one; but it was for the army to secure its success by victories in the field, and for the legislators to form a happy settlement of the kingdom as the result of those victories. Fairfax strove to keep each power in the State to its proper duty. Had he succeeded we might have been saved the most disgraceful page in our history, which includes the period from 1660 to 1688. His failure is the fault, not of the upright and disinterested Fairfax, but of those who worked upon the passions of the soldiers, already goaded to desperation by injustice, in order to further their own ambitious views.

No general ever strove more earnestly to mitigate and soften the evils of war. Ever generous to a defeated foe, Fairfax did not confine his kind offices to the concession of exceptionally honourable terms on the field. Many a poor Royalist gentleman had to thank the Lord General for interfering on his behalf to obtain an easy composition, and thus save him from ruin; while the widows and orphans of his own men found in Fairfax an advocate who would spare himself no trouble, and would not be denied. He never forgot a friend, and never allowed the services of a deserving officer to be overlooked.

Thomas Fairfax was a true and spotless knight from his youth upwards. He drew his sword in a great and good cause, and he never lost faith in its justice. The last sentence in his Memorial proves this. It was omitted in the printed edition by his cousin Brian. It will fitly conclude this imperfect history. He says: 'I hope that God will one day clear this cause we undertook, so far as con-

cerns His honour, and the integrity of such as faithfully served Him. For I cannot believe that such wonderful successes have been given in vain, and, though cunning and deceitful men must take shame to themselves, the purposes and determinations of God shall have happy effect, to His glory and the comfort of His people. Amen.'



FACSIMILE OF THE MONOGRAM SIGNATURE OF THOMAS THIRD LORD FAIRFAX.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

CONCLUSION.

SOME readers who have followed the career of the great general to the last scene in Bilbrough church will like to know what befell those whom he left behind. When he died there were two cousins round his bedside, other cousins very dear to him at Steeton, and his daughter far away in London or at Calais. His favourite house at Nunappleton, with its beautiful gardens and deer park, was untouched by ruin or decay; his other houses at Denton and Bishop Hill were still intact. What has time left of all this? What has been the fate of the house rendered classic by having been the abode of our hero? Are his kindred still to be found in the Ainsty, where they had flourished for so many centuries? The history of Lord Fairfax would be incomplete unless it furnished an answer to questions which are sure to occur to most readers of the general's life.

I.

NUNAPPLETON.

The Duke and Duchess of Buckingham inherited Nunappleton, Bolton Percy, and Bishop Hill, in York, for their lives. These properties were to descend to the issue of the Duchess; but if she had none they were to revert to the issue of the first Lord Fairfax, represented on the death of the third Lord by his cousin, Henry Fairfax the fourth Lord, eldest son of the Rector of Bolton Percy. By the settlement, dated May 13, 1637, on the marriage of the great general and Anne Vere, all landed property whatever, including Nunappleton, was settled on the heirs male of the marriage; but if there were none, then on the heirs male of the first Lord, a provision of £5,000 being made for daughters of the

general. But on November 2, 1650, the third Lord levied a fine on all land comprised in the settlement to his use; and this fine barred the entail, and vested an estate in fee on the third Lord. He then, by a deed of settlement dated April 23, 1666, gave Nunappleton, Bolton Percy, and Bishop Hill to the Duke and Duchess and their issue, and, failing issue, to the fourth Lord and his heirs male; and Denton, Askwith, Rigton, and Bilbrough to the fourth Lord and his heirs.

The Duke and Duchess of Buckingham occasionally came to Nunappleton after the old Lord's death; and at one time, when the Duke was in disgrace at court, he lived at Bishop Hill, in York, where he built a laboratory and made chemical experiments, in hopes of discovering the philosopher's stone. On the death of Charles II. the Duke went to his manor of Helmsley, and passed his time in fox-hunting and entertaining his friends. He caught cold by sitting on the ground after a splendid run, and died after three days' illness, in the house of one of his tenants at Kirby Moorside, on April 16, 1688. He died in the best room of the best house in the place, and not in an inn, so that Pope's description of the Duke's death is entirely fictitious.[1] The day before his death he was so much better that he wrote to Brian Fairfax to get a room ready for him at Bishop Hill. His friend the Earl of Arran, Brian Fairfax, a Mr. Gibson, and a clergyman were with him when he died. He was buried in the vault with his father and brother in Henry VII.'s Chapel.

The Duchess survived him many years, living generally in London. She was much harassed by the violent proceedings of the Duke's creditors, and at last, in 1700, she agreed to sell Nunappleton for their benefit, on the condition that £2,500 were reserved to pay her own debts; but she could not do this owing to the reversionary rights of the Lord Fairfax her cousin. A certain Lady Ash was the intending purchaser. The fourth Lord had died in 1688, and had been succeeded by his son Thomas, fifth Lord Fairfax, who was in possession of two documents (the marriage settlement of May 13, 1637, and the great general's deed of settlement dated April 23,

[1] The original letter giving an account of his death is preserved at Leeds Castle.

1667) which effectually prevented the alienation of the Nunappleton estate. Brian Fairfax, however, was afraid that there might be fines or recoveries passed by the Duke and Duchess, which would bar the settlements. When, therefore, the Duchess wrote to Lord Fairfax, asking for these documents, he civilly declined to part with them, asserting his reversionary right to the estate. On October 13, 1700, the Duchess wrote from Pall Mall that the opinion of her counsel was that Nunappleton was entirely subject to the Duke's debts, and that Lord Fairfax was totally barred from all manner of claim to the estate. This opinion seems to have been founded on the extraordinary notion that though she could not sell if she had no children, because the estate was then settled on Lord Fairfax, yet she could if she was in a possibility of having children. She was then a widow past sixty.

In order to bring the question to an issue, Lord Fairfax, on November 11, 1700, made claim on the manors of Nunappleton, Appleton, and Bolton Percy, by occupying a parcel of ground in each, as right heir male after the death of the Duchess (viz., Horse-close Wood in Nunappleton, New-close in Appleton, and Hall-garth in Bolton Percy). He did this in presence of Brian Fairfax his uncle, Barwick Fairfax of Toulston his brother, and Admiral Robert Fairfax of Newton Kyme. This effectually frightened away Lady Ash, and all other intending purchasers, and the Duchess made no further attempt to sell Nunappleton during her life.

Mary Duchess of Buckingham died at St. James's on October 20, 1704, aged 66, and was buried in the vault of the Villiers family in Henry VII.'s Chapel.[1]

[1] The inscription on the coffin-plate is as follows:—

THE BODY OF THE MOST ILLUSTRIOUS

PRINCESS MARY, DUCHESS OF BUCKINGHAM,

RELICT OF GEORGE VILLIERS DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM,
DAUGHTER AND SOLE HEIRE TO THE R^t HON^ble THOMAS LORD FAIREFAX,
BARON OF CAMEROON IN SCOTLAND, BY ANN HIS WIFE,
FOURTH DAUGHTER AND ONE OF Y^e COHEIRS OF Y^e R^t HON^ble HORATIO
LORD VERE OF TILBURY.
WHO DIED 20^e OCT^br 1704, IN Y^e 67th YEARE OF HER AGE.

See Stanley's *Westminster Abbey*, p. 624.

Thomas the fifth Lord Fairfax died in January 1710. His widow was a great Kentish heiress, and during her son's minority she sold all his Yorkshire estates to pay off the debt on Leeds Castle and her other estates in Kent. Bilbrough was bought by Admiral Fairfax of Newton Kyme in 1716. The Buckingham creditors, taking advantage of the ignorance or negligence of this managing mother, once more determined to attempt the sale of Nunappleton, in spite of the bad title and the rights of the infant Lord Fairfax. The great general's man of business, who drew up the settlement of 1666, was Mr. Witton, son of the old Lord's commissioner in the Isle of Man, the Rev. Joshua Witton; and his son, Richard Witton of Lupset, succeeded to his business, and became acquainted with all the intricacies of the Nunappleton question. The title was very doubtful, but it was a fine estate, and the badness of the title would materially reduce the price. This Mr. Witton was engaged to be married to Jane Milner, daughter of worthy Alderman William Milner of Leeds. He recommended the purchase to his future father-in-law, and arranged it so well for him that the estates of Nunappleton and Bolton Percy were bought for £8,000 less than they were worth, and the payment of £3,500 of the purchase-money was excused on allowing interest at 5 per cent. till paid. Lady Fairfax, the mother, permitted the completion of the purchase without making any protest, although both her Yorkshire agent, Mr. Robert Clayton, and afterwards Brian Fairfax, explained all the circumstances to her, and urged her to put forward the claim that had been so successfully enforced by her husband in 1700, and not to neglect the interests of her infant son. She was busy with the affairs of her estate in Kent, and would take no steps. This was in February 1710.

Alderman Milner took possession of Nunappleton in 1711, accompanied by Ralph Thoresby the antiquary, and Lawyer Witton his future son-in-law. All three were closely connected with the great Lord Fairfax, not by blood, but by service; and they must all have felt a more than ordinary interest in their first visit, and a special veneration for the

former dwelling-place of one so revered and beloved in Yorkshire. Milner was the grandson of that Richard Milner of Leeds who had served under 'fiery young Tom' in his first Yorkshire campaign. Thoresby was the son of John Thoresby, one of Fairfax's officers, while he himself felt a special reverence for the old Lord's memory on account of his services to literature and archæology. Witton was the son of the general's man of business, and grandson of his friend and chaplain. All three must have been familiar with the great and good deeds of Yorkshire's noblest worthy from their childhood, and have heard his praises from parents who had known and loved him. Alderman Milner reverently searched for relics of his great predecessor, and found the basket hilt of one of his swords, inlaid with silver, which he gave to his friend Thoresby.[1] Mr. Milner found that the house was too large for his wants. He pulled down the two wings in 1712, added a lower south front, and left the old north front standing, where the gallery was, which he divided into rooms. But the alderman was lost in a country house. He returned to his old home at Leeds, giving up Nunappleton to his eldest son, Sir William Milner, who was created a baronet by George I. in 1717. There has been a Sir William Milner at Nunappleton ever since, the place descending from father to son, and the present possessor being the sixth baronet. Considerable additions have lately been made to the west end of the house, but the old north front, though altered, is still standing. Thus a portion at least of the house rendered classic as the abode of a great Englishman has survived the ravages of time, and may still be seen.

> And surely when the after age
> Shall hither come in pilgrimage,
> These sacred places to adore,
> By Vere and Fairfax trod before,
> Men will dispute how their extent
> Within such dwarfish confines went,
> And some will smile at this, as well
> As Romulus his bee-like cell.
>
> *Andrew Marvell.*

[1] *Ducat. Leod.*

II.

DENTON.

Of the two sons of Henry Fairfax, the good Rector of Bolton Percy, the general's uncle, Henry succeeded to Denton as fourth Lord Fairfax, and Brian was well known in his day as a man of letters.

Brian Fairfax was born at Newton Kyme on October 6, 1633. He was educated at Cambridge, and we have seen how zealously he served his great cousin in the events preceding the Restoration. He became the friend and agent of the Duke of Buckingham, accompanied him on his embassies to Holland and France in 1673, and wrote his life, which was printed at p. 24 of Vertue's catalogue of the Duke's pictures, in 1758.[1] He was afterwards equerry to the King, and finally acted as secretary to Archbishop Tillotson. Latterly he lived at Bishop Hill, in York, and devoted himself to literary pursuits. He translated the life of Philip Mornay, Seigneur du Plessis, and wrote a lament on the felling of the oaks at Nunappleton, and many other poems, now in the British Museum. (Additional MSS. 22,582.[2]) His son, also named Brian, was educated at Westminster School, and was for many years Commissioner of Customs. He was an antiquary and a man of letters, and left most of his pictures and papers[3] to his cousin, the Hon. Robert Fairfax of Leeds Castle.

Henry fourth Lord Fairfax was born at Ashton on December 30, 1631. He succeeded to Denton and to the title on the death of the great general, and married Frances,

[1] It was reprinted in the edition of *The Rehearsal*, edited by Mr. Arber, and published in 1868.

[2] Purchased by the British Museum at Dr. Bliss's sale.

[3] Mr. Child bought the whole library of Brian Fairfax, after a catalogue had been drawn up for its sale by auction. A catalogue of the library of Mr. Child of Asterley House was made by Dr. Morrell in 1771. This library at Asterley was inherited by the Earl of Jersey.

the heiress of Sir Robert Barwick of Toulston near Thorparch. He was M.P. for Yorkshire, and died in April 1688. At his funeral, says Thoresby, 'there was the greatest appearance of the nobility and gentry that ever I had seen.'

The fourth Lord left, with other children, two sons—Thomas, who succeeded as fifth Lord, and Henry, whose son William settled in Virginia and is the ancestor of the American Fairfaxes.[1] This American branch has not degenerated, and in the gallant struggle of Virginia for independence, its scions showed that they had inherited the chivalrous bravery of the Yorkshire stock. When a senator of New York remarked to young Randolph Fairfax that he would not like to have a name already so famous if he could add nothing to it, the boy replied, 'It is the name of my ancestors, and if they have made it famous, I at least will try to do nothing to impair its brightness.' He did more, he added to its lustre, and, after a life of unsullied purity, he found a hero's death at the battle of Fredericksburg in 1862. His cousin Eugene Fairfax was slain at Williamsburg, and two other Fairfaxes were wounded in the battles of Virginia.[2]

The fifth Lord was elected M.P. for Yorkshire in 1688, to succeed his father, and sat until 1707. He took an active part in promoting the Revolution, and died in January 1710. His wife Catherine was daughter and heiress of Thomas Lord Culpepper, on whose death she succeeded to Leeds Castle in Kent, to the proprietary right of the northern neck of Virginia, and to an estate of 300,000 acres in the Shenandoah Valley. Her mother was Marguerite de Hesse. Lady Fairfax sold Denton and all the Yorkshire property to pay off the debts on her estates in Kent. She did this so recklessly that the price given for Denton was covered by the value of the timber. It was bought by a Leeds merchant of the name of Ibbetson, whose successors built a great modern house, and there is not now a vestige of the old Fairfax

[1] William's son Brian, the friend of Washington, succeeded as eighth Lord Fairfax, and his descendants all live in America.

[2] *Sketch of the Life of Randolph Fairfax*, by the Rev. Philip Slaughter. (Richmond, 1864.)

mansion. Nunappleton, as has been seen, she allowed to slip out of her hands without an effort to enforce the rights of her infant son, to whom the estate belonged. She had two sons—Thomas sixth and Robert seventh Lord Fairfax—and a daughter Frances, married to Denny Martin, Esq. By her will, dated April 22, 1719, she left Greenway Court, the estate in Virginia, to her son Thomas sixth Lord Fairfax; and estates in Kent and the Isle of Wight to the sixth Lord and his heirs, then to Robert and his heirs, and then to her daughters in succession.

When Thomas sixth Lord Fairfax came of age he was indignant to find that all his Yorkshire estates had been sold. He had been forced to cut off the entail of Denton, by threats of depriving him of the northern neck of Virginia. He appointed his cousin William Fairfax his agent in Virginia, and eventually settled there himself. A most interesting account of this patriarchal old bachelor will be found in Dr. Burnaby's travels in America (1759-60). He died in 1782, and was succeeded by his brother Robert, to whom he had long before given up Leeds Castle, and who died there in 1793, leaving his property to his nephew, the Rev. Denny Martin, who was followed by his brother, General Martin.

When General Martin died, in 1821, he left Leeds Castle to Fiennes Wykeham, Esq., his second cousin through the Martins, but who was not connected with the Fairfaxes. The Fairfax estate in the Shenandoah Valley in Virginia had been sold by Dr. Martin for £20,000. Mr. Wykeham died in 1840, and was succeeded by the present Charles Wykeham Martin, Esq., M.P., of Leeds Castle.[1]

All the Fairfax papers, pictures, and relics were removed to Leeds Castle when Denton was sold. Such as remain are carefully preserved by Mr. Wykeham Martin, their present owner, who thoroughly appreciates these precious treasures.

[1] See the interesting and beautifully illustrated account of Leeds Castle published by Mr. Wykeham Martin in 1869. Besides a description and history of the old royal residence itself, this work contains full details respecting the families that have owned it since it was sold by the crown.

There are the patent of nobility of the first Lord, a pardon to the first Lord, a grant of free warren on the manor of Askwith, the pardon under the Great Seal of the third Lord, the MSS. of the 'Short Memorials,' the MS. of the 'Iter Boreale' of Brian Fairfax, the Family Bible, a buff leathern doublet, white embroidered waistcoat, and white kid shoes of the great general; his miniature by Hoskins; and twenty Fairfax pictures.

III.

STEETON.

Thus it came to pass that the Denton and Nunappleton branch of the Fairfaxes became extinct or left the country; and the ancient name is now solely represented by the descendants of Sir William Fairfax of Steeton, the dear cousin and companion in arms of the great general, the peerless knight who fell so gloriously at Montgomery Castle.

His widow Frances was a daughter of Sir Thomas Chaloner of Guisborough, and by her he had four children, who were brought up by their mother at Steeton. The eldest, William, succeeded to Steeton. The second, Thomas, was a general in Queen Anne's reign. Evelyn, who once travelled in his company, speaks of him as 'a soldier, a traveller, an excellent musician, a good-natured and well-bred gentleman.'[1] He died in 1712, and there is a fine picture of this General Fairfax, in flowing wig and cuirass, at Leeds Castle. Of the two daughters, Catharine was married first to Sir Martin Lister and secondly to Sir Charles Lyttleton of Hagley, who went out as Governor of Jamaica, where she died in 1662; and Isabella was the wife of Nathaniel Bladen, Esq. of Hemsworth, by whom she had six children. Old Lady Fairfax died in January 1692, after having been mistress of Steeton for sixty years. She was buried with her daughter Mrs. Bladen at Bolton Percy.

William Fairfax succeeded his gallant father, Sir William,

[1] *Diary*, ii. p. 115.

at Steeton, and married Catharine daughter of Robert Stapleton of Wighill, and niece of Sir Philip Stapleton of Warter Priory, the great Presbyterian leader. They had thirteen children, but only one survived early youth—namely Robert the future admiral.

Robert Fairfax was baptized in Steeton Chapel in February 1665, and was nearly seven years old at the time of the great general's death at Nunappleton, whom he might just have remembered as Brian Fairfax describes him, sitting, like a grand old Roman, in his invalid chair. Robert was a very distinguished naval officer. He fought several gallant actions, and commanded a ship at the taking of Gibraltar, for which service Queen Anne presented him with a silver cup, still preserved at Newton Kyme. He became a vice-admiral in 1707, and was elected member for York in 1713. He was also one of the Commissioners of the Admiralty under Prince George of Denmark. Admiral Fairfax built the house at Newton Kyme, to which he removed the coats of arms carved in stone over the doorway at Steeton. He also planted two rows of young trees, raised at Denton, from the hall door at Newton Kyme to the Tadcaster road, which is now a noble avenue. So Steeton was deserted, and Newton Kyme became the seat of the Fairfaxes. The old chapel at Steeton, consecrated by Archbishop Rotherham 400 years ago, is still standing, but is given up to bats and pigeons. The last baptism performed there appears to have been that of a young Bladen in 1672. Admiral Fairfax married Hester, daughter of Robert Bushell, of an old Whitby family, connected with the Cholmleys, and had a son Thomas, and a daughter Catharine. The admiral died on October 6, 1725. There are two portraits of him at Newton Kyme, one as a young man, and the other as a dignified Lord of the Admiralty, resting a pair of compasses on a globe.

Thomas Fairfax of Newton Kyme succeeded his father the admiral, and was the head of the family from 1725 to 1774. His father recovered Bilbrough from the wreck of the Denton catastrophe, and he made good his claim to Bishop Hill, in York. He loved all country pursuits, and was the author of

a work entitled 'The Complete Sportsman, or Country Gentleman's Recreation,' published in 1760. By his wife Elizabeth, daughter of John Simpson, Esq. of Babworth, he had a son and successor, Robert, a most kind-hearted and amiable old bachelor, who was head of the family at Newton Kyme from 1774 to 1803;[1] another John, who continued the line; and a third, Guy, the Rector of Newton Kyme, who died while performing the service, in 1794.[2] John Fairfax of Newton Kyme succeeded his brother Robert in 1803, and died in 1811, leaving an only child, named Thomas Lodington Fairfax, by his wife Jane, daughter of George Lodington Esq. of Bracebridge.

Thomas L. Fairfax, Esq., then of Lotherton, near Abberford, married Theophania, daughter of Edward Chaloner Esq., in Sherburn Church, on August 12, 1799. She was descended from the brother of Frances Chaloner, the wife of the gallant Sir William Fairfax and ancestress of her husband. They had three daughters, and a son Thomas, born at Bilbrough on November 2, 1804, who is the present Thomas Fairfax, Esq. of Newton Kyme and Steeton, the head of this most ancient and distinguished family.

There is one more event to record. It will be remembered that in the first chapter it was related how young Fairfax, the heir of Steeton, wooed and won a maiden of Nunappleton in the days of bluff King Hal, how they were married at Bolton Percy church in 1518, and how there was an old Yorkshire saying referring to this auspicious wedding. On April 14, 1869, another daughter of Nunappleton, herself the descendant of Sir William Fairfax and Isabel Thwaites, was married in Bolton Percy church to the heir of Steeton,[3] and this was the sixth Fairfax wedding that had been celebrated

[1] See a very interesting account of Mr. Robert Fairfax of Newton Kyme, the old bachelor, in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, vol. lxxiii. Pt. i. p. 193; and a notice of his kindness to a most deserving labourer, named Britton Abbot, who was visited by Sir Thomas Bernard, to whom he related the story of his own thrift and his landlord's generosity, in the same periodical, vol. lxxxvi. Pt. ii. p. 585.

[2] A notice of the Rev. Guy Fairfax will be found in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1794, September 7.

[3] See the *Yorkshire Gazette*, April 17, 1869; the *York Herald*, April 17, 1869; and the *Yorkshire Times*, April 17, 1869.

in that grand old chancel. Thus the old stock is still flourishing in the Ainsty, and, though there is no direct descendant of the great general, the heirs of his brave cousin and companion in arms still perpetuate this ancient name in the county where it has been known and honoured for so many centuries.

APPENDIX A.

SELECTIONS FROM THE POEMS OF THOMAS THIRD LORD FAIRFAX.

[*The 18th Psalm from the MS. at Leeds Castle; the rest from the MSS. in the Bodleian Library.*]

THE EMPLOYMENT OF MY SOLITUDE.

THE PREFACE TO THE PSALMS.

VAINE fancy, whither dar'st thou now aspire
With smoky coales to light the holy fire?
Could'st thou indeed, as with the Phenix, burne
In perfum'd flames, and into ashes turne,
Thou mightest hope (vaine hope) yet once again
To rise with purer notions in thy braine.
But 'twould not serve, for they would still be darke
Till from thyn altar, Lord! I take a sparke.
I need not then ascend up any higher,
In offering this, to fetch another fire.
Inspirèd thus, may on my Muse distill
Dewes nott from Parnass, but sweet Hermon's hill.

PSALM XVIII.

That I chuse this 18 Psalm let none thinke I arrogate anything to myself, for farr be it from me to aplie it otherwise than as David's triumph over his enemies; but my humble acknowledgment for those many mercies and deliverances God vouchsafed me in these troublesome and dangerous Times.

IF Thee, my Lord, I should neglect,
I must ungrateful prove;
The rock and fort of His elect,
What saint enough can love?

To prayse Him how am I engag'd,
Whose worth transcends all prayse:
He, when my foes was most enrag'd,
My sinking heart did rayse.

When death, the king of terrors, had
With fears beset me round,
The sons of Belial, too, did add
Afflictions to my wound.

Hell laid for me a deadly snare,
But I on Thee did call:
In mercy, Lord, Thou bow'dst Thyn ear
And didst prevent my fall.

Th' earth's massy pillows all did reele,
The hills for fear they shooke,
Such strange commotions did they feele
When once Thy wrath did smoke.

The crystal vault did lowly bend,
Its lamps did vaile their light,
When He did from His throne descend:
Beneath Him all was night.

Upon a glorious cherub there
Triumphantly he rode;
The wind his chariot wheels to bear
Did spread its wings abroad.

The gloomy clouds His tent beset
Wherein He kept His state,
And darkness was His cabinet
Where He in counsel sat.

Thence sent He storms of hail and fire,
Which vanished as it shone:
Its transcent brightness did retire
When He put glories on.

His mighty waves rent heaven's frame,
Whence angry lightnings broke;
His arrows never missed their aim;
He kill'd at every stroke.

His nostrils' breath the waters cleft;
Their blasts so potent were
That floods, heap'd in their chanels, left
The earth's foundation bare.

Bless Him, my soul, who took thee out
Of troubles vastly great,
Whose kindness compass'd thee about,
Whose arms were my retreat.

From evil when my heart withdrew
He tooke the will for deed,
The mercys to me He did shew
Were measured by my need.

The merciful His mercy find,
Pure with the pure He lives,
He's froward to the froward mind,
But the meek soul relieves.

When darkness did my spirits damp
Thy grace sustained me,
Thy light reviv'd my fainting lamp,
Thy strength hath set me free.

By Thee amidst the armed throng
I charged through and through;
And whilst I seated bulwarks strong
I found Thy promise true.

For strength, my soul, there's no retreat,
No rock so sure as He;
Of all the gods, there's none so great
As He that saved me.

Girt by Thy strength, then so was I
As th' nimble-footed hind,
That to the shady mountains fly,
Where safety they do find.

Thou gav'st me skill in war. My thanks
To Thee I ever owe,
That bows of steel and ordered ranks
Protected not my foe.

But me Thy mighty shield did save,
Thy favour made me great,
Though slippery standing here I have,
Thou staid'st my sliding feet.

My foes I chas'd in full career,
That they ne'er rallied more,
Nor till they all consumed were
Gave I the purpose o'er.

Though still their minds unconquer'd be,
Yet can they not arise,
And I (Thy strength assisting me)
Their weak attempts despise.

Thou mad'st their necks to me to bow,
Till all my foes were slain:
Help! help! they cried, if ever, now,
But Help! they cried in vain.

They cried to God; no answer came;
Then, into atoms crusht,
As mire that's trampl'd on, became
Before the wind as dust.

In people's strife me He did aid;
I gave the strangers law;
My fame they heard, and me obeyed,
Whose face they never saw.

The Lord henceforth will owne my right,
He will my cause maintain,
And (spite of their united might)
My person will sustain.

The Lord doth His anointed head
With great salvation crown:
To David and his royal seed
He will entail the throne.

HONNY DROPPS.

A PROUD man noe man loves: the reason's this,—
That he loves no man that a proud man is.

IF by the hand some good thing to thee come,
Examine well thy hearte if 't be well done.

BY sinful laughter as the heart's made sad,
So godly sorrow maketh it as glad.

GOOD works thou must not soe much live unto,
As so to live that thou good works may do.

TO merit honour, and yet have it not,
Is better than to have 't and merit not.

As faithless works the Lord will not regard,
So workless faith the Lord will not reward.

BETTER hazard credit, and conscience save,
Than hazard conscience, and yet credit have.

IN all thou undertak'st be careful still
That none of thee can speake deserved ill;
And soe when that is done thou need'st not care
For ill men's censure—'tis the common fare.

THE SOLITUDE.

I.

OH how I love these solitudes,
And places silent as the night,
There where no thronging multitudes
Disturb with noise their sweet delight.
Oh how mine eyes are pleased to see
Oaks that such spreading branches bear,
Which, from old time's nativity
And th' envy of so many years,
Are still green, beautiful, and fair
As at the world's first day they were.

II.

Naught but the highest twigs of all,
Where Zephyrus doth wanton play,
Do yet presage their future fall,
Or shew a sign of their decay.
Times past fawns, satyrs, demi-gods,
Hither retired to seek for aid.
When heaven with earth was at odds,
As Jupiter in rage had laid
O'er all a deluge, these high woods
Preserved them from the swelling floods.

III.

There under a flowry thorne along
(Of Spring's delightful plants the chief),
Sad Philomela's mournful song
Doth sweetly entertain my grief.
And to behold is no less rare
These hanging rocks and precipices,
Which to the wounds of sad despair
Are so propitious to give ease,
When, so oprest by cruel fate,
Death's sought for at another gate.

IV.

How pleasant are the murmuring streams
In shady valleys running down,
Whose raging torrent as it seems

. . . . .

Then gliding under th' arbor'd banks,
As winding serpent in the grass,
The sportfull naides play their pranks
Upon the wat'ry plains of glass,
The christal elements wherein
These wat'ry nymphs delight to swim.

V.

The quiet marsh I love to see
That border'd is with willows round,
With sallow, elm, and poplar tree,
Which iron yet hath giv'n no wound.

The nymphs that come to take fresh air
Here rocks and spindles them provide.
A hundred thousand fowles here lye,
All voyd of fear making their nest:
No treacherous fowler here comes nye
With mortal gins to break their rest.
Some, toying in the sun's warm beams,
Their feathers busily do plume,
Whilst others finding love's hot flame
In waters also can consume,
And in all pastimes innocent
Are pleased in this element.
'Mongst sedge and bulrush we may heare
The lepinge frogge: see where they hide
Themselves for fear when they espye
A man or beast approaching nye.

VI.

How pleasant is it to behold
These ancient ruinated towers,
'Gainst which the giants did of old
With insolence employ their powers.
Now satires here their sabath kepe,
And spirits which our sense inspire
With frighting dreames whilst we doe sleep.
In thousand chinkes and dusty holes
Lye ugly bats and scritchinge owles.

VII.

These mortal augurs of mischance
Who funeral notes as music makes,
The goblins singe, and skipp, and dance
In vaults o'erspred with toads and snakes.
There, on a cursed beame might see
The horrid skeliton of some poore lover,
Which for his mistress' cruelty
Hanged himselfe, since naught could move her,
And with a glance not once to daine
To ease him of his mortal pain.

VIII.

The marble stones here strewed about
Of caracters have yet some sign,
But now are almost eaten out
By teeth of all-devouring time.

The planks and timber from above
Downe to the lowest vaults are fall'n,
Wher toads and vipers 'mongst them move,
Leavinge ther'on their deadly spawne;
And harths, that once were used for fires,
Now shaded o'er with scratchinge bryers.

IX.

Yet lower an arched vault extends,
Soe hiddeous, darke, and deepe doth sinke
That did the sun therein descend
I think he scarce could see a winke.
Slumber that there from heavy cares
With drowsiness enchants our sense,
Lul'd in the armes of negligence,
And on her back in sluggish sort
Upon the pavement lye and snort.
When from these ruins I do goe
Up an aspiringe rock not farre,
Whose topp did seeme as 'twere to know
Where mist and storms engender'd are,
And then desending at my leisure
Down paths made by the storming waves,
I did behold with greater pleasure
How they did work the hollow caves—
A worke so curious and rare
As if that Neptune's court were there.

X.

'Tis a delightful sight to see,
Standing on the murmuring shore,
When calmer seas begin to bee,
After the storms which raging roar,
How the blue tritons do appear
Upon the rolling, curled waves,
Beating with hideous tunes the air
With crooked trumpets seamen brave,
All whose shrill notes the winds do seeme
By keepinge still to bear esteem.

XI.

Sometimes the seas with tempests roar,
Fretting they can rise no higher,

Rouling o'er the flinty shore
Throws them up, again retire.
Sometimes through its devouring jawes,
When Neptune's in an angry moode,
Poor mariners find his cruel lawes,
Made for his finny subjects foode.
But diamonds, amber, and the jett
To Neptune they do consecrate.

XII.

Sometimes so cleare and so serene
It seems as 'twere a looking glass,
And to our views preventing seem
As heavens beneath the water was.
The sun in it's so clearly seene
That, contemplating this bright sight,
As 'twas a doubt whether itt had beene
Himselfe or image gave the light,
All first appearing to our eyes
As if he had fal'n from the skyes.

XIII.

Thus Alcidon, whose love injoines
To thinke for thee noe labor paine,
Receave these rustick shepheard's lines,
That's from their livinge objects ta'en,
Since I seeke only desert places,
Where, all alone, my *thoughts doe muse,*
No entertainement but *what pleases*
The genius *of* my rural *muse.*
But noe thought more *delighteth mee*
Than sweet remembrances of thee.

THE CHRISTIAN WARFARE.

(*Extracts.*)

THE marke of note God's children here do beare
Is from the world's a different character.
He to the one for portion heare beneath
Doth losses, shame, and poverty bequeath.
Yet happy those afflictions we account
That to the State eternal do amount.

The worldly brood if we do caractrize,
They've no afflictions, live in Paradise,
Their riches here, as they desire, augment,
Their houses too increase to their content.
But as a dream these honors vanish soon,
And an eternal woe shall take their room;
As fat of lambs away shall they consume,
Their honor vanish into smoke and fume.

. . . . . .

Why do we envy, then, aspiring men?
With storms the valleys are less troubled than
The lofty hills; and humble shrubs below
Less danger 're in than oaks that highest grow.
See we not how the straightest poplar tree,
And spreading elm, as they ungrateful be
For nourishment, to barrenness incline;
Whilst prostrate on the ground the crooked vine
Abundance yields; or have we not seen
From highest plenty men in want have been?
How many kings, fallen from their regal seat,
Have crack't their crowns, the royal sceptre break.
All you with heavenly marks of God endued,
Arm for the fight—show virtue, fortitude.
As rocks 'gainst which the raging billows roar
Keep firm their station on the threaten'd shore,
So let our soules be firm and constant still
Against the threats this world doth make of ill.
Or as a diamond 'mongst the dust doth dart
The beauty more in its resplendent sparke,
In midst of troubles so let us demean
As countenances be pleasant, soules serene.
Remember 'tis from high afflictions fall,
From Providence divine, that governs all,
Who, when He please, in turning of an eye
Turns wrath to mercy, sorrow into joy.
'Tis He who made the fertile earth produce
Her annual fruit, most meet for human use;
He both the rose and violet did cloth;
'Tis He beauty and odors gave to both;
'Twas His Almighty power did make fall
At Israel's siege the Jerichonian wall.
Shall we, then, those His wonders now less prize,
Or think His power abates, or He less wise?
No; He's as able still, nor shall He want
Victory or standard's glory on their front.

LIFE AND DEATH COMPARED.

Such vulgar thoughts the world do fill!
To think life good, death only ill.
Than life ill-lived, no evil's worse;
Death (dying well) relieves the curse;
And 'tis for certain truth men tell
He ne'er dies ill that liveth well.
Ill lives do but their ills increase,
But dying well makes evils cease.
Bad men hate death, but not so much
That it is ill, as they are such.
Moral men teach us in their books
That we should despise death's grim looks.
'Tis common sense that doth inspire
Their fears of that good men desire.
Nor can we truly death define
By making odious what's sublime.
Consider 't in the effect, and so it will
Plead much for death, be't good or ill.
Say it be ill, yet here's the good,
To greater ills it gives a period.
In life what one good thing is there
To keep our passions regular?
The many ills each day are done
Makes death less fear'd but once to come.
But rather thank death that's the cause
Our ills are not immortal laws.

SHORTNESS OF LIFE.

In rosy morn I saw Aurora red;
But when the sun his beams had fully spread
She vanish't. I saw a frost, then a dew,
'Twixt time so short as scarce a time I knew.

This stranger seem'd when in more raised thought
I saw death come, how soon a life he'd caught,
Wherein in turning of an eye he'ad done
Far speedier execution than the sun.

OF BEAUTY.

BEAUTY's a frail and brittle good,
Which sickness, time, and age do blast:
The rose and lily in face that bud
Hardly are kept and seldom last.
What has she, then, to boast of, save
A fragile life and timely grave?

Beauty, where sweet graces fail,
May be compared unto this:
A goodly ship without her sail,
A spring her fragrant flowers do miss,
A day wants sun, or torch its light,
A shrine wants saint, or starless night.

But how doth nature seem to smother
The virtues of this lovely flower!
Who is of wanton lust the mother,
Of toying vanity a bower,
Enemy of peace, the fount where pride doth swim,
The incendiary of strife, of passion th' magazine.

UPON A PATCH FACE.

NOE beauty spots should ladyes weare:
They but the spots of beauty are.
Who knowes not this (save foolish sotts),
That beauty ought to have no spots?
Some note a spot that Venus had,
Admit it were in one so badd.
Yet should not shee have spots upon her
That would be held a maid of honor.

UPON AN ILL HUSBAND.

ALL creatures else on earth that are,
Whether they peace affect or warre,
Males their female ne'er opress.
By the lyon safe lyes the lyoness,
The beares their mates no harme procure,
With wolfe she-wolfe lyes secure.

And of the bull, the earth which teares,
The tender heifer has no feares.
But men than these more brutish are
Who with their wives contend and jarre.

PROVERBS.

VIRTUE shows the greater grace
Smiling from a beauteous face.

PARDON give to every one,
But to thyself allow none.

APPENDIX B.

PICTURES, ENGRAVINGS, MEDALS, ETC., OF THE GREAT LORD FAIRFAX AND HIS KINDRED.

I. *Sir Thomas Fairfax of Denton (Father of the first Lord).*

A bust, painted on panel, 27 in. by 23 in. A pale, melancholy face, with pointed beard, and a gorget trimmed with yellow and red leather, scalloped. It is at Leeds Castle, and has been photographed by the Arundel Society, and for Mr. Hailstone's 'Yorkshire Worthies.'

II. *Thomas first Lord Fairfax.*

Half-length, 30 in. by 24 in. A fine, open face, with pleasant, honest expression; white hair, high over the head, and square white beard and moustache. A ruff, white doublet, and black sash. Two pictures, repetitions of each other—one at Newton Kyme, and the other at Leeds Castle. This portrait has been photographed by the Arundel Society, and for Mr. Hailstone's 'Yorkshire Worthies.'

III. *Ferdinando second Lord Fairfax.*

A fine life-size portrait, as an old man, to below the knees, 42 in. by 54 in. In a loose gown, with armour laid aside; rays of the sun descend upon the armour, with the words *Hinc illa.* It is signed 'Bower ad fecit,' with the date 1646. This picture, painted by Bower, derives special interest from its having been the subject of the following letter from the second Lord to his son, a copy of which is preserved at Leeds Castle. The date of the letter identifies the picture:—

'For Sir Thomas Fairfax, General of ye Army.

'Sonne,

'Y^e^ good leasure I have found in this place, and ability of the workman who was servant to Anthony Vandike, made me and some others patient under his hand a few hours. The bearer, Mr. Covell

(looking at you some few minutes when you were here), went home to Bristol and fancied a picture not much unlike, which I intend to have if I can get no other, and therefore I do heartily pray you let him take it more exactly. I do very earnestly desire my daughters also, which I entreat you to solicit for me. I hope the times hereafter will permit a better preserving of such monuments than this of late, and be a motive to bless God in contemplation of his favors and mercies.

'I remain

'Your very affectionate father,

'FER. FAIRFAX.

'Bath, this 30 of June, 1646.'

Nothing was known of the personal history of Bower, but this letter informs us that he was a servant of Vandyck. The portrait is at Newton Kyme. It is said to have been engraved by Hollar; and it has been photographed for the Arundel Society, and for Mr. Hailstone's 'Yorkshire Worthies.'

There is a fine life-size portrait, to below the knees, at Leeds Castle: artist unknown. The face emaciated, with an anxious, drawn look, nose aquiline, hands thin and long. The figure in armour, holding a bâton. Waves of the sea as background, to indicate (it is said) the troublous times.

Engravings.—One published by Woodburn in 1811, in mezzotint, said to be 'from an original picture, formerly in Lady Hyde's collection, now in the possession of Mr. R. Grove.' A fat, youngish man, with short straight nose, and certainly not Lord Fairfax. Another, published in 1795, said to be 'Lord Fairfax, from an original of Cooper's, in the collection of George Scott, Esq.' A bad print, but it may be him. A print was engraved by Thomas Worlidge in about 1760. There are two or three execrable things certainly not him—one a full-length, sold by Henry Docken; and another published by W. Richardson in 1800. There is a head in Josiah Ricraft's 'Survey of England's Champions,' 1647.

Medals.—Simon executed two medals in honour of Ferdinando Lord Fairfax—one of silver, oval, with an embossed border of foliage; a bust in armour; on the reverse the Fairfax arms. The second is also silver, but smaller. Head and laced scalloped band. On the reverse the Fairfax arms, and 'Ferd. Lord Fairfax, Lord General of the North.' Both have been engraved by Vertue.

IV. *William Fairfax (Brother of Ferdinando second Lord Fairfax).*

It is not known by whom this portrait was painted; but it is historical, because when Prince Rupert saw it at Denton he ordered the house to be spared for the sake of gallant young William Fairfax, who died fighting for the Queen of Hearts at Frankenthal (see p. 11). A very young man, with one eye. Steel gorget.

It was engraved by Droeshout, who settled in England in 1623, and did the first known engraving of Shakespeare. There is an engraving from another picture, by Robert Gaywood, a pupil of Hollar, who flourished in 1660. This engraving was copied by Richardson for Granger in 1799. *Granger*, ii. p. 100.

Gaywood's engraving, dated 1656, is inscribed 'Generosissimus Gulielmus Fairfax.'

V. *Charles Fairfax (Brother of Ferdinando second Lord Fairfax).*

There is a good portrait of Colonel Charles Fairfax of Menston, half-length, life-size, in armour, in the library at Newton Kyme.

VI. *Thomas third Lord Fairfax.*

The great general's portrait was painted by most of the leading artists of his day—by Dobson, Bower, Walker, and the miniature-painters Hoskins and Cooper.[1]

DOBSON.—This is a portrait of Sir Thomas and Lady Fairfax, and must have been done soon after their marriage, as Dobson took the Royalist side on the breaking out of the civil war, and died in 1646. He was a pupil of Vandyck, and was called—very inaptly—by Charles I. the English Tintoretto. Lady Fairfax is seated. Her husband stands beside and leans towards her. The likeness does not appear to be good. This picture is at Gilling Castle. It has been photographed by the Arundel Society, and for Mr. Hailstone's 'Yorkshire Worthies.'

BOWER.—An equestrian full-length; I am not aware where it now is. The figure in armour and bare-headed, with a sash round the waist and ends flying in the wind; hanging round the neck is the medal set in diamonds which was presented to the great general

[1] The picture, alleged to be of Sir Thomas Fairfax, by Gerard Zoest (1656), of which there is a print at the beginning of the Fairfax *Correspondence*, is not authentic. It may be some Dutchman. It is certainly not Sir Thomas Fairfax.

after the battle of Naseby; the Fairfax arms on the horse's breast-plate; the horse with human eyes, and prancing like one of Titian's horses; a battle in the background. This picture must have been painted before 1647, for it was engraved in that year; it must have been painted after 1645, for the medal presented to the general in the winter of that year is round the neck; it must therefore have been painted in 1646, and is thus almost certainly the picture which his father asked the general to sit for, in the letter from Bath given above.

Engravings.—It was first engraved by W. Marshall in 1647, and this print forms the frontispiece of the first edition of Sprigg's 'England's Recovery.' Marshall was the engraver who did the second known engraving of Shakespeare. Horace Walpole says that Bower's picture was also engraved by Hollar. Marshall's engraving was copied by Engleheart for the 'Antiquarian Repertory' in 1808, and there is another print by J. Byfield.

WALKER.—The great painter of the Parliamentary generals took the portrait of Sir Thomas Fairfax certainly three times.

The portrait at Newton Kyme is life-size, to below the knees, in armour, 50 in. by 40 in. There is another, nearly the same, also by Walker, at Althorpe. The two are repetitions of each other as to position; but Mr. Scharf considers the Newton Kyme one to be the best, and the hands better drawn. Strongly-marked brows, thick imperial and moustache, but no other hair on the face, which is thin and sallow; the nose slightly aquiline; the wound received at Marston Moor on the left cheek. In black armour, with blue silk sash; helmet in the background, in one picture with white plumes, in the other not. The Newton Kyme picture has been photographed by the Arundel Society, and for Mr. Hailstone's 'Yorkshire Worthies.' There is another portrait attributed to Walker, belonging to Matthew Wilson, Esq., of Eshton Hall, in Yorkshire.

The fine portrait at Leeds Castle is attributed to Walker. Life-size to below the knees, with the Marston Moor wound on the left cheek. The expression is fierce, such as he might have worn in battle, but which was not his habitual look; the head is thrown a little upwards, so that the defects of the mouth seem exaggerated. The hair is very dark, and complexion swarthy; the armour well and carefully painted, and helmet, with large plume of white feathers, in the background. There is a bronze bust from this picture, also at Leeds Castle.

The Duke of Portland has a small picture at Welbeck, 8 in. by 6¾ in. Miniature-size to below the knees, in armour.

There was also a full-face portrait, in armour, to the waist, by Walker, from which most of the engravings have been taken; but I do not know where it now is.

Engravings.—In this paragraph I propose to notice the miscellaneous engravings of Fairfax, besides those from pictures by Walker. The last-named picture by Walker was first engraved by Hollar, in 1648: a bad print, which has often been copied. The light is thrown on the right side. Sebastian Furck made an execrable copy of this bad print in 1649, with eight Dutch lines. There is another, equally bad, with an anagram round it, 'Tomas Fairefax, Fax erit famosa;' and another with high shoulders, out of drawing. Balthazar Moncornet published a good print in Paris in about 1650, with a battle in the distance. But this portrait by Walker is best known through the excellent engraving of William Faithorne, an engraver who kept a shop near Temple Bar from 1650 to 1680. This engraving has often been copied. It is placed by Horace Walpole in the second or middling class of Faithorne's works. There is a bad copy of it by R. Cooper, dated 1738; and a better one by Bocquet, which was used for Horace Walpole's work, and was published by Scott in 1807. This print is also copied for the edition of Chaloner's 'Isle of Man' printed for the Manx Society. There is an execrable thing with Peter Stent's name, a printseller who kept a shop in London from 1640 to 1663, but it is probably only published by him; and another by Robert Streeter, a painter of some merit, who lived from 1624 to 1680. This is an etching in an oval of palms, in his large print of the battle of Naseby. Thomas Worlidge published one in 1795. An Italian print, with 'Tomaso Fairfax,' is in the collection of Mr. Hailstone. It is a copy of the Faithorne print. There is also a curious print by the Dutch engraver Solomon Savry; the figure in profile, with hat on, holding a sword and papers. A hideous and most monstrous caricature. Savry was born in 1601. Michael Vandergucht, the master of George Vertue, did the exceedingly bad copy from Faithorne's engraving, which is bound up in one of the editions of 'Clarendon.' No one would recognize it as intended for the same person. The head in Faithorne's engraving has hair falling on the shoulders, strongly-marked brows, and a firm expression. There is a French print by Drevet, with 'Wander Werff pinxit' in the corner. Wander Werff was born only eleven years before the general died, so that he certainly never painted an original portrait. But he was a good deal employed to copy pictures, and this engraving by Drevet is probably from a copy by Wander Werff of the same Walker which Hollar and Faithorne engraved. Another in Larrey's 'History of England.' There is a curious and very scarce old print of Fairfax presiding at a council of war. A copy of it is at Farnley, and another in Mr. Hailstone's collection.

VANDYCK.—A full-length portrait (cabinet size), in the house of Dr. Orlando Fairfax of Alexandria, Virginia, has been handed down in the family as a Vandyck.

UNKNOWN.—A half-length portrait, in armour, in the style of Walker, at Apethorpe Hall in Northamptonshire, the seat of the Earl of Westmoreland. There is a sketch, copied from this picture, in the collection of Mr. Fawkes, at Farnley.

UNKNOWN.—A portrait with uncurled hair, and a ring on one of the fingers, painted late in life; now in the possession of Edward Peacock Esq., of Bottesford Manor, in Lincolnshire. This picture came from Normanby, the seat of the Sheffields, Fairfax's maternal relations.

UNKNOWN.—A remarkable portrait to below the waist, from which engravings have been taken. I cannot trace the picture, and only know it from the engraving. The general is in a leathern doublet, with sash, gorget, and large falling collar. The Naseby medal hangs round his neck, and there is the Marston Moor wound on the left cheek. No judgment can be formed of the likeness, from the hard coarse engraving. An army and a fleet in the background.

Engravings.—There is a curious old engraving of this picture, very dark and coarse, with the following inscription, but no name of the engraver:—'His Excellencie the Lord Fairfax, Generall of the forces raised by Parliament. תמו פרא פקה. In English, "His integrity hath broken the wilde ass."' The words are '*Tummo Phara Phakkah*' ('His integrity the wild ass has destroyed'), in corrupt Rabbinical Hebrew. It is evidently a forced attempt to give a meaning to the general's name in Hebrew. There is a similar attempt to make a Hebrew sentence out of the two words 'Ferdinando Fairfax,' in a curious broadsheet on the death of the second Lord, in the collection of Mr. Fawkes, at Farnley. George Vertue also engraved this picture; and more recently a soft and inaccurate print, signed 'T. Greig,' was done from the old print, for Cromwell's 'Colchester,' in 1824.

COOPER.—This famous artist painted a miniature of the great general, to the waist, in armour, with hair falling over his shoulders. Here are the strongly-marked eyebrows, moustache, and imperial, and no beard as in the Walker portraits; Marston Moor wound on the left cheek. The expression is stern. Lord Arundell of Wardour also has a miniature of Lord Fairfax by Cooper at Wardour Castle.

Engravings.—The Cooper miniature, belonging to Brian Fairfax the younger, was engraved by Jacob Houbraken in 1738, and published in Birch's 'Heads of Illustrious Persons.' A mezzotint, by R. Earlom, published by Woodburn in 1811, is said to be from

a miniature belonging to H. Constantine Jennings Esq.; but it is certainly not Fairfax. Another, engraved by J. Chapman from a Cooper miniature, was published in 1798.

HOSKINS.—This miniature-painter, the uncle and master of Cooper, painted a very excellent miniature of the great general in 1650. It is a head; and shoulders in armour. The hair is brown, and falls in masses on the shoulders, and there is the gentle half-smile which was the habitual expression of Sir Thomas Fairfax. The reddish tint, which is the characteristic of miniatures by Hoskins, is observable. It is signed with the initials 'I. H.' This miniature is in the possession of C. Wykeham Martin Esq., of Leeds Castle. I consider it to be decidedly the best likeness of the great general. Horace Walpole says of Hoskins, 'There is great truth and nature in his heads, but the carnations are too bricky, and want a degradation and variety of tints.'

Engravings.—Through the kindness of Mr. Wykeham Martin, I am enabled to give an engraving, by Mr. Jeens, of the Hoskins miniature; as a frontispiece to this work. It has been engraved from a photograph. The Hoskins miniature was formerly in the possession of Brian Fairfax the younger, and was engraved by James Hulett, a very indifferent English engraver, for Peck's 'Life of Cromwell,' in 1739. It is in vol. i. of Woodburn's 'Rare Portraits.' Under the print is 'Original by Heywood.' This is an absurd blunder, which misled Horace Walpole. There was no such painter as Heywood. It should be Hoskins. There is another larger and very faint engraving from the same miniature, with '*Thomas Ld Fairfax, Baron of Cameron, Ob^t^* 1671, *Ætat.* 60,' round it; but no name of engraver. This print is scarce.

MEDALS.

Simon the great medallist struck five medals in honour of the Lord General:—

1. Silver; a head with plain short bands; on the reverse the Fairfax arms, and 'Sir Thomas Fairfax, Knt. for King and Parl.' Border of leaves. The head is full-face, and no likeness.

2. Silver; head in profile; inscription round: 'Tho. Fairfax. Miles. Milit. Parl. Dux. Gen.;' on the reverse, in the middle, 'Meruisti;' and round, 'Post hac meliora, 1645.' Oval. A copy of the two sides of this medal is stamped on the side of the present volume.

3. Gold; the same; head in a smaller oval, with no circumscription; but the same legend on the reverse.

4. Round medal. Excellent likeness, and 'Gener. Tho. Fairfax. Miles. Milit. Parli. Dux.' Reverse, 'Meruisti' and 'Post hac meliora.' This is very faintly struck.

5. Silver; on the obverse 'General Fairfax,' and the head in profile; on the reverse 'Olivar. D. G. Ang. Sco. Hib. Prot.,' and Cromwell's head.

Four of these medals have been engraved by Vertue, in his works of Simon. All but No. 1 are remarkable likenesses, and were struck for the purpose of giving them as rewards to officers or soldiers who distinguished themselves. One was presented by the Parliament to John Sharpe of Horton for his faithful service under Fairfax in 1645. (See p. 254, note.) Two were bought by the Bishop of Hereford (Lord James Beauclerk) at Thoresby's sale in 1764. There are four in the British Museum.

THE NASEBY ENAMELS.

The sum of 700*l.* was voted by the Parliament for 'the jewel,' as it was called, which was presented to Sir Thomas Fairfax after the battle of Naseby. Sprigge mentions its presentation at Ottery in November 1645. (See p. 256.) Its execution was entrusted to Pierre Bordier, the famous painter on enamel. Petitot and Bordier brothers-in-law, have never been equalled in enamel painting. They worked at Geneva, went thence to Italy, and afterwards to England. Petitot is said to have executed the heads and hands, and Bordier the hair and draperies of their portraits. But Petitot went to France at the breaking out of the civil war, so that the Naseby enamels must have been entirely the work of Bordier. The 'jewel' was a locket consisting of two enamel plates, with the intervening sides set with diamonds.

On the death of Lord Fairfax the enamel plates were sold to his old companion in arms John Thoresby, whose son was the famous Leeds antiquary. In 1764 Thoresby's museum was sold by auction in London, and the enamels were bought by Horace Walpole for 10*l.* 10*s.* At the Strawberry Hill sale (*11th day, lot* 41) they were bought by John P. Beavan for 21*l.* They are now at Melton Constable in Norfolk, and belong to Lord Hastings.

They are gold and one and a half inches in diameter, both concave, but one more so than the other. Walpole took them to be the case of a watch, but this is evidently a mistake, or the fact would have been mentioned by Sprigge. They were simply the two sides of a locket, to be hung round the neck by a blue ribbon. On the outside of the more concave one is the portrait of Fairfax on his famous chesnut mare, in enamel, with men engaging in the distance. Walpole says, 'The figure and horse are after Vandyck, but with a freedom and richness of colour perhaps surpassing that great master.' Under the horse is, *P. B. fecit*; on a scroll *Sic radiant fideles.* On the outside of the less concave plate is the House of Commons in

enamel, as on the Great Seals of Simon. Walpole says, 'Nothing can be more perfect than the figures; in some even the countenances are distinguishable.' On the inside is the battle of Naseby, and *Non nobis* on a scroll.

Thoresby says of these enamels, 'The metal, though gold, is but as dross compared with the workmanship.'

SEAL OF THE THIRD LORD FAIRFAX.

The seal used by Fairfax was engraved with his crest, a lion's head erased sable, and his motto, *Fare Fac*—one word on one side of the head, and the other on the other. Round the crest is another motto as a circumscription:—*Mon Dieu, je servirai tant que je vivrai.* The former is the Fairfax motto, and the latter is probably a personal motto, adopted by the great general. Many of the letters in the Tanner MSS. are sealed with this seal, and a correspondent, signing himself 'P. A. L.,' in 'Notes and Queries' (fourth series, i. p. 303), mentions being in possession of an impression of this seal, on a military pass.

There was evidently some confusion about the Fairfax crest in those days. In the Herald's visitation of 1666 Henry Fairfax of Oglethorpe, the Rector of Bolton Percy, gives as his crest a lion's head erased sable, as on the great general's seal. But his brother, Charles Fairfax of Menston, gives a lion passant gardant sable. In the visitation of 1584 Sir William Fairfax of Steeton (son of Gabriel) has a crest, a lion's head erased sable and ducally crowned or, with three bars gemelles or. But his descendants, the present Fairfaxes of Newton Kyme, use a lion passant gardant sable. The latter crest is also above the tomb of the second Lord Fairfax in Bolton Percy church, and on the west end of the third Lord's tomb at Bilbrough. But on the north side of the latter tomb the lions are passant only, an evident blunder of the sculptor. The Fairfaxes of Gilling used a lion passant sable. The Fairfaxes of Cumberland, a branch of the Walton line, had a lion's head erased sable, with three bars gemelles gules.

VII. *Lady Fairfax (Anne Vere, Wife of Thomas third Lord Fairfax).*

Besides the picture by Dobson, with her husband, at Gilling Castle, there is a portrait of Lady Fairfax by Mary Beale, the pupil of Lely, 29 in. by 24 in. It is the property of E. Wood Esq., and has been photographed by the Arundel Society, and for Mr. Hailstone's 'Yorkshire Worthies.'

There is an engraving of Lady Fairfax in Woodburn's 'Rare

Portraits,' vol. i. (1816), but with no name of painter;[1] and an old engraving from the Beale picture.

VIII. *Mary Fairfax (Duchess of Buckingham).*

A portrait, half-length, without the painter's name, 31 in. by 62 in. Painted in 1662, when she was twenty-four. A stout young woman, with a plain good-natured face. This is a very clever picture. It is at Leeds Castle, and has been photographed by the Arundel Society, and for Mr. Hailstone's 'Yorkshire Worthies.' There is also a miniature of the Duchess at Leeds Castle, and another of her husband. Artist unknown.

There was a miniature by Cooper at Strawberry Hill, now in the possession of the Duke of Buccleuch. It is engraved in Thane's 'British Gallery,' with an autograph.

Sir Peter Lely painted the Duchess of Buckingham; and a copy of his picture by Russell is at Hampton Court. It is almost a profile. A good-looking young woman, with a pearl necklace. It is engraved by E. Scriven, in 'Grammont's Memoirs.'

In the picture-gallery at Woburn Abbey there is a well-painted half-length picture of the Duchess, life-size. She wears a dark slate satin dress, with a crimson scarf, and pearls in her head. It is in the style of Lely, but attributed in the catalogue to Walker.

The Queen bought a miniature of this Duchess of Buckingham, by Lewis Crosse, a year or two ago.

It is impossible that Lord Lyttleton's picture of a middle-aged woman, attributed to Vandyck, can be this Duchess of Buckingham, for she was born in 1638, and Vandyck died in 1641.

IX. *Henry fourth Lord Fairfax.*

A picture of this Lord was brought to England from America a few years ago by Mrs. Cary (Monimia Fairfax), who allowed copies to be taken for Mr. Wykeham Martin of Leeds Castle, and for Colonel Akroyd. The head and bust of a handsome young man in armour, cabinet size.

X. *Thomas fifth Lord Fairfax.*

A half-length, in wig and armour, and lace cravat tied in two knots, with date 1684, 31 in. by 26 in. The portrait is at Leeds Castle, and a photograph has been taken from it, which is in Mr. Hailstone's 'Yorkshire Worthies.' A handsome face of a young man, but with thick lips.

[1] The print in the Fairfax *Correspondence*, alleged to be from a picture by Gerard Zoest, is some old Dutch lady; certainly not Lady Fairfax.

XI. *Lady Fairfax (Wife of the fifth Lord Fairfax).*

This Lady Fairfax was the daughter and heiress of the second Lord Culpepper of Leeds Castle. A very handsome lady. Another of her when she was a child. Also portraits of her father and mother, the second Lord Culpepper and Marguerite de Hesse. All at Leeds Castle.

XII. *Brian Fairfax the Younger.*

A half-length, in wig and blue coat, at Leeds Castle, where there are also portraits of his mother, Charlotte Cary, and her father, Sir Edmund Cary.

XIII. *Robert seventh Lord Fairfax.*

A half-length, a young man in breastplate, and crimson velvet coat. Also portraits of his two wives, and of Anthony Collins, the father of one of them. All at Leeds Castle.

FAIRFAXES OF STEETON AND NEWTON KYME.

XIV. *Lady Frances Fairfax (Daughter of the Earl of Mulgrave, and Wife of Sir Philip Fairfax).*

A small half-length, at Newton Kyme. There is also a portrait there of her father, the Earl of Mulgrave.

XV. *Sir William Fairfax.*

A full-length portrait of the heroic Sir William Fairfax, the cousin and companion in arms of the great general; at Newton Kyme; 82 in. by 52 in. 'A strange picture, well, freely, and clearly painted,' says Mr. Scharf. Hair dark, moustache light brown; breastplate and steel gauntlets, and a broad black sash over the shoulder, and tied in a bow on the thigh. Yellow leather coat, and white boots with three flaps. A mole at the corner of the right eye. Battle in the distance; armour on the ground. This picture has been photographed by the Arundel Society, and for Mr. Hailstone's 'Yorkshire Worthies.' Lord Lyttleton has a picture of Sir

William Fairfax at Hagley (kit-cat size), which is attributed to Hanneman. Here is the mole on the right cheek, as in the Newton Kyme picture.

There is a miniature of Sir William Fairfax at Newton Kyme in the style of Hoskins, with the mole at the corner of the eye.

XVI. *Catharine Fairfax (Wife of Sir Charles Lyttleton).*

A portrait at Hagley by Sir Peter Lely (kit-cat size). This is a picture of a young lady, very meek and demure, and rather pretty. She was a daughter of Sir William Fairfax of Steeton.

XVII. *General Thomas Fairfax.*

A general in Queen Anne's reign, second son of Sir William Fairfax of Steeton. A fine half-length portrait, with flowing wig and breastplate. This picture is at Leeds Castle, as well as a well-painted miniature of the same general, in a fur cap.

XVIII. *Admiral Robert Fairfax.*

Grandson of Sir William Fairfax. There are two portraits of him at Newton Kyme—one the head of a handsome young man; the other a portrait, 50 in. by 40 in., in wig, with a pair of compasses resting on a globe. The latter has been photographed for Mr. Hailstone's 'Yorkshire Worthies.'

There is also a miniature of Admiral Fairfax at Newton Kyme.

XIX. *Mrs. Fairfax (Elizabeth Simpson).*

Wife of Thomas Fairfax of Newton Kyme, the admiral's son. A large portrait with a dog.

XX.

A portrait of the two children of Admiral Fairfax—Thomas and Catharine.

APPENDIX C.

WILL OF THOMAS THIRD LORD FAIRFAX.

(Extracted from the Registry of the Exchequer Court of York.)

IN THE NAME OF GOD AMEN I THOMAS LORD FAIRFAX Baron of Camroone being somethinge infirme in body but of pfect memory (blessed bee God) doe make and ordaine my last Will and Testament in maner & forme followinge First I committ my soule unto Allmighty God who created itt but it being by originall corrupacon made an unfitt offeringe for his pure & divine Matie I hope through the mercyes and by the meritts of the pcious blood of Jesus Christ my onely Saviour and Redeemer (in whom I trust) hee will make mee a fitt ptaker of that glorious Inheritance which hee hath ppared for all those that believe in him And I desire with all humble and hearty acknowledgm^ts to expresse my great thankfulnesse unto God for the many pservacons I have had in those hazardous imployments and dangerous encounters I have mett with in the course of my pilgrimage in this troublesome world which I ought and desire for ever to praise him for and my body I comitt to the earth and desire (if it cann conveniently be) that itt may bee buryed neare unto the body of my most honoured and deare wife in the Parish Church of Bilbrough in such a manner as may be convenient and decent rather then pompous And for my worldly estate I dispose of itt in the followinge manner And first whereas I formerly made a Settlement of divers of my manno^rs lands and tenem^ts I doe hereby confirme that Settlement and doe also give the said manno^rs lands & tenements to such pson and psons for such estate & estates and accordinge to such lymitacons as are menconed and appointed in and by the said Settlem^t And whereas I am now seized in fee of the manno^r of Bilbrough in the County of the Cittie of Yorke and the manno^r of Rigton in the County of Yorke with their appurtenances and of divers lands tenem^ts & hereditaments in Bilbrough Rigton Clifford Steeton and Sandwath

in the County of Yorke and in the County of the Cittie of Yorke I doe give & devise the said mannors of Bilbrough and Rigton and the lands tenem^ts & hereditam^ts thereto belonginge except such lands tenem^ts & hereditam^ts as I shall in this my will give unto my executo^rs in such manner and forme as I shall herein devise the same for & towards the payment of my debts unto my deare and onely daught^e the Lady Dutches of Buckingham for the terme of her naturall life and after her decease to the heires males of the body of Thomas Lord Fairfax my late Grandfather deceased Item I give to my said Daught^e the said Lady Dutches of Buckingham All the furniture and houshold stuffe in my house at Nun Appleton Item my mind & will is and I doe hereby devise that Mr Richard Stretton the Lessee of my Capitall messuage in Bilbrough his execut^es admo^es and assignes shall use and injoy the goods & houshold stuffe wch shall bee at the tyme of my death in the said Capitall messuage duringe the continuance of his Lease Item my minde and will is that all my just and reall debts shall bee truly paid by my exec^es and I doe nominate & appoint and make Henry Arthington of Arthington [1] in the County of Yorke Esqr Henry Fairfax of Oglethorpe [2] in the said County Esqr and Thomas Hutton of Popleton [3] in the County of the Citty of Yorke Esqr the EXECUTORS of this my last Will and Testament and I doe give unto them all my goods and chattells whatsoever except the household stuffe at Nun Appleton and such of my horses as the Duke and Dutches of Buckingham shall make choise of for their owne use not exceedinge the number of six and except the goods and household stuffe in my Capitall messuage at Bilbrough and because it may fall out that my debts legacies & funerall charges may bee more then my goods & chattells will extend to satisfie therefore the better to inable my said exec^rs to pay and discharge my debts legacies & funerall charges and such other charges and expences as my said executors shall bee att in or about the execution of this my will I doe give unto my said three executors their heires and assignes for ever all my lands tenements and hereditaments in Clifford in the County of Yorke and in Steeton & Sandwath in the County of the Citty of Yorke the manno^r or Lordshipp of Rigton aforesaid and all my lands tenem^ts and hereditaments in the said mannor or Lordshipp of Rigton aforesaid Upon trust that my said executors and the survivors & survivor of them his and their heires & assignes shall out of the rents issues and profitts of the said lands and tenem^ts soe to them devised or by sale of the same or any part thereof raise

[1] His brother-in-law, who died a few months afterwards, on June 19, 1671. Mr. Arthington's will precedes that of Lord Fairfax in the Registry at York.

[2] His cousin, who succeeded as fourth Lord Fairfax.

[3] Son of his sister Dorothy.

and levy such sume and sumes of money as shall pay and satisfie my said debts legacies and funeral charges together with such other charges and expences as my said execrs shall bee putt to in or aboute the execucon of this my will All which charges & expences my minde and will is shall bee allowed unto my said execrs the survivors & survivor of them upon their or his account before my supvisors hereafter named And likewise upon this further trust and confidence that ymediately from & after the payment & satisfaccon of my said debts legacies & funerall charges and other charges as aforsaid my said executors the survivors & survivor of them and his & their heires & assignes shall stand seized of all the rest & residue of the said lands tenements & hereditaments soe to them devised as aforesaid which shall remaine after the said debts legacies and charges paid as aforesaid in trust for my said deare daughter the Dutches of Buckingham for the terme of her naturall life and from & after her decease then in trust for the heires males of the body of Thomas Lord Fairfax my late Grandfather deceased And my will is that my said Executors the survivors & survivor of them & his & their heires and assignes and every of them shall upon request convey the said remaininge lands & tenemts accordinge to this trust Item I give to every one of my Servants who attend on mee and shall bee of my family att the tyme of my death halfe a yeares wages more then what shall then bee due to each of them Item I give unto twenty poore ministers the sume of One hundred pounds the said twenty poore ministers to be nominated unto my Executors by Mr Thomas Calvert[1] & Mr Joshua Witton[2] of Yorke Mr Richard Stretton[3] of Nun Appleton & Mr John Gunter[4] of Healeygh or any two of them this legacie I appoint to bee paid within twelve monthes after my death Item I doe name my Honored friends Gilbert Earle of Clare[5] and Horatio Lord Townsend[6] and the survivor of them the Supvisors of this my will desiringe them to bee att the trouble to take my executors accounts and thereupon to make my

[1] Thomas Calvert, a native of York, was M.A. of Sidney College, Cambridge. After the battle of Marston Moor he was appointed one of the four ministers at York. He was ejected in 1662, and for some time took refuge in the house of Lady Barwick, at Toulston, but returned to York, and died there in 1679, aged 73.

[2] For a notice of the Rev. Joshua Witton see a note at page 364.

[3] See a note at page 398 for some account of the Rev. Richard Stretton.

[4] John Gunter was a native of Berkshire, and was educated at Eton, Queen's College, Cambridge, and St. John's, Oxford. He was a Fellow of New College, and afterwards chaplain to the Company of Merchant Adventurers at Hamburgh. The Protector made Mr. Gunter one of his chaplains, and afterwards appointed him minister of Bedale, in the North Riding. In 1662 he was ejected, and retired to Healaugh, where he managed Lord Wharton's affairs. He died in 1688, and was buried at Healaugh.

[5] Brother-in-law of Lady Fairfax.

[6] Nephew of Lady Fairfax.

said executors allowances of their charges as aforesaid and the accounts beinge approved by my said Daughter the Dutches of Buckingham and signed with her hand and soe allowed by my said supvisors or one of them shall bee good and effectuall for the discharge of my said Executors IN WITNESSE whereof to these presents I have putt my hand and seale the Eight day of November in the nynteenth yeare of the Raigne of our Soveraigne Lord Charles the Second King of England &c and in the yeare of our Lord God one thousand six hundred sixty & seaven THOMAS FAIRFAX— Sealed Signed and published in the ꝑsence of THOMAS ROOKEBY— TOBIAS BIRDSALL—JOHN HILL—WILLIAM TOWRY.

IN THE NAME OF GOD AMEN Whereas I THOMAS LORD FAIRFAX Baron of Camroone have formerly made my last Will and Testament dated the eight day of November in the nyneteenth yeare of the Raigne of our Soveraigne Lord Charles the Second King of England etc: and in the yeare of our Lord God one thousand six hundred sixty and seaven I the said Thomas beinge now infirme in body but of ꝑfect memory doe add thereunto and by way of Codicill ordaine as followeth First I give to my deare daughter the Dutches of Buckingham my fifty Ginnys in Gould Item I give to my Uncle Charles Fairfax[1] of Menston Esq: and the heires males of his body the sume of Fifty pounds ꝑ annū out of these farmes followinge. In my mannor of Rigton in the County of Yorke (that is to say) out of one Farme called the Spoute farme now in the tenure or occupacon of Francis Ingle and also out of one Farme in Rigton aforesaid called Mawsons farme now in the tenure or occupacon of Thomas Topham or his assignes out of one other Farme called Hardistyes farme now in the tenure or occupacon of Richard Hardistye or his assignes and alsoe out of the other Farme in Rigton belonginge to William Smith and alsoe the Warrant upon the Common there Item I give to Charles Fairfax[2] the youngest sonne of my said Uncle Charles Fairfax All my land in Clifford in the County of Yorke now in the tenure or occupacon of[3] Richardson his assignee or assignes duringe the terme of his the said Charles the Younger his naturall life and the remaindᵉ in fee I give to Henry Fairfax of Oglethorpe in the County of Yorke Esqʳᵉ Item I give to my three Sisters the Lady Craven Mʳˢ Arthington & Mʳˢ Hutton the sume of

[1] Charles Fairfax survived his nephew, and died on December 22, 1673.

[2] Born at Menston on February 9, 1644. He was a very gallant naval officer, and was in the great battle with the Dutch on June 3, 1665, serving under Admiral Lawson.

[3] Original so.

Twenty pounds apeece to buy them mourninge Item I give to my neece Mrs. Dorothy Hutton the sume of One hundred pounds Item I give to my neece Mrs Mary Arthington the sume of Fifty pounds Item I give to my neece Mrs Frances Arthington the sume of Thirty pounds Item I give to my Neece Mrs Anne Arthington the sume of Twenty pounds Item I give to my youngest Sister Mrs Ursula Cartwright the sume of Tenn pounds towards the buyinge of mourninge Item I give to my Cozens Mr Bryan Fairfax and Mr John Rushworth each of them Tenn pounds apeece to buy them mourninge Item I give to Mr Richard Stretton my Domesticke Chaplain All my Tythes of Bilbrough and Sandwath in the County of the Cittie of Yorke for and duringe the terme of Threescore yeares if hee the said Richard Stretton doe soe longe live Provided hee doe supply the office of a preachinge Minister there or procure one to doe itt and afterwards the remaindr in fee of the said Tythes I give to Henry Fairfax of Oglethorpe aforesaid and his heirs and assignes for ever To the use and behoofe of a preachinge minister there to be nominated by the said Henry Fairfax and his heires Item I give to Mr Richard Stretton aforesaid one sett of the great polyglott Bibles, Item I give to Thomas Stretton sonne of the Said Richard Stretton the sume of Tenn pounds Item I give to Mr Matthew Poole[1] the sume of Tenn pounds towards the carryinge on of his Synopsis of the Creticks etc: Item I give to John Hill the Sonne of Robert Hill of Oxton towards his maintenance at the Univsity Tenn pounds Item I give to my Servant Richard Smith the sume of Twenty pounds over and above the halfe yeares wages alreddy given to him by will Item I give to my Servant Mary Sanderson the sume of Fourty pounds Item I give to my Servant Robert Hill besides his halfe yeares wages the sume of five pounds Item I give to Richard Harpham my Servant over and above as aforesaid the sume of five pounds And whereas I have alreddy given to my Daughter the Dutches of Buckingham my mannor of Bilbrough in the County of the Citty of Yorke for the terme of her naturall life and after her decease to the heires males of the body of Thomas Lord Fairfax my late Grandfather deceased my will notwithstandinge is that the Farme of Christopher

[1] Matthew Pool, son of Richard Pool, by the daughter of alderman Toppins, of York, was born at York in 1623. He had a property of 100*l.* a year at Drax. He was M.A. of Emanuel College, Cambridge. He was fourteen years minister of St. Michael's Quern, but was ejected in 1662. His great work, the *Synopsis Criticorum*, was undertaken by the advice of Bishop Lloyd, and was patronised by Tillotson. After ten years of labour, it was published in five folio volumes. Pool is said to have been very facetious in his conversation, very true to his friends, very strict in his piety, and universal in his charity. He retired to Amsterdam, from fear of assassination, and died there in October, 1679, aged 56.

Wright ꝑcell of the said mannor be charged with the annuall payment of Six pounds unto Mrs Ellinor Bankes of Bilbrough duringe her naturall life And further whereas I have alreddy settled my mannor of Boulton Percy in the County of the Citty of Yorke upon my daughter the Dutches of Buckingham and for that John Denonley my late Servant haveinge received a maime in my Service disableinge him to earne his liveinge hath a little Farme of Fourty shillings and also one widdow Lambert one other Farme of some fifty shillings ꝑ annū or thereabouts in Boulton aforesaid Itt is my will and request therefore that the said John Denonley and his wife Elizabeth Denonley may enioy his said Farme rent free duringe the lives of them the said John Denonley and Elizabeth his now wife and also that the said Widdow Lambert enjoy her said Farme rent free duringe her naturall life And my will is likewise that Thomas Taite [1] my Servant doe hold and enioy my ferry called Nunn ferry (rent free) during his life And in case this happen not to bee pformed as I have willed to John Denonley and Elizabeth his wife, To Widdow Lambert and Thomas Taite aforesaid, then my will is that they receive yearely out of the rents of the mannor of Bilbrough aforesaid the value of their severall rents respectively duringe their lives Item I give to my said Servant Richard Smith all my weareinge appell and clothes except one suite which I give to Robert Hill aforesaid Item I give to William Burton, Thomas Geldart and Robert Carter my Servants each of them respectively the sume of five pounds Item my will is that all my Servants have decent mourninge suiteable to their places and offices in my family Item I give to John Mawson my Bailiffe at Rigton the annuall sume of Five pounds duringe his life the same to bee paid him out of William Ingles Farme in Rigton aforesaid Item my will is that such of my Family as cannot ꝑsently dispose of themselves and bee minded to stay shall have liberty and conveniency of lodgeinge and dyett in my house for one halfe yeare after my decease assistinge my executors in the managemt of household affaires or other service as formerly Item I give to Henry Fairfax aforesaid Esqe my Advowson and right of presentacon to the Rectory of Newton in the County of Yorke and to his heires and assignes for ever And also I give unto him all my right and intrest of two Leases of the Royaltyes of the Forest of Knarsbrough in the County of Yorke Item my will is that my executors shall have my bookes at Appleton (except those manuscripts of Mr Dodsworths collectinge and other manuscripts at Appleton aforesaid which I give to the Univsity of Oxford to bee kept in the Univsity Library there) the better to enable them to

[1] This, no doubt, is the old servant with whom Thoresby conversed in 1712; only he mistook the Christian name. See *Diary* ii. p. 174.

pay the legacies and funerall expences hereby and charged upon them Item I give to my executors each of them one horse or maire such as themselves shall chose after the Duke or Dutches of Buckingham have chosen out six horses as by my said will is given them IN WITNESSE whereof to these presents I have putt my hand and seale the eleaventh day of November in the three & twentieth yeare of the Raigne of our Soveraigne Lord Charles the Second King of England etc: and in the yeare of our Lord-God one thousand six hundred seaventy & one—Item my will alsoe is that Mrs Bankes above named doe also enioy the house and Garth where shee now lives for her naturall life without payinge any thinge therefore THOMAS FAIRFAX—Sealed Signed & published as a Codicill in the psence of T WICKHAM[1]—T HEWLEY—ROBERT SMITH—WILLIAM HALL—EDWARD WALKER—RICHARD SMITH.

THIS WILL with a Codicil thereto was proved in the Exchequer Court of York 8th December 1671 by the Oaths of Henry Fairfax then Baron of Camroone and Thomas Hutton Esquire the Executors to whom Probate was granted having been first sworn duly to Administer.

[1] Dr. Tobias Wickham, Rector of Bolton Percy.

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